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THE

MEMOIRS

AND

ADVENTURES

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE,

AND

Duc D'HARCOURT:

OR

The wonderful Viciſſitudes of Fortune, exemplified in the LIVES of thoſe Noblemen.

To which is added

The HISTORY of the Chevalier *de Grieux* and *Moll Leſcaut*, an extravagant Love-adventure.

Tranſlated from the Original *French*,

By Mr. *ERSKINE*.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, *&c.*

THE Hopes of dining with *Donna Diana* made him rise very early that Morning, which gave me an Opportunity to rally him; to dine familiarly with the Object of his Wishes, was a Pleasure which he could scarce bear with Moderation, but his Joy was somewhat allayed with the Fears of her not approving, perhaps, of the Count's Stratagem, and that seeing herself, in a Manner deluded, that might not add to her Insensibility; upon all which he asked my Opinion, and I told him that if he did not make a bad Use of his Liberty, *Donna Diana* could find nothing offensive in it to her; so we went to the Count's House, whom we found alone, and had ordered his Servants to deny him to every Body but us. What joyful News have I to tell my dear Marquis, *said he*, after he had embraced us, but if my Sister betrays *Donna Diana*, and *I betray* my Sister, *added he laughing*, for God's Sake don't deal with me as

do with them; the ſmalleſt Indiſcretion would ſpoil all, and throw us in to Diſgrace with *Donna Diana*. He then made us ſit down, and told us that his Siſter, at his Requeſt, had ſounded her Friend's Heart, and far from finding it indifferent for the Marquis, that lovely young Lady had beſtowed it upon him, and had expreſſed herſelf in Terms which could not but charm a Lover. But,——— the Marquis had no Patience to hear the Sequel of a Diſcourſe, which put him beyond himſelf, but interrupted the Count, and threw his Arms about his Neck, and told him twenty Times over, that he owed him his Life. Hear me to an End, *replied the* Count. Do you believe that *Donna Diana* is to be pitied, for having been too ſenſible of your Merit? Would you believe that, after confeſſing your Victory, ſhe ſhed Tears, and is afraid that her Tenderneſs for you will make her the moſt miſerable Perſon alive? This Diſcourſe ſurpriſes you, *continued he*, but I ſhall explain the Myſtery, as I learned it of my Siſter.

DONNA Diana, is in the ſeventeenth Year of her Age: Notwithſtanding her Youth and Charms, Fortune has cruelly perſecuted her, and the Tranquillity with which ſhe appears, is only the Effect of her Virtue and Reaſon. She was born at *Naples*: Her Father *Don Diego de Velez*, commanded the *Spaniſh* Cavalry there, before the late Revolutions. He had been married in *Spain*, and, after he had three Sons by his Lady, loſt her before he went to *Italy*. While he was at *Naples*, his Friends engaged him to reſume the Chains of Matrimony, and as he was then very rich, he made choice of a young handſom *Neapolitan* Lady, who had more Beauty than Fortune; by whom he had only *Donna Diana*. The late King of *Spain* died in a little Time after, and you know the Troubles that enſued upon his Death. *Don Diego* declared himſelf openly in Fa-

vour

vour of the Duke of *Anjou*, and rendred him ſignal Services in *Italy*. It not being convenient, nor even poſſible for *Donna Pacilla*, his Wife, to follow him in his Expeditions; Abſence, and the Buſineſs of War, made him forget both his Love and her. He returned to *Spain*, with *Philip* V. without reflecting that he left a Wife and Child at *Naples*, who could not remain long there without his Aſſiſtance: In Effect the Poverty to which they were ſoon reduced, and the Grief of ſeeing themſelves abandoned, made them lead a very wretched Life. *Donna Pacilla* wrote many Letters to her Husband, without any Effect, but whether it was Inſenſibility, or Inconſtancy, he did not ſo much as anſwer them, and thus they found themſelves reduced to the utmoſt Extremity of Miſery and Deſpair. At laſt they reſolved to go to *Madrid*, and accordingly ſet out, after acquainting *Don Diego* of their Reſolution by a Letter. *Donna Diana* was then about eight or nine Years of Age, but already remarkable for her Beauty. The Mother and ſhe happened to be in the Ship that carried the Counteſs *d'Orozuna* to *Spain*. That Lady, after the Loſs of her Husband at *Naples*, was going to paſs the Remainder of her Life at an Eſtate which ſhe had within twelve or fifteen Leagues of *Madrid*. She no ſooner ſaw *Donna Pacilla* and her Daughter, than ſhe deſired to be acquainted with them, and having learned from themſelves their melancholy Story, ſhe generouſly offered them a Retreat at her Houſe, 'till their Affairs were ſettled; which *Donna Pacilla* thankfully accepted, and the Counteſs treated her with ſo much Civility and Friendſhip, that they forgot their Errand into *Spain*, and paſſed ſome Years with their Benefactreſs.

In the mean-time *Don Diego* hearing nothing o his Wife's Arrival, nor any thing about her, ima gined that Death had rid him of her, and engag in a third Marriage. By ſome Means or o

Donna Pacilla heard of it, and Religion, as well as Honour, obliged her to oppofe this criminal Marriage; fhe confulted the Countefs upon it, who advifed her to proceed gently at firft, to avoid the Noife of a publick and a violent Oppofition; they concluded that the Countefs fhould write to *Don Diego*, whom fhe had known at *Naples*, and that fhe fhould beg the Favour of a Vifit from him, upon an Affair of the laft Confequence. *Don Diego* obeyed the Summons, and it was with great Difficulty that he could, at firft, believe what was told him, nothing lefs than the perfonal Appearance of his Wife and Daughter could fatisfy him that they were alive, but when they appeared, he was under the utmoft Confufion; however, he immediately recovered himfelf, and refolved to act like a Man who knows how to diffemble; he embraced his Wife with a feeming Tranfport of Joy, reproaching her with letting him remain fo long in Ignorance of the Place where fhe was, and excufed his leaving *Italy* by the Neceffity of his Affairs, affuring her that there was no Change in his Sentiments for her. As for what regarded his new Marriage, his Notion of her being dead, and the bad State of his Affairs (having loft Part of his Eftate by his Adherence to King *Philip*) would, he hoped, plead his Excufe, protefting that whatever Advantages he might propofe by marrying a young Lady of Quality, Heirefs to a confiderable Eftate, he would renounce them, believing himfelf rich enough in recovering his true Wife: But, *added he*, as I have to do with a powerful Family, I muft manage Things in a difcreet Manner, and take care not to come to an open Rupture with them, for which Reafon it would be proper that you and my Daughter fhould retire to one of my Eftates, where you fhall be ferved according to your Quality. I will conduct you thither my felf, and then labour to get clear of the

the Engagements into which I have imprudently been led, that I may again resume the Quality of your Husband. *Donna Pacilla* was of a soft timorous Disposition, and, far from distrusting her Husband's Sincerity, was ravished to see, that of himself he returned to his Duty, and therefore resolved to comply with whatever he thought proper. The Countess begged of her not to leave her House, but to no purpose; she obeyed *Don Diego*, and went with him and her Daughter to a Country House of his near *Valladolid*, where he left her to return to *Madrid*, after renewing his Protestations, and accompanying them with a thousand Oaths. For two Months he wrote to her regularly every Week, in Terms so full of Tenderness that they encreased her Hopes, but her Credulity cost her dear. She fell sick all of a sudden, and found something in her Distemper so extraordinary and violent, that she could not help, when she was expiring, acquainting her Daughter that she did not believe her Death was natural. As soon as *Don Diego* heard of his Wife's Death, he hastened to go and bring his Daughter to *Madrid*, where she has been for five or six Months, *continued the Count* de Mancenez, and has made Acquaintance with my Sister, who looks upon her as the most valuable Friend she has. I own, for my Part, that the more I see her, the more I admire her, and had my Heart been at Liberty, she certainly would have made a Conquest of it. All her Acquaintance are not more in love with her Beauty than her Modesty, and tho' several Lovers have declared themselves her Slaves in the Matrimonial Way, she has rejected all their Addresses; n that *Don Diego* has forbid her to think of Marriag but the sad Death of *Donna Pacilla*, her past M fortunes, her present Situation, without any F *tune, her Dependance* on a Stepmother whom *has no Reason to love*, and living among Br

and Sifters of two different Marriages, joined to her natural Sweetnefs and the Inclination fhe has for a quiet Life, have made her form a Defign of leaving the World, and embracing a religious State. She has communicated her Inclinations to her Father, who is far from oppofing them; fo that this lovely Creature is preparing to bury all her Charms in a folitary Cell. This, *faid the Count*, *addreffing himfelf to the Marquis*, is what fhe told my Sifter Yefterday, after confeffing the Progrefs you had made upon her Heart, which fhe looks upon as a great Addition to her Misfortunes, and therefore is refolved to haften the Execution of her Defign, intending to fee you no more; but Love is not fo eafily fubdued, and I am perfuaded it will work her up to better Sentiments, at leaft, you may depend upon dining with her to-day.

I carefully obferved the Marquis during all this Difcourfe, and I know not to what I can compare him, if not to a Perfon juft awaked out of a melancholy Dream: His Eyes were open, but he feemed to fee nothing; every Circumftance of the Story he had heard was frefh in his Memory; he began with reprefenting to himfelf *Donna Diana* deprived of the very Neceffaries of Life at *Naples*, living with the Countefs *d' Orozuna* by Way of Charity, attending a dying Mother, and apprehenfive of the fame Fate; he then followed her to her Father's Houfe at *Madrid*, where fhe had rejected the Addreffes of many Lovers, and had owned her Inclination to him; this ravifhed him into an Extafy, but then going a little farther, and viewing the fame lovely *Diana* ready to bid an eternal Adieu to the World and him, all his former Joy vanifhed, and his poor Heart was cruelly rack'd with the Thoughts of her difmal Project. At laft, he rofe from his Seat and fpoke thefe Words: My dear Count, I know not upon what Defign you have related all

Donna

Donna Diana's Misfortunes, but I own that all you have ſaid only ſerves to render her more lovely in my Eyes. Upon which I begged he would grant me a Moment's Attention. I think I may, *ſaid I*, ſpeak freely to you before the Count, who is ſo much your Friend: Your Paſſion ſeemed to deſerve ſome Indulgence while I was ignorant of *Donna Diana*'s Misfortunes and Deſigns, but I muſt be ſo free as to tell you, that I now look upon her in a quite different Light. The preſent Caſe is too ſerious and of too great Conſequence to be trifled with. You ſay you love her and deſire a Return; but do you conſider that what you want is no more nor leſs than to render her miſerable, by engaging her in a Paſſion which muſt plunge her into greater Difficulties than ſhe has met with hitherto. Should ſhe be ſo much taken up with you as to loſe her Taſte for the Convent, what muſt become of her? And pray what can you do for her? I ſhall not touch upon this String any farther, but depend upon it, Sir, *added I in a reſolute Tone*, I ſhall never ſuffer that, to gratify a fooliſh youthful Paſſion, you ſhall confound the wiſe Projects of a virtuous young Lady, and perhaps occaſion new Misfortunes to her. She judges wiſely, that in the preſent State of her Fortune, the Cloiſter is the only reaſonable Choice ſhe can make. If you love her, do not treat her as an Enemy, by oppoſing her Happineſs: It is yet Time to remedy the Evil; take my Advice, renounce the Pleaſure of dining with her to day, and that we may not loſe the Count's Company, let us beg the Favour of him to dine with us.

It would be difficult to repreſent the State into which my Diſcourſe threw the poor Lover. He looked at me for ſome Time, with Eyes that ſpoke but too plainly the Situation of his Mind. I ſee, Sir, *ſaid he croſſing his Arms*, you want my Death, *for to be ſure ſuch* muſt be your Deſign in treating

me with ſo much Cruelty. Well, well, Sir, *continued he*, 'tis eaſy to pleaſe you; drag me from this Houſe, take from me the Means of ſeeing *Donna Diana*, nay, even deprive me of her Love, but I ſwear I ſhall not ſurvive that Loſs twenty four Hours. But why would you drive me to Deſpair? What have I done to offend you? Yes, I love *Donna Diana*, and would wiſh to be loved again; but is that to attack her Honour, her Fortune, or her Religion? If ſhe is abſolutely reſolved to bury herſelf in a Convent, can my Love prevent it? Or even any Affection ſhe may have for me, will it hinder her? If it be true, as you ſay, that I am not capable of doing any thing for her? I have already told you my Deſigns, which I now declare again, and Heaven is my Witneſs, I have no other: Suppoſe I ſhould be ſo happy as to gain her Affection, I will then diſcover my Birth together with the Obedience I owe to my Father; I will promiſe her an inviolabe Fidelity, and will endeavour to procure the ſame from her, till ſuch Time as I can obtain my Father's Conſent to our mutual Happineſs; if I have the Misfortune to meet with a Denial, I will diſengage her of her Promiſe, and laying aſide all Thoughts of Marriage, my whole Ambition will be to love her as long as I live. She will then be at Liberty to take the Habit, and I ſhall be what Providence thinks fit. What do you find then in this Project that is contrary to Honour or Reaſon? You may, if you pleaſe, be Witneſs to all our Interviews, you know I have no Reſerve with you, and beſides, I have no Intention ever to ſay any Thing to her that the World can diſapprove of.

THE Marquis held his Peace after this long Harangue; I could not help laughing at the Manner in which he had branched it out, and told him merrily, that I admired his amorous Eloquence. The Count joined with him to perſuade me that he was

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in the right. At laſt, with ſome ſeeming Difficulty, I yielded; on Condition that he never ſhould ſee *Donna Diana* but in my Company, and that he ſhould always frankly and ſincerely tell me the State of his Heart. After this, our Converſation was in the merry Strain, 'till *Donna Diana*'s Arrival, whom we ſaw coming in without her perceiving us, and indeed all the *Graces* ſeemed to be her Attendants. The Marquis, in a Sort of Tranſport, begged I would take Notice of her Air and Gate: Yes, yes, *ſaid I*,

Illam, quidquid agit, quoque Veſtigia vertit,
Componit furtim, ſubſequiturque Decor.

i. e.

What e'er ſhe does, where e'er ſhe goes
The *Graces* ſtill her Train compoſe.

He was charmed with the Delicacy of theſe two Verſes of *Tibullus*, and immediately learned them by heart. After the two Ladies had remained a little Time together, the Count took us by the Hand, and told them, upon our coming in, that as they were his Friends, he inſiſted upon their being alſo the Friends of his Friends, *(las Amigas de los Amigos)* of which Number he reckoned us in the firſt Rank, and then told them, that as we were by good Luck in his Houſe at this Hour, he reſolved that we ſhould dine in Company. *Donna Diana* bluſhed, and the Count's Siſter anſwered, that ſhe had too great a Value for us to make any Scruple about it. A Moment after we ſat down to Table, and it may eaſily be gueſſed next to whom the Marquis placed himſelf, Love pointing out his Seat. At the Beginning of Dinner he diſcovered a Baſhfulneſs that ſurprized me. The Count rallied him upon it a little maliciouſly, but he only anſwer-

ed with a deep Sigh. *Donna Diana*, who till then had ſpoke as little as he, perceived that the Count's Raillery might alſo include her, and therefore ſaid, that Silence was pardonable when one was eating heartily. That's true, *replied the Count*, but I think the Marquis talks little and eats leſs; 'tis true, he ſits by a pretty Lady, who puts him in mind of ſome *French* Beauty, and his Heart perhaps is juſt now a great Way beyond the *Pyrenees*.

THE Marquis ſeeing himſelf ſo briskly attacked, was obliged to anſwer, which he did with a very ſerious melancholy Air, complaining of the Count. I have told you more than once, *ſaid he*, that I never was in Love in *France*, and you know that my firſt Journey was to *Spain* when I left it; conſequently, if I am ſmitten, the Diſtemper muſt not be attributed to any Cauſe on the other Side of thoſe Mountains; but you are merrily diſpoſed, and I plainly ſee your Heart is more at Eaſe than mine. You ſpeak like a happy Lover and eat as ſuch, and have no Notion that an uncertain, timorous and reſpectful Paſſion may tie up the Tongue and cloſe the Stomach. Alas! ſince I don't envy your Fate, at leaſt pity mine. I ſhould no doubt condole with you, *replied the Count*, if I knew your Trouble; but you will not eaſily perſuade me that a Man of your Merit can be ill uſed by Love. How happy ſhould I be *(exclaimed the Marquis)* could the Object of my Wiſhes but view me with your Eyes, and entertain ſo favourable an Idea of me! here *Donna Eliza* interrupted him. You forget, *ſaid ſhe*, that you are at Table, my Advice is that we ſuſpend Love 'till we have made a hearty Dinner. That Advice was reliſhed, and the Converſation fell upon other Subjects. When Dinner was over, the Count propoſed we ſhould take a Turn in the Gardens. I preſented my Hand to his Siſter, and the Marquis led out Donna Diana. The Diſtance was ſo

ſo ſmall from us to them, as we walked, that I could eaſily hear the firſt Proteſtations of his Paſſion, which afforded me an Opportunity of asking *Donna Eliza* if ſhe did not perceive that the Marquis adored her Friend. She anſwered me (with a Smile) that it would be hard not to perceive it. I have done all I could, (*ſaid I*) to deliver *Donna Diana* from this Importunity, but you know what Havock Love makes in the Heart of a young Man; beſides, it muſt be owned that *Donna Diana* is perfectly charming, and deſerves the moſt ſincere Attachment. You know, *anſwered Donna Eliza*, but a ſmall Part of her Merit. She is perſuaded that the Marquis loves her, and her Prudence makes her more reſerved, but did you know her Character thoroughly as I do, you would look upon her as the moſt accompliſhed of her Sex. I am vexed to Death when I think of the cruel Reſolution ſhe has taken to retire from the World, and I believe there's nothing in my Power but what I would do for the Marquis, could he be but ſo happy as to alter her Deſign. What! *ſaid I, in a ſeeming Surprize*, has ſhe a mind to retire from the World? Let us ſpeak without Diſguiſe, *replied Donna Eliza*, you are no Stranger to this, I told my Brother of it Yeſterday, and I'm ſure he would not conceal it from you, having too great a Regard for the Marquis to keep a Secret that ſo nearly concerns him. And this Day's Dinner, *added ſhe laughing*, do you imagine that I don't know the Deſign of it, but I heartily concur, not only from the Eſteem I have for the Marquis *de Roſemont*, but becauſe I am perſuaded no leſſer Merit than his is capable to prevent our loſing *Donna Diana*.

After ſome other Diſcourſe we perceived that our two young Lovers had got at ſome Diſtance and were retired to a Summer-houſe at the further End of the Garden. *Donna Eliza* made a Sign

me to follow her, and having advanced foftly, we placed ourfelves on each Side of a Window, where we could eafily hear what paffed betwixt them. I judged by the firft Words which I heard the Marquis pronounce, that he had brought his Miftrefs to confefs fome Part of the favourable Sentiments fhe entertained of him, but in this happy Difcovery he had received no other Comfort, but that of being tenderly loved. Fixed in the Defign of retiring from the World, fhe rejected all Propofals to the contrary, and protefted that he was to expect no more than the Declaration fhe had made, which fhe looked upon as a Piece of Weaknefs. What Madam, *faid he*, will you at feventeen Years of Age, adorned with all the Charms that Nature can beftow, and adored by the moft faithful Lover that the World can produce; will you fhut yourfelf up in a Cell, and be deprived of all the Pleafures that Love promifes you? The Death which fuch a cruel Refolution muft give me is out of the Queftion. I do not pretend that you fhould pity my Cafe, but only that you would have fome Regard to yourfelf. I know well what it will coft me, *anfwered fhe*, for after confeffing that I love you, I need not conceal my Fears, that in this Attachment of my Heart I fhall find my Punifhment; but I am not born to be happy, my Heart is accuftomed to fuffer, and that it fhould now be the Victim of Love, as it was before of Grief, is but a Change of Pain, which is not to be minded. But why, *anfwered the Marquis with the Tone of one in Defpair*, did you let me know that I was not indifferent to you, fince you were refolved to grant nothing to my Love? What barbarous View had you in oppreffing, ruining, and, in fhort, rendering me the moft wretched Man alive? Is this the way of treating what one loves? What would not I undertake to free you from the flighteft *Pain? How freely could* I lofe my Life in fo glo-

rious

rious a Caufe. Well, well, Sir, *replied she*, Let my Procedure be a Means of your Hatred, which will contribute much more to my Tranquillity than your Love, at leaft, view me in every Light that may help to make you indifferent: Confider me as an Ingrate, unmindful of your Sufferings, a Maid without Fortune, without Hopes, a Stranger in *Spain*, and without Protection even in my Father's Houfe. Add to this, that my Heart has been a Prey to Grief from my tender Years: Alas! how little does it become it to think of Love? does it belong to the Sporting of Fortune to tafte the tender Paffions? No, look upon me as an infenfible Woman who deceived you, when fhe faid fhe thought you lovely; Cure yourfelf of your Paffion, and let me fly to Solitude, where I can conceal my Love, my Grief, and all my Misfortunes.

SHE pronounced thefe Words in fo moving a manner, that *Donna Eliza* was all in Tears; for my Part, I waited with fome Impatience for the Marquis's Anfwer. It was fome Time before he fpoke, as if he had been confidering what he ought to fay. At laft he anfwered with a Compofure that I little expected. If you exhort me in good earneft, Madam, to hate you, or to forbear loving you, you muft certainly have a very weak Idea of my Paffion, and I'm very unhappy that I have not been able to draw a more lively Picture of it. But you do me more Juftice, my Defpair is but too vifible, and you plainly enough perceive that it anfwers to my Love. Give me leave then, at once, to deftroy the Obftacles which you oppofe to our mutual Happinefs. Some of them you draw from your paft Sufferings, and the melancholy Condition of your Heart: Ah! my dear *Diana*, it is but too true that you don't love me. Had you but the leaft Part of that Inclination with which you flattered me, you would perceive fome Change in your Heart, and

Grief

Grief would not hold out long there againſt Love. Only love me, when you once do that, I ſhall fear nothing from your Grief: As for the other Obſtacle, which conſiſts in your being deſtitute of Fortune and Protection; would to God that I were as certain of your Affection for me, as I am ſure that Obſtacle can be removed. I ſhall now, my Charmer, diſcover what I have concealed ever ſince I left *France*. I am the only Son of the Duke of—— whoſe Name you have no Doubt heard of; My Father loves me, and bears one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Ranks in that Kingdom: As he is extremely rich, I can offer you a Fortune ſufficient to ſupply the Defect of Yours. How pleaſed ſhould I be could I render you happy both in Fortune and in Love.

As ſoon as the Marquis had named his Father, *Donna Eliza* ſeemed ſurprized. As ſhe had heard of this illuſtrious Family, ſhe reproached me for keeping her Brother and her in an Ignorance, which had hindered them from rendering what ſhe thought due to the Marquis. She ſaid but theſe few Words, and though ſhe ſpoke them very low, they were over-heard by *Donna Diana*, who immediately came out, and complained with a Bluſh of our having, as it were, betrayed her; and even the Lover himſelf was a little out of Countenance. *Donna Eliza* took them both by the Hand, and, after ſome Compliments to the Marquis upon what ſhe had heard, told them, that ſince the Fault was committed, and ſince we had overheard every Thing, there was no Occaſion any longer to make their Affairs a Myſtery to us; to which the Marquis agreed, but *Donna Diana* ſtill held out, and ſeemed to regret every Thing ſhe had ſaid that might look like Paſſion, or even too obliging. Ah! Madam, *(cried the young Lover)* is it poſſible that you can repent of having made me, for a Minute, the happieſt Man alive? Have not you made me already

pay very dear for that happy Moment, by deſtroying the Hopes which a charming Confeſſion gave me? I will ſubmit your Cruelty and my Reaſons to *Donna Eliza* and *Monſieur de Renonccur*. As they have overheard our Converſation, let them judge betwixt us, or rather, be you yourſelf the ſovereign Judge of my Fate, and, at leaſt, do me the Favour as to let me know if the laſt Words I ſpoke, when we were interrupted, have made any Impreſſion upon your Heart. We went all four into the Summer-houſe, and when we were ſeated *Donna Diana*, after a little Pauſe, began thus.

I don't pretend to conceal, *ſaid ſhe*, the Eſteem which the Merit of the Marquis has raiſed in me; to whatever State Heaven reſerves me, I ſhall always preſerve it, and think it an Honour that I have merited his Affection. But though I were not reſolved to retire from the World, and to controul all the Sentiments of my Heart, I own to you, Sir, *(addreſſing herſelf to the Marquis)* that the Diſcovery of your Birth and Quality confirms me in that Reſolution. This is, I am perſuaded, far from what you expect, but hear my Reaſons. I believed, 'till now, that I was incapable of Love. The affected Tranquillity that appears in my Countenance and Humour, is far from being the Effect of a peaceable Mind, for in mine I entertain a continual Sentiment of Grief, occaſioned by the Accidents of an unhappy Life, by the violent Death of my Mother, and by the preſent State of my own Fortune. Nothing but Solitude *(would I ſay to my ſelf)* is proper for one in my Situation: Let me therefore bury myſelf alive, 'tis the only Courſe that is now left me, ſince I am not formed for Society. Such were my Reſolves, and I was upon the Point of executing them, when I firſt ſaw you: They are the ſame ſtill, but *how it happens* that, on ſeeing you, my Heart feels *Sentiments* to which it ought to have been a Stranger,

is a Myſtery I ſhall not pretend to unfold, and far leſs, why I have not been able to diſguiſe them from you. All I ſhall ſay is, that I take my Caſe to be Love, and you to be the only Man who could have inſpired me with that Paſſion, which I ſuppoſe, to whatever State of Life Heaven may think proper to reſerve me, will conduct me to my Grave. But notwithſtanding this Acknowledgment, which ſhews ſo much Weakneſs, I have ſtill Strength enough to tell you, that my firſt Reaſons make more Impreſſion upon me than all my Tenderneſs. I am ſenſible how much I forfeit by loſing you, but I am perſuaded that my future Repoſe demands this Sacrifice. You imagined that the Diſcovery of your Birth and the brilliant Fortune which you could offer me, would have removed my Difficulties, but, on the contrary, theſe are the very Motives that ſeal my Reſolution. I am incapable of flattering myſelf, that a little Beauty and ſome feeble Attractives can ever make up my Defects in Point of Fortune. The only Son of the Duke of —— was not born for *Diana de Velez*; and though your Father ſhould overlook this Inequality, which I think ſcarce poſſible, I know what Glory, and even Love itſelf, requires of me. I muſt not diſturb the Courſe of your Fortune, nor be a hindrance to thoſe great Alliances to which your Birth calls you. Farewel, Sir, (*continued ſhe, riſing from her Seat, and endeavouring to conceal ſome Tears that dropped from her Eyes*) never ſee me more, for it cannot contribute to your Happineſs to increaſe my Pains, and to haſten the Moment of my Retreat.

The Marquis threw himſelf at her Feet to ſtop her, and *Donna Eliza* likewiſe did her Endeavour to engage her to hear only a Word or two: ſhe would hear nothing, but went out of the Summer-houſe, and made the beſt of her Way to the Houſe. *Donna Eliza*, after a few Words of Comfort to the

poor

poor disconsolate Lover, followed her, and sent the Count to us, who had walked off, on Purpose to leave his Friend at more Liberty. He easily discovered, by the Marquis's pensive and disconsolate Air, that he had been cruelly treated by Love, and begged to know the Cause of his Grief. The Marquis sighing told him what had passed, complained bitterly of *Donna Diana's* Resolution, aggravated her Cruelty, and called her insensible and inhuman; but, after he had wasted all his Sighs and Reproaches, owned that she was the most charming Creature that ever was formed by Heaven, and that he never found her so lovely, ingenuous, and charming, as in the very Moment that she was stabbing his poor Heart with her Severities. I silently observed all his Agitations, and was not ill pleased to let him go through all the Torments of this rugged Scene, abandoning him, in a Manner, to the Tyranny of his own Heart, with a View to give him a Disgust at Love, by representing all it's Gall of which he had tasted, and not in a small Degree, this very Day. This, perhaps, is the surest Remedy against that fatal Passion. When we view it at a Distance, the Prospect is agreeable and entertaining; nothing appears but what is proper to excite Desires and flattering Hopes of Happiness; but come we to have Experience of it, and to balance it's Pleasures and Pains, we find so little on the agreeable Side, that we are easily undeceived of the false Notion we entertained.

The Count, who loved the Marquis as one does a Mistress, proposed all the Means he could devise for his Success, or for his Cure; but finding him deaf to the latter, he turned to the other Side, and the first Service he proposed was to bring us to a Closet that joined his Sister's Room, where we might hear their Discourse, and by that means be capable *to make a* Judgment of the true Disposition

of

of *Diana*'s Heart. This Offer was eagerly embraced, and we immediately went up to the Closet by a private Stair-case: The Door that opened from the Chamber into the Closet, had large Glass Panes covered with a Curtain, which putting aside, after we had taken Care to darken the Window of the Closet that we might not be seen, we could perceive the least Motion of the two Ladies. *Donna Diana* leaned her Elbow on the Table, holding a Handkerchief in the same Hand with which she wiped away some Tears that dropped from her Eyes. *Donna Eliza* sat by her holding her other Hand clasped within hers. This was indeed a moving Sight. and it may be easily imagined whether it appeared so to the Marquis. The first Voice we heard distinctly was that of *Donna Eliza.* I know of a Method, *said she*, which may make you easy, at least for some Time; admit of the Marquis's Passion, and indulge your own, 'till such Time as he leaves *Spain* and returns to *France.* If his Pretensions are sincere, as they appear to be, he'll leave no Stone unturned to obtain Permission to marry you; if he succeeds, you are happy, but if his Father proves inflexible, you'll have the Pleasure, at least, of having past some Time in Hope, and always at Liberty to execute the Resolution you have already taken. O the fine Chimera you flatter me with, *replied Donna Diana*, will you persuade me that a Person of the Duke of ——s Rank will ever consent to have me for his Daughter-in-Law; an unfortunate Creature, who can have no other Merit in his Eyes but her Tenderness, and the Passion of a young Man of eighteen Years of Age? How can so romantic a Hope as this contribute to my Tranquillity? Besides, have I not told you, that even his Consent will be in vain? I am not made like most Women, for I would not owe my Fortune to Love. The Marquis would be obliged to make a Sacrifice of

of his, and though that would be the greateſt Mark of Tenderneſs he could give me, I ſhould not be happy in the Enjoyment of a good Fortune which would coſt him ſo dear. But, *replied Donna Eliza*, will you be the firſt Woman whoſe Fortune a Lover has made? Don't we ſee ſuch Things happen daily? Beſides, where is the vaſt Diſtance betwixt you and the Marquis? If you want Fortune, you have Birth, and are your Youth and Charms to go for nothing? If with ſo many Attractives, there was an Equality of Fortune, you would have, by far, the Advantage of the Marquis. Ought he not to pay ſomewhat for being beloved by ſuch a Perſon as you? Believe me, my dear *Diana*, a rich Lover ſhould be very well ſatisfied with his Wealth, when it procures him the Poſſeſſion of a lovely Woman, and if he is a Man of Honour, he will be ſenſible that what he beſtows comes far ſhort of what he receives. No, no, *replied Donna Diana ſighing*, your Reaſons are not perſuaſive. I foreſee, too well, the Conſequences of following the Dictates of my own Inclination, which I am reſolved to conquer coſt what it will, and ſince it is my Fate to be unhappy, 'tis better I ſhould be ſo, by doing this Violence upon myſelf, than to be expoſed afterwards to Miſfortunes that cannot be ſo eaſily remedied. I cannot conceive what Misfortunes you mean, *replied Donna Eliza*. And, indeed, you cannot conceive them, *ſaid the afflicted Diana*, can it enter into your Mind that a ſprightly young Man, like the Marquis, is capable of Conſtancy? I am willing to believe that his Paſſion is ſincere at preſent, becauſe poſſibly this is the firſt Time he has felt the Power of Love, but what Proſpect can I have of his continuing conſtant? Let us ſuppoſe that he marries me with his Father's Conſent, his Paſſion will by Degrees diminiſh; he'll perceive that he has done too much for me; Indifference will be the next Stage, and Contempt the

last; then I, who am conscious to what a Pitch I love, and whose Passion would encrease every Moment I see him, must die with Grief, and have no other Remedy but the Grave for my Despair.

SHE had scarce finished these Words, when the Marquis, who could not contain himself any longer, pushed open the Door, and without minding that his Mistress, or, at least, *Donna Eliza* might be offended at the Liberty he had taken to overhear them, threw himself at their Feet, begging that they would patiently listen to what he had to say. I should be at a Loss to recount his Discourse, tho' I took Care every Night while we were upon our Travels, to mark down every Thing material or interesting that happened in the Day. Never did Love express it self with such Grace and Eloquence, nor in a more tender and affecting Manner. *Diana* could not resist it, nor had she even the Power to retire her Hand, which he held clasped in his for above half an Hour: At last the Peace was made up, and mutual Promises given of an eternal Love. The Marquis promised to send off his *Valet de Chambre* to *Paris* in order to procure the Duke's Consent, assuring his Mistress that his Father loved him too tenderly to refuse it, especially when he came to know that his Life depended upon it; and made me promise to send a Letter along with his, bearing Witness of *Donna Diana*'s Merit and Quality, which I frankly consented to, knowing well in what Terms I was to write. We stayed about an Hour longer with the Count *de Mancenez*, and agreed with *Donna Diana* to see her every afternoon at his House, and that she should come a little sooner than formerly, and that we might be some Time with her before the Arrival of the Ladies, who commonly came to pass the Afternoons with *Donna Eliza*.

THE Marquis was ſo pleaſed with his good Fortune, and ſo impatient to ſend off *La Brun* to *Paris*, that he was for going Home directly, and finiſhing his Diſpatches that Night; but I put him in mind that, the Day before, we had promiſed to pay a Viſit to the Marquis *de Leyda*, and that now was the proper Time; he conſented, but it was eaſy to perceive that he was not at all fond of the Thing. We did not find the Marquis at home, but, as we were returning, ſaw the Duke *de St. Agnan* coming in his Coach from the Country, who did us the Honour to ſalute us as he paſſed, which made me reſolve immediately to go and pay him our Compliments. He received us with great Civility, and the Marquis's Intrigue was the only Reaſon that hindred me from making ourſelves known to him. I thought it was better to defer it till he was in a more ſettled State of Mind. From the Embaſſador's we went to repay *Don Juan de Paſtrino*'s Viſit, and I could obſerve an Air of Conſtraint about him in the Reception he gave us, of which I could not, at that Time, gueſs the Reaſon; but we had an Opportunity to know it but too well ſome Time after. Our laſt Viſit that Afternoon was to the Duke *de Montalto*, who, according to his laudable Cuſtom, kept us to Supper, and entertained us with a thouſand different Subjects, with which I don't deſign to ſwell theſe Memoirs.

THERE was no reſiſting the Inſtances of the Marquis when we returned to *Don Porterra*'s; he was poſitive that he would write to the Duke his Father before he went to bed, and I did the ſame, and we ordered *Le Brun* to prepare to ſet out for *Paris* next Day. My Letter was only a Relation of what had happened to us ſince our Arrival in *Spain*. I informed him of the Marquis's Paſſion, it's Riſe, Circumſtances, Exceſs, how fruitleſs my Endeavours to prevent it had been, and, without

diſguiſing

disguising the bad Situation of *Donna Diana*'s Affairs, represented her Perfections in a Manner that satisfied the Marquis; and indeed one could not be too lavish in Praise of this lovely young Lady, nor easily express what was her just Due. I ended my Letter with begging the Duke to let us know his Pleasure. I believe, *added I*, that in the Condition that he is at present in, a little Indulgence and some Hopes will be necessary, because I don't think that Rigour will do the Business. *Time, Absence, and your Goodness will contribute to his Cure.* Which last Words I did not read to the young Lover, whose Heart appeared in every Line of his Letter, short indeed, but full of Vivacity and Fire, agreeable to his Character. A Copy of it may not perhaps be disagreeable to the Reader.

A Son in my Condition would have Reason to dread the Severity of any other Father; but I know well, how far I may depend upon the Indulgence of mine; if my Love and Respect for him are unbounded, such Sentiments are justly due to his unlimited Tenderness and Goodness. Would so lovely a Father desire the Death of so respectful a Son? Yes, my Lord, 'tis certain my Life depends upon a Stroke of your Pen. I love beyond the Reach of Thought, and Mr. Renoncour *will bear Witness that the Object of my Wishes is the Master-piece of Nature. I throw my Heart at your Feet, in Hopes that, pierced as it is, Pity will plead it's Cause, and obtain it's Request: But if otherwise, the first Post from this will bring you News of my Death, the only Remedy for my Despair. I shall open your Letter with a trembling Hand, and, if I am so unfortunate as to find it contrary to my Hopes, by piercing my Heart, I shall prove with what Submission and Respect I am,* &c.

WHEN

WHEN he had read his Letter, I told him laughing, that his Caſe was a little upon the romantick, and that People of ſound Judgment did not talk of killing themſelves at every other Turn. How can I help it, *replied he*, I am no longer myſelf, *Diana* is the Soul that animates me, and without her I cannot be ſaid to live. The Force of Love is unknown till it is felt. And you yourſelf, dear Papa, *added he*, who are ſo much upon the moralizing Strain, have not I heard you ſay at the Abbey of—— that you would have given yourſelf a thouſand Deaths after the Loſs of your Spouſe, had not your Friends prevented you. I don't pretend to be wiſer than you. You are a Wag, *ſaid I*, and only expoſe my Weakneſs to authorize your own. I did not imagine that you would have remembred what I told the Duke your Father three Months ago, and I now ſee plainly that it is upon that you ground your preſuming upon my Indulgence. But I would have you to know, that there is a great Difference between juſt Regret for the Loſs of a Wife, and Deſpair for not obtaining a Miſtreſs. The former may be very pardonable, while the other is very inexcuſable. All Exceſſes are blameable, but if any Thing can excuſe them, it muſt be the Innocence of the Cauſe. Now, ſhould your Affliction ceaſe to be confined within the Bounds of Reaſon, it ceaſes from that Moment to be innocent. By this Rule, *added I*, you may form a Judgment of my paſt and your preſent Exceſſes; mine may, in ſome Meaſure, be excuſed, from the Nature of my Affection, which was entirely juſtifiable, but yours plainly proves your Paſſion to be criminal, becauſe it cannot poſſibly be guilty of any Exceſſes while it remains pure and innocent.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

BOOK VII.

THE Departure of *Le Brun* made the Marquis pretty eafy, and I hoped to be fo too, at leaft, 'till his Return. Our Morning Exercifes were continued with great Regularity and Application, and we commonly went immediately after Dinner to the Count *de Mancenez*'s Houfe, where we paffed an Hour or two with *Donna Diana* and *Donna Eliza*. When Company came we flipped out without being feen, and fpent the reft of the Day in Vifits, Walking, and other Diverfions. We had the Honour to falute the King in the *French* Embaffador's Retinue, and fome Time after to kifs the Queen's Hand on her Majefty's Birth-day. The Mourning was laid afide for that Day, and the Court paffed it in Rejoicings. The Marquis *de Leyda*, the Duke of *Montalto*, *Don Antonio del Valles*, Lieutenant General and Governor of *Saragoffa*, and even the Marquis *de Grimaldo* himfelf, with many other Noblemen, loaded us with Civilities and *Marks of Friend*fhip, tho' they were only acquainted *with the Mar*quis on the Footing of a Gentleman of Diftinction.

Diftinction. In one Word, we were well pleafed with *Madrid* and the *Spanifh* Court, when a fantaftical Adventure plunged us into a thoufand Difficulties. But I muft trace the Thing a little back.

SOME Days after *Le Brun* left *Madrid*, as we were coming out of the *French* Embaffador's Houfe, where we had fpent the Afternoon in Play; we were met in the Street by a young Man very indifferently dreffed; he knew the Marquis, and faluted him by his true Name, who, after looking at him fome Time, remembred that he had feen him at the College, where they had been School-fellows. My Stars! *Briffant, faid he*, what, in the Name of Goodnefs, has brought you to *Madrid* in fo wretched a Plight? He anfwered, that we only faw but a Part of his Mifery, that he had not a Farthing in his Pocket, and that he was but juft then come to Town, in Hopes to find fome *French* Gentleman who would take him into his Service, and carry him back to *France*. The Marquis had only *Defchamps* to wait upon him as a *Valet de Chambre* in the Abfence of *Le Brun*; in two Words he told me what this *Briffant* was, and begged of me to take him into our Service, to which I readily confented: So we returned directly home on his Account, and gave him one of *Le Brun*'s Coats, 'till he was provided with new Clothes. He eat like a Man half ftarved, and, when he was fomewhat refrefhed, came into the Chamber where we were fupping. The Marquis, in the mean Time, had told me that, though *Briffant* was five or fix Years older than him, they had fpent five Years together in the fame Clafs, that he had diftinguifhed himfelf by his Genius, and was thought to be of a pretty good Family, fo that it was furprizing to fee him in fo bad a Condition. I judged by his Figure and Manner, *after he had got* himfelf put into better Clothes *that he had had* Education, and knew pretty

how to behave himſelf. He was well ſhaped, his Complexion very much ſun-burnt. What we may call an acute Air with a Mixture of Impudence were principal Ingredients in the Compoſition of *Monſieur Briſſant*, whom the Marquis appointed his *Valet de Chambre*, 'till *Le Brun's* Return; but, *ſaid he*, I muſt firſt of all know by what Adventure I have met with you here in ſo bad an Equipage.

A roving Inclination and a Deſire to ſee other Countries, *ſaid he*, made me leave *Paris* about ſeven or eight Months ago. I underſtood that the Marquis *de Durazzo* Envoy Extraordinary from the Republick of *Genoa* had obtained his Audience of Leave at *Verſailles*, and was preparing to return home. I thought this a favourable Opportunity, and ſtole a thouſand Crowns from my Father to defray the Expences of my Voyage. After having put my ſelf into handſom Clothes, I went to wait on the Envoy, and begged he would be ſo good as to allow me to go in his Retinue to *Genoa*. The Marquis taking me for a young Gentleman that deſired to ſee the World, conſented, and accordingly I ſet out with him. I had taken a Footman at *Paris* whom Chance preſented to me, an *Italian*, named *Andredi*, who was at the Gate when I came out from the Marquis *de Durazzo*, and who hearing that I was deſigned for *Italy* came to offer me his Service. He knew Fortification extremely well, and drew to Admiration; but though ſuch Talents might have procured him a very good Livelihood, I found afterwards that he was obliged to leave *Paris*, that he might eſcape the Hands of Juſtice. He acted the Man of Honour and Probity ſo naturally, that one would never have taken him for a Rogue, nor even for a Footman. We arrived at *Genoa*, and *being willing* to keep up to the Airs of Quality which *I had given my* ſelf upon the Road, my Purſe was *ſoon drained*. *Andredi*, who had more Experience than

than I, perceiving that I was become melancholy and pensive, and more sparing in my Expence, easily guessed at the Cause, and hinted as much to me. As I was not unacquainted with his Address, and not at all diffident of his Affection, I was the more easily induced to tell him plainly how the Case stood. His first Question was, if I had any Thing at all remaining. About fifty Crowns, *answered I*, but I owe more; Your Debt, *replied he*, is but a Trifle. Let us be gone, there is no Occasion to give your Creditors Notice of your Departure. *Malta* is threatened by the *Turks*, and the Knights repair to it from all Quarters; let us take Advantage of these Commotions, and endeavour to make a Bubble of some Fool there. I answered, that having no Money, I had not Impudence enough to keep Company with Persons of Quality, who would soon see through our Design. Whereupon another Project came into his Head, which he said he would communicate, were he not afraid to displease me; and having pressed him to speak, he assured me that, if I would put what Money was left into his Hands and lend him my Clothes, which fitted him very well, he would undertake to conduct me safely to *Malta*, and put me in a Way of living there commodiously enough. After some Hesitation, Necessity made me accept of this Proposal, so w changed Ranks, and the Master became Valet. *A dredi* managed our Flight so dexterously, that got on Board the Ship without being discover and landed safely at *Malta*. As they hourly pected a Visit from the *Turks*, a strict Guard kept, and we were examined upon the Reaso our coming there; *Andredi* desired that we s be conducted to the *Grand Master*, whose N was *Don Perallos de Rocafoul*. I admired the rance with which he declared that he was a *gineer, and that* as such he had come to M

offer his Service, having learned that they were under Apprehenſions of being attacked by the *Turks*. The *Grand Maſter* thanked him for his Good-Will, and talked to him about Fortification, and finding that he underſtood it very well, gave Orders that we ſhould be treated with Diſtinction. Some Knights were ordered to ſhew us the new Works that wereraiſing round the City, eſpecially at *La Valette*, which they had ſtrongly fortified. *Andredi* talked upon every Thing he ſaw with ſo great Skill and Capacity, that he was admired by all who heard him; he pointed out ſome Places that were weak, and gave excellent Inſtructions how to repair them. In ſhort, his Service was accepted, and Promiſes made that he ſhould have no Reaſon to be diſſatisfied with the Generoſity of the Order, ſo that we formed a thouſand flattering Projects, founded upon the Eſteem of the *Grand Maſter* and the Knights. One Evening as my Maſter retired to his Lodgings, his Looks diſcovered ſuch a Concern of Mind, that I was ſadly frightened. We are undone, *ſaid he*, and muſt leave *Malta* this Moment; I have juſt now ſeen a Knight whom I formerly ſerved as his *Valet de Chambre* and robbed him of his Watch and Money; if he knows me, my Life muſt pay for it. This Diſcovery made me tremble. We left the City that very Night to go in Search of ſome Ship that was ready to ſail, and luckily found one that was ready to go with Merchandize to *Napoli di Romania* Capital of the *Morea*, and we were admitted as Paſſengers for a Trifle.

ANDREDI perceived that the Captain was a brutal Fellow, and that the Crew were much diſſatisfied with his Severity. Upon this he formed a Deſign that was worthy of himſelf, which was to gain over the Mariners, in order to make himſelf Maſter of the Ship, promiſing to give them ſome of the Merchandize on Board. He ſucceeded more

easily

easily than he expected, and when he thought himself sure of them, he stabbed the Captain in broad Day, and threw his Body into the Sea. We landed at a little Town, not much frequented, upon the Coast of the *Morea*, where the Cargo was divided with great exactness. *Andredi* then proposed to put to Sea again and turn Pirate, to which the Sailors agreed. He directed his Course to *Ragusa*, the Place of his Nativity, in order to sell our Cargo there, and to fit out the Ship for the Business we were going upon. All this was done very successfully, and we then began to lead the most abandoned Life in the World. As our Captain was acquainted with the Coasts, we made Descents in the Night-time, to the Number of twenty four desperate Fellows and well armed. Our Method was, that *Andredi*, by himself, should go and knock softly at the Door of the House, which had the best Appearance, and he never failed of getting Admittance, nor the House to be robbed of all the Money and Plate that was in it. When one House was stript, he left a Guard in it to prevent Noise or Resistance, while we went and did the same with five or six others, always observing the same Precaution. Thus in a Month we gained more than five hundred thousand Livres, without reckoning a vast Quantity of Spoons, Forks, Cups, and other Plate. One Day as we had landed, in order to take in Water and fresh Provisions, we perceived upon a Height, in a remote Place, a Castle of a very good Appearance. There's a Prey for us, *said he*, let us go on Board 'till Night. He then dispatched two of our Company without Arms, to take a View of the Entrance to the Castle; they returned with the necessary Information, and we lay snug till Night, when all Hands came on Shore, that is to say, *about thirty*, and without any Noise arrived at the *Castle-gate*. *Andredi* knocked softly, but all would

not do; the Porter anſwered that he had Orders not to open the Gate, upon any Account, after Night fell, upon which it was reſolved to force it open, and it was done in a Moment; but the Noiſe being heard in the Apartments, the Maſter with two Sons, and five or ſix Domeſtics, had Time to arm themſelves, and then advanced to oppoſe us. They defended themſelves with Bravery, and killed two of our Men, upon which we ruſhed upon them with great Fury, and murdered them every Man. This was the firſt Time that *Andredi* had made us ſhed any Blood. We then went through all the Apartments, and found a ſtrong Box with the Money, the Plate, and a great Deal of Plunder. As we were preparing to depart, *Andredi* ſaid, Brothers, the Night is not far advanced, and we run no Riſk to paſs ſome Hours here, take my Advice, let us viſit the Kitchen and Cellars, and ſee if we can find ſomething to refreſh us. Some went to the Kitchen. And I went with four others and *Andredi* to the Cellar Door, which, being locked, we were obliged to force. As ſoon as we entered, we heard terrible Shrieks which made us draw our Swords, and the Cries redoubling alarmed our Companions, who came running to our Aſſiſtance. At laſt, advancing a little farther, we ſaw three Women who threw themſelves upon their Knees, and begged we would ſpare their Lives, which was granted. This was the Gentleman's Daughter whom we had killed, her Chamber-maid and another, who having been ſadly frightened when we firſt broke into the Houſe, had retired into the Cellar, as the beſt Place of Safety for them, from which we brought them up Stairs. *Andredi* abandoned the two Maids to the Diſcretion of the Sailors, but finding the young Lady handſom, reſolved to make *her his Wife.* He caused them to take all their *Clothes and march* along with the Reſt of the Booty, after

ter we had been two or three Hours at Table. o add to the reſt of our Barbarity, ſome of the Vilins, who had got themſelves drunk, ſet fire to the aſtle, as they were coming away, in all the Places here the Flame could moſt eaſily communicate tſelf. We then went to the Ship, ſet ſail, and ſoon loſt Sight of Land.

I confeſs, *continued Briſſant*, that this Adventure ſtruck me with Horror; and I began to reflect upon the Kind of Life in which I was engaged. *Andredi* appeared to me to be the moſt execrable Wretch alive, and our Companions ſo many Devils, who could not be too cruelly puniſhed. From thenceforth I reſolved to leave them, and my whole Thoughts were taken up about the Means of executing my Deſign, which I could have eaſily found for my ſelf, but I was willing to deliver the young Lady out of the Hands of theſe abandoned Miſcreants. *Andredi* became paſſionately in love with her, and reſolved to marry her in Form, that is to ſay, give mutual Promiſes and join Hands; for it may be eaſily judged that ſuch People as we had no Prieſts among us. His Deſign in this was, to procure her Reſpect from the reſt of the Pirates, and to prevent them from pretending to any of her Favours. The Day was appointed for the Ceremony, we were to land in ſome Creek, and there ſolemnize the Marriage with an Extravagancy of Joy. The poor young Lady looked rather like a condemned Perſon, than one who was to be married, and the Symptoms of Deſpair appeared but too viſibly on her Face; which gave me great Concern, and a ſtrong Inclination to ſpeak to her at the firſt convenient Opportunity, which I did not long wait for. Madam, *ſaid I*, I have only Time to ſay two Words to you, hear them with Attention. I'm reſolved to leave theſe Ruffians: If you incline t *fly with me, mind well* what [illegible], and I w

give you the Signal when it is Time to follow me. My Youth, and my Manners, which perhaps ſhe found not quite ſo rude as thoſe of my Companions, perſuaded her of my Sincerity. She anſwered (joining her Hands) that ſhe would look upon me as her tutelar Angel. We were then in open Sea, and the Weather extremely fair, which made me doubt of the Succeſs of my Deſign. But Heaven, that reſolved to ſave the Honour of this unfortunate young Lady, was pleaſed that the Wind ſhould drive us, in a few Hours, towards the Iſland of *Corſica*, below the Town of *Baſtia*, where there was a fine landing Place. It was agreed to go aſhore, and *Andredi* was the firſt (the Place appearing to be ſolitary) who propoſed that we ſhould ſpend the Night in a little Wood, diſtant about a hundred Paces from the Sea. To which Place we brought Proviſions, and it was found to be ſo agreeable, that the next Day the Marriage Solemnity was appointed to be celebrated there; that very Evening the Rejoicings began, and though I excited my Companions to drink, yet I took Care to keep myſelf ſober. When the Night was pretty far advanced they all fell aſleep. *Andredi* had cauſed a ſort of Bed to be prepared for the Lady, and told her in a gallant Manner, that he hoped to ſhare it with her next Night, and that he had ſuffered too much theſe two Days paſt. He had not always the Manners of a Pirate, for, ſome little Familiarities excepted which ſhe was ſometimes obliged to bear, he treated her with a great deal of Reſpect. I ſlipped ſoftly to her Bedſide when I thought all was huſh, and took her by the Hand, which did not at all alarm her, becauſe ſhe expected me. She roſe without making any Noiſe, and we made towards the Wood oppoſite to the Sea, for F[illegible] of being diſcovered by the Centry, who was no[illegible] thirty or forty Paces diſtant from us. The W[illegible] not being large, in a Quarter of

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an Hour we got clear of it, and I was always encouraging her to make as much Haſte as ſhe could. We took to the left, when we were out of the Wood, along the Sea-coaſt, becauſe I had heard ſome of the Crew ſay that *Baſtia* lay that Way, diſtant only about four or five Leagues. We had ſcarce walked one, when the Lady, who 'till then had bore up with great Courage, told me that ſhe could go no farther. You muſt do what you can, *anſwered I*, we are yet expoſed to be purſued, and it will be very unſafe to halt here. Alas! *replied ſhe*, then take my Life, for I am not able to walk one Step farther. She then ſat down upon the Ground, and every Joint of her ſhook in a Manner to inſpire Compaſſion. I obſerved, notwithſtanding the Darkneſs, that ſhe had no Shoes. *Andredi* had ordered them to be taken away when ſhe went to Bed, and the Fear of making a Noiſe had prevented her from looking for them when ſhe aroſe. To be ſure, *ſaid I*, Madam, you muſt have ſuffered extremely in walking bare-footed in ſuch a rugged Road. She told me that ſhe had felt inexpreſſible Pains, and that ſhe believed her Feet were all over Blood. As it was dangerous to ſtay any longer there, I propoſed to take her upon my Shoulders, and accordingly carried her in that Manner, about a League; and when I began to loſe Strength myſelf, I aſked if ſhe could not relieve me a little by walking, and having told me that ſhe believed ſhe could, I gave her my Shoes and walked myſelf barefooted, ſupporting her under the Arm. When Day began to break, we perceived ſome Houſes which ſeemed to be a Village, and we directed our Steps that Way, that we might meet with ſome Aſſiſtance. But it was too late for my poor Companion, who fell down all at once, and when I was raiſing her to take her again upon my Shoulders, ſhe told me *ſhe was dying*, and deſpaired [illegible]ng able to pro

ceed any farther. What Madam, *ſaid I*, will you loſe Courage now when we have not above 500 Paces to go? I will rather loſe my Life than abandon you. I am dying, *anſwered ſhe, with a feeble Voice*, how cruel is my Fate! Alas! what have I committed that Heaven ſhould uſe me with ſo much Rigour? Oh my God! have, at leaſt, Pity on my Soul. I took her by the Hand and ſhe gave mine a gentle Squeeze by Way of Thanks for my Services, but expired the next Moment. I was ſo much concerned at this poor unfortunate Lady's hard Fate, and ſo much weakened that I thought my laſt Hour was likewiſe approaching: But the Coolneſs of the Morning, and ſome Moments Repoſe having recovered me a little, I loaded myſelf with the dead Body, and carried it to the Village, where I gave the Curate ſome Money to have it interred. Though I had not been able to bring off my Share of the Plunder, which was aboard the Ship locked up in the common ſtrong Box, yet I had taken Care to ſecure twenty Ducats, which were of great Uſe. I was told in the Village that I was but three Leagues from *Baſtia*, to which Place I was conducted by a Peaſant, whoſe Mule I hired. This Town is the Capital of *Corſica*, and the Place where the *Genoeſe* Governor, to which Republick the Iſle belongs, has his Reſidence.

I repoſed my ſelf there for ſome Days, 'till a Veſſel ſhould offer. The firſt that ſailed was a Ship belonging to *Majorca*, freighted for *Palma*. I laid hold of this Opportunity, being deſirous to ſee *Spain* from whence I could eaſily repaſs into *France*. Our Voyage was quick and happy, but as we were drawing near to *Palma* we fell in with a Squadron of War-ſhips commanded by the Chevalier *D'Hasfield*, who had left *Barcelona* to come and reduce this City, which ſtill held out for *Charles* Arch-Duke of *Auſtria*, to the Obedience of King Philip. Our Ship

was

was ſeized upon, and we were forced to go along with the Fleet. The Chevalier *D' Hasfield* at firſt reſolved to make his Deſcent near to the Place where the Rebels lay intrenched; but the Wind chopping about, he ſtood to the *North*. The Count *Leſcherenne*, Field-Marſhal, was ordered to go and view the Coaſt and riſing Grounds, and upon his Report that no Enemy appeared, the Troops began to debark about five o'Clock at Night, and about ten or eleven were all landed, without any Oppoſition, in the Bay called *Cala Ferrera*. I was allowed to go aſhore in Quality of a *French* Paſſenger, and I immediately entered myſelf *Volunteer* in the Regiment of *Marines*. We marched towards *Alcudia*, *continued* Briſſant *who was willing to enlarge upon his warlike Exploits*, a Place of conſiderable Strength on the Eaſt Side of the Iſland, about ſeven Leagues from *Palma*. The Chevalier *D'Hasfield* marched before, at the Head of a Detachment in which I was, and the reſt of his Troops followed him with all Expedition. On his Appearance, the Inhabitants forced the Governor, and the Garriſon conſiſting of about three or four hundred Men, to ſurrender at Diſcretion. There were fifty-two Pieces of Cannon in the Place, and a great deal of Ammunition and Proviſions. We next marched to the Capital, which made no Reſiſtance. My Lord *Forbes* and a *German* Officer came out to treat on the Terms of ſurrendring, but their Demands were ſo unreaſonable that they were rejected. The Artillery that had been landed at the Bay of *Porras*, was ordered to advance. When every thing was diſpoſed for an Attack, *Don Rubi* a *Spaniſh* Colonel, who commanded in the Place, offered to capitulate. Before an Anſwer could be returned, a Body of Troops ſallied out, and attacked the *French* Brigade of *Beauvaiſis*, but was repulſed with Loſs. The *Chevalier D'Hasfield* upon this ſent a Trumpet to ſummon

fummon the Place to furrender, with Certification that, if they refufed, they fhould all be put to the Sword. In the Evening *Don Rubi* fent out an Officicer with Articles of Capitulation, which were granted. The Garrifon, confifting of about fifteen hundred *Germans*, were tranfported to *Sardinia*, and we found about two hundred Pieces of Artillery in the Place.

THE War being almoft as foon ended as begun, I left the Regiment of *Marines*, but with very little Money in my Pocket, and therefore was obliged to offer my Service to a *Spanifh* Officer who was going to *Cadiz*; he promifed me large Wages, but not being able to get a *Sous* from him for two or three Months that I was with him in that City, I refolved to come to *Madrid*, where you have been fo good as to receive me.

Briffant, fuch as this Story reprefents him, foon became the Marquis's Confident: He was employed in all his Commiffions, and nothing was well done but what came through his Hands. 'Tis the Cuftom in *Spain* for Lovers to give their Miftreffes Serenades in the Night-time, the Streets of *Madrid* refound with Guitars, and fuch like Inftruments. The Marquis thought himfelf obliged to conform to the *Spanifh* Cuftom, and to perform this Piece of Gallantry to *Donna Diana*. Had he propofed it to me, I fhould perhaps have had the Complaifance to grant him this Satisfaction now and then, but he was afraid that I would be againft it, and *Briffant* alone was let into the Secret. He lay in *Le Brun's* Bed, and they went out every Night together after I was afleep, and rambled in the Streets for two or three Hours, with a Company of Muficians, and came in again with fo much Precaution, that neither *Don Porterra* nor I knew any thing of the Matter. *Donna Diana* herfelf was ignorant who the Perfon was that gave her Mufick, for that prudent young La-

dy,

ly, and who loved the Marquis tenderly, would have difapproved of fuch an Extravagance, which both expofed him to Dangers, and might be prejudicial to his Health. One Night after he had ferenaded *Donna Diana* for a long Time under her Window, he took it in his Head to go and give *Donna Eliza*, her Friend, the fame Pleafure. I have already obferved, that *Don Juan de Paftrino* was in love with her, and having perhaps been informed that we paffed fome Hours every Day at the Count *de Mancenez*'s Houfe, our Vifits had made him jealous. This Thought came into my Head from the Coldnefs of the Reception which he gave us when we paid him a Vifit. Whatever was in this, he happened to be in the Street where *Donna Eliza* lived, when the Marquis came to ferenade her, and, mad with Jealoufy, he with one of his Friends fell upon the Muficians, and broke their Inftruments. The Marquis, and *Briffant* who, by good Luck, had a Sword and could handle it dextroufly, attacked the two *Spaniards*, who behaved very bravely. *Don Juan* gave the Marquis a home Thruft, but at the fame Time received one himfelf, which laid him dead on the Ground. *Briffant* tilted with the other, who feeing his Friend killed, took to his Heels, and the Muficians, whom Fear had difperfed, came back. The Marquis fupported himfelf on his Feet for fome Time, but, his Strength foon failing, he fell to the Ground fenfelefs, and in this Condition was brought home to me.

THE Reader may judge of my Surprize and Defpair. I thought he was dead, and being awaked by thofe who brought him home, never in my Life was I fo much confounded, or felt my felf unde fuch an Oppreffion of Heart. Is he dead? *faid I t* Briffant *with a Look that made him tremble.* Ala: *anfwered he with Tears in his Eyes*, I don't knov but I hope not. Villain, *faid I*, *endeavouring*

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throw myſelf upon him, this Moment ſhall be thy laſt, but I was ſtopped. *Don Porterra* who had been awaked with the Noiſe, got out of Bed, and poured ſome Drops of an Elixir into the Marquis's Noſtrils, which made him ſhew Signs of Life, but his Wound ſtill bled, though they had taken care to bind it up with ſome Pieces of his Shirt, which they had torn. At laſt, by the means of ſtrong Spirits that we applied, he recovered his Senſes, and, perceiving me, ſtretched out his Hand, but without being able to ſpeak. I embraced him tenderly, and begged he would take Courage. The Surgeons came in a little after, and gave me ſome Comfort, by aſſuring me that his Wound was not mortal, though very deep. I cauſed myſelf to be blooded immediately, and putting on my Night Gown, ſat down on the Marquis's Bed-ſide.

When he was intirely come to himſelf, he begged that I would pardon all that was paſt, and that I would not maltreat *Briſſant*, who had ſaved his Life, and was no Way in the Fault. I granted all that he deſired that I might make him eaſy. He likewiſe begged that I would inform his dear *Donna Diana* and the Count *de Mancenez* about him, which I promiſed ſhould be done as ſoon as Day appeared. Upon this he fell aſleep, and I ordered *Briſſant* to be called, who durſt not appear before me, and was packing up to march off; however he came at laſt. *Briſſant*, ſaid I, if I did you Juſtice I would ſhut you up in a Dungeon the reſt of your Days. You are the Cauſe of the Misfortune that has happened, and whoſe bad Advice has led the Marquis aſtray. If you do not inform me faithfully of all that has happened to him and you ſince you came to *Madrid*, and particularly this Night's Adventure, I give you my Word that I will treat you in ſuch a Manner as ſhall make you wiſe all the reſt of your Life. He began with proteſting, by a thouſand

Oaths,

Oaths, that he had no other Hand in the Marquis's Conduct, but what his Duty obliged him to, and that he had endeavoured, as much as he could, to divert him from going abroad that Night. He then told me with an Air of Sincerity which pleafed me, the Hiftory of the Serenades, the Quarrel that happened on *Donna Eliza*'s Account, and the Death of *Don Juan de Paftrino.* I made him explain every Circumftance of this laft Misfortune, and when I underftood that the deceafed had a Friend with him who had efcaped without any Wound, I began to be afraid, that the Marquis might be known, and that this Affair might be attended with very bad Confequences. I confulted with *Donna Porterra* who knew the *Spanifh* Cuftoms better than I, and his Anfwer rather augmented than diminifhed my Fears; upon which I refolved to go to the Duke *de Montalto*, upon whofe Friendfhip I greatly depended. I caufed him to be awaked, though it was but about four in the Morning, and told my melancholy Story. He was extremely furprifed when he heard of *Don Juan de Paftrino*'s Death, but when he was informed in what manner it happened, he owned that he had been juftly punifhed; but, *faid he*, his Family is diftinguifhed, and will powerfully protected. It would be hard that the Marquis fhould be arrefted in his prefent Condition, and without getting out of the Way, it will be difficult to prevent it. My Houfe is at his Service, if you think you can bring him hither without being perceived, or if you know of any other Place more fecure, I advife you to carry him there, promifing me to employ all his own and his Friends Credit to ftop the farther Progrefs of Juftice. After which, and rendering him my moft hearty Thanks, I returned home. My firft Refolution was to conduct the Marquis *in a Litter* to the Country Houfe of *the Count of* ****** Field-Marfhal, Governor

of ******, and the Grandſon of my Grandfather, as I was of his; though I had not ſeen him ſince I came to *Spain*, I made no doubt of a kind Reception, and a ſafe Retreat in his Houſe; but having gone into the Marquis's Chamber, I found him ſo weak, that I did not think he could poſſibly endure the Fatigue of a Journey of twenty Leagues even in a Litter. As I had a good deal of Confidence in *Don Porterra*, I told him my Perplexity. He anſwered, that he had already thought of it, and that without going ſo far, we might be more ſafely at *Buen Retiro* with *Don Inigo*, where they could not diſturb us without an expreſs Order from the King; which the Intereſt of our Friends might prevent; beſides, *added he*, it may perhaps, never be known where you are, *Don Inigo*'s Secrecy and Diſcretion being to be depended upon. Let us go then, *ſaid I*, immediately, and, while a Litter was ordering, he wrote a ſhort Note to *Signior Inigo*, to acquaint him of our coming. When the Litter came we put the poor Marquis in it, and under the Conduct of our Friend *Don Porterra*, who knew the By-ways, arrived ſafe at the Royal Palace.

The good *Inigo* received us with open Arms. The Moment he got *Don Porterra*'s Billet, he had the Precaution of putting his Wife, his two Daughters, and his Maid out of the Way, ſo that none but himſelf and his Valet, if we inclined to it, ſhould be in the Secret. But I reflected, that it was impoſſible we could remain there any Time concealed from four Women, and that if they ſhould, contrary to our Intentions, diſcover our Affair, they would think themſelves leſs obliged to Secrecy, than if we had acquainted them with it of our own Accord; and I therefore told *Inigo* that there was no Occaſion to be upon the reſerve with them, only to recommend Secrecy to them. The Marquis was put into a private Chamber within the great Apartments, ſo that

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it would have been difficult to have found him out, without perfectly knowing the Place. I left none but *Scoti*, and returned with *Don Porterra* to *Madrid.* My first Care was to fend for the ableft of the Surgeons, who had firft dreffed his Wound, and engaged him, by a large Prefent, to go to *Buen Retiro*, and to remain there concealed, until the Marquis was perfectly recovered, which he agreed to, and fet out the Moment he had taken what was neceffary to carry along with him. I was juft going out to make a Round among our Friends, who had the beft Intereft at Court, and could do us the moft Service; but was ftopped by the Arrival of the Count *de Mancenez*, who feeing me alone, asked where his dear Marquis was; he is in a very bad State, *faid I*, and I believe you are not ignorant of his Misfortune. I know, *anfwered he*, no more than what is known to all *Madrid.* I come hither to fecond him in his Defence, or to advife him to keep himfelf concealed. The Affair is ferious, *added he*, and I believe it will be neceffary to difcover his Birth, to ftop a violent Profecution. *Paftrino*'s Relations are foliciting all the Tribunals, and though your Friends and mine are doing all that lies in their Power, yet the King will not ftop the Courfe of Juftice, without fome powerful Reafon, fuch as the Knowledge of the Marquis's Name and Family. I anfwered that now was by no means a proper Time to make that Difcovery, adding, that though Adventures of this Kind were not looked upon as difhonourable, yet, I fhould be forry that the Marquis were obliged to have Recourfe to fuch an Expedient to get out of this Scrape. Let it fuffice to employ all our Friends, and if you love him ufe your Intereft with yours. He is now, I hope, in a Place of Safety, and his Wound is what gives me the greateft Concern. The Count who knew nothing of his *being wounded*, was greatly furprized, and preffed

me

me to let know where he was, that he might directly go and visit him. But I begged he would employ the rest of the Day in soliciting his Friends, as I would do mine, and assured him that we should go together and pass the Night with him, if he would do me the Honour to call upon me in the Evening.

I went strait to the Duke of *Montalto's*, and might have well excused myself from going any farther, for this Nobleman, who loved and esteemed us, assured me the Moment I entered, that we might be easy, and that our Affair was made up. He had spoke to the Abbè *N*—— who entirely possessed the King's Favour, and had represented the Case to his Majesty very much to our Advantage, from a Friendship he had for the *French* in general, or perhaps out of Regard for the Memory of the Duke of * * * so that when several of the Nobility, Relations of *Don Pastrino*, came to throw themselves at the King's Feet to demand Justice, he told them very plainly, that *Pastrino* had deserved his Fate, and that it was his Intention, a Stranger should walk the Streets at Night without Danger. Notwithstanding I went to wait upon the Marquis *de Leyda*, the Marquis *de Grimaldo*, and some other Persons of Distinction, who all assured me, that they would do what lay in their Power to serve us. When I returned to our Lodging in the Evening, I understood that twelve Guards were come to seize the Person of the Marquis. But I only laughed at it, as at an idle Piece of Ceremony. The Count *de Mancenez* came in a little Time after I had got home. I went into his Coach, which we ordered to drive to the *Pardo*, then dismissed the Equipage, and walked on Foot, by ourselves, to *Buen Retiro*, where the Count's Presence was an agreeable Sight to the Marquis. We found *Inigo's* Wife and two Daughters with him. The little Donna Pradina, of

whom

whom I had already Occaſion to ſpeak, was not ill pleaſed to be ſo near him; but when we came in, they retired, and the Count and I ſupped at the Marquis's Bed-ſide. The Converſation of Courſe fell upon the Subject of *Donna Diana*, whoſe Abſence afflicted the young Lover more than his Wound. He asked the Count if ſhe had ſhewed any Kind of Concern, when ſhe heard of his Misfortune. Call it rather Deſpair, *ſaid the Count*, with which ſhe was ſo far ſeized, that had I not ſoftened her a little after I had ſeen *Monſieur de Renoncour*, I know not how far her Grief might have carried her. She did not know that you was wounded, and I was obliged to uſe much Precaution in informing her of that diſagreeable Circumſtance; but I aſſured her that your Wound was but ſlight, and that you would be in a Condition to ſee her in a few Days. I hope I ſhall, *anſwered the Marquis*, but ſtill it is too long for my Impatience. However I ſhall be able to write to her to-morrow, and ſhall beg of my dear Papa to deliver the Letter himſelf. I promiſed him that I would. He then asked the Count if *Donna Eliza* was not much incenſed, and very much afflicted at the Death of her Lover. She is, as I am, *replied the Count*, ſorry for the Death of a young Gentleman, who, bating that furious Jealouſy which has led him to his Grave, was poſſeſſed of good Accompliſhments; but as *Eliza* was never very fond of him, her Grief is not exceſſive, nor will it any Ways hinder her from continuing to be your Friend.

WHILE we were converſing with that endearing Familiarity that cements Friendſhip, *Inigo* came in ſadly frighted, and told us that we were betrayed, for two Lords of the Court were at the Gate, and demanded to ſpeak with me, whom he knew to be the Duke of *Montalto* and the Abbé V——, who were, no doubt, come with an

Ord

Order from the King to arreſt us. I fell a laughing when I heard the Duke named, and begged of good *Inigo* to compoſe himſelf. I then went down Stairs not doubting but they were come to pay the Marquis a friendly Viſit. The Duke came to me with open Arms, and told me that he was come to inform himſelf about my Patient's Health, of whom he had ſpoken ſo favourably to the Abbè *N**** as to give him a Curioſity to come in the ſame Coach. But, *added he in a low Voice*, I have no Body with me except my Coachman and a Footman both truſty Fellows, on whoſe Diſcretion I can depend. I acknowledged this extraordinary Favour in the ſtrongeſt Terms, and then they both walked into the Marquis's Chamber, where the Duke was charmed to find the Count *de Mancenez*; ſo we entered into a very friendly and polite Converſation.

The Abbè *N**** appeared to be about fifty Years of Age, of a middling Stature, his Countenance pale, and his Perſon homely, but his Eyes were full of Spirit and Fire. He ſpoke gracefully, and the Turn of his Expreſſions had ſomething ſo engaging, that what he ſaid was always attended to with Pleaſure. He told us a great many agreeable Stories of his Familiarity with M. L. D. D. He was born at *Pl*—— of a very mean Parentage, Son, if I miſtake not, to an Oſtler. The D. D. was taken with his jovial Temper, and loved him ſo much that he called him no otherwiſe than his dear Abbè, who accompanied him during the Wars in *Italy*, and came over with him from thence to *Spain*. The Duke had an *Italian* Miſtreſs who followed him in Man's Clothes, and was ſo well diſguiſed that no Body knew her Sex, but the few that were intimately acquainted with the Duke, of which Number was the Abbè *de N**** who, naturally waggiſh and gameſom, ſometimes uſed to toy with *her Ladyſhip*. The Duke perceived him one Day

fingering her Breafts a little too familiarly as he was buttoning her Waiftcoat. Faith Abbè, *faid he*, 'tis not fair to court my Miftrefs when thou thinkeft I am out of the Way: I muft be prefent at leaft to fee how thou behaveft. Come go on. The Abbè was much out of Countenance, and did not know whether he was to take it in jeft or earneft. His Perplexity diverted the Duke, who, taking him by the Hand, told him, that fince he would not do it in his Prefence, to take care not to attempt it in his Abfence, becaufe they would be no longer Friends if he came to know it.

When the Abbè went away he gave us frefh Affurances that the Marquis's Affair need give us no Trouble, and that he would make it his Bufinefs to prevent all farther Profecution. Neverthelefs, *added he*, be ftill upon your Guard againft the Genius of the *Spaniards*, who fometimes revenge themfelves with their own Hands, and if you have nothing that is very preffing to detain you in *Spain*, I would advife you to leave it. The Marquis thanked him in the beft manner he could, and fhewed a very grateful Senfe of his Civilities. I thought the Advice was very good, and what Vexations would we have avoided, had we but followed it. But the Marquis, who minded nothing but his Paffion, could not bear the Thoughts of it. The next Day I returned to *Madrid* with the Count *de Mancenez*, and found Letters from *Paris* at *Don Porterra's* with only an Account of the Duke of —— and all my Family's being well, having been difpatched before *Le Brun's* Arrival there. After Dinner I went to the Count's Houfe in Hopes to fee *Donna Diana*, and to deliver her the Marquis's Letter, but found her not there, which obliged me to beg the Favour of *Donna Eliza* to give it, of whom I then took my Leave, and fet out for *Buen Retiro* on foot. Finding myfelf a little fatigued when I cam

to the *Pardo* I ſat down upon a Bench to reſt myſelf. I was ſcarce ſeated when two Ladies of Pleaſure came up, and placed themſelves one on each Side of me. They ſpoke ſome Words to me in *Spaniſh*, but when they found I made no Anſwer, they asked me in *French* if I ſpoke *French*, I anſwered drily, Yes; and as my Mind was intirely employed in melancholy Reflections, I did not ſpeak a Word more. Far from being diſcouraged, they began a Converſation full of Wit and Humour, and what made the Jeſt of the Thing, every Word they ſaid to one another paſſed by my Noſe. After I had remained about a Quarter of an Hour, I roſe, and could not hinder myſelf from laughing. They ſtopped me by the Coat, and asked if I would not at leaſt give ſomething for the Converſation. I found the Queſtion comical and gave them a few Ryals.

My Mind was by no means eaſy, and I felt a Heavineſs of Spirits which ſeemed to portend ſome Misfortune. I walked by myſelf upwards of an Hour in the Neighbourhood of *Buen Retiro*, and the Darkneſs of the Night, which now drew on, increaſed the melancholy Caſt of my Mind. What Reflections did I not make? My God, *ſaid I*, how I'm puniſh'd for leaving my Solitude. This recalled to my Mind the agreeable Tranquillity I enjoyed in the Abbey of —— the Innocence of the Life I led there, my ſimple quiet Diverſions, which I compared with the Hurry and Agitation in which I had lived almoſt ever ſince I left *France*. I conſidered that the Marquis was not yet out of danger; that upon his Recovery his Paſſion and the Reſentment of the *Paſtrino* Family, would very probably expoſe me to new Alarms, and that his Vivacity itſelf could not miſs to be an inexhauſtible Source of Trouble and Pain to me. Was it my Buſineſs, [illegible]*d. I to myſelf*, to take charge of a young Man of eighteen

eighteen Years, whofe little Irregularities and Paf-fions I ought to have forefeen. I have abandoned my Daughter for his fake, and I find that he is become as dear to me as fhe is, and that Affection attaches me as ftrongly to him as Honour. What Madnefs made me forge new Chains for myfelf, after having fo often experienced that I could never frame any that were happy, and that all my Engagements have conftantly been attended with Misfortunes and Loffes? Am I fo much as fure that the Marquis is fenfible of what I do for him? Perhaps he looks upon me as a Tyrant, notwithftanding my Indulgence; fince young People are pleafed with nothing that does not footh their Inclinations; and if this be the Cafe, what are the Fruits of my Pains? No other, but to create myfelf ufelefs Troubles and Torments, to prepare, by Labours and Fatigues, a painful languifhing old Age, and perhaps, to haften the End of my Days. Alas! Death has no frightful Afpect to me, but it ought to have been owing to my paft Misfortunes: I am obliged to preferve my Life now, by way of Punifhment, for having lived when I fhould have dyed.

SUCH were my melancholy Reflections while I was in the fhady Walks that furrounded the Caftle. All my former Troubles revived on the Idea of thofe that feemed ftill to threaten me, and I found my Spirits fo low when I returned to *Inigo*'s Houfe, that I was obliged to call for fome Cordials to fupport them. After which I went into the Marquis's Chamber, and the Surgeon told me plainly that this Evening he found his Wound worfe than before, and that he could not imagine to what Caufe he might attribute this Change. I asked *Scoti*, who had not left him, if any thing extraordinary had happened; *he anfwered*, that *Don Porterra* had brought him a Letter in the Evening, which feemed to have made him very uneafy after he had read

it. I drew near to his Bed, and, finding him in a Slumber, perceived the end of a Paper, which appeared without the Clothes. I made no doubt but that this was the Letter. I drew it softly out in order to read it, and found that it was from *Donna Diana*, of which the following is a Copy.

I am much afraid, my dear Marquis, that a Storm is preparing against us; besides your Absence and your Wound, which are already Subjects of great Grief to me, a third just now steps in, which justly alarms me. Don Juan D'Alaveſtras, Paſtrino's *Uncle, visited my Father this Morning. I know not how he came to be informed of our Sentiments; but he has not only told him that we love one another, but has added a thousand Calumnies, whose dismal Effects must soon reach me. My Father immediately called for me, and reproached me in very severe Terms for my Tenderness, and for consenting,* said he, *to the Design you had formed of running away with me, and, because I had acquainted him with my Inclination of retiring from the World before I knew you, declared that I must resume my former Intention, having no other Choice now to take but that of a Convent. I should obey him without murmuring, did I not know what I owe to you, and what Trouble my Loss must give you. Why am not I alone loaded with all the Weight of the Misfortunes that threaten us! And why cannot I, at the Expence of my Life, give you back the Tranquillity of which your Love to me has deprived you! I easily foresaw that my Passion would, some time or other, prove my Punishment, and the Hopes I entertained of a happy Event of our Loves were so weak, and combated by so many well-grounded Fears, that I dare not accuse Heaven of having deceived me. But I did not at all foresee that your Pains would render me more unhappy than my own. However do not unreasonably afflict yourself, and hasten your Cure as much as you can. I will make use of this same Method* to inform you of my

Fate,

Fate, and whatever it may be, I promiſe you an eternal Fidelity.

I put the Letter in the ſame Place in which I found it, and ſat down 'till he ſhould awake, which he did about Midnight, and, perceiving me, preſented the Letter with a deep Sigh. I read it a ſecond Time, and without giving him leave to ſpeak, told him with an Air of Tranquillity, well, Sir, I ſee nothing in this that ought to afflict you much, your Affairs take no bad Turn. *Donna Diana* loves you, and though ſhe goes into a Convent, ſhe will not have Time to come under any Engagement before *Le Brun*'s Return. If the Duke your Father ſends you a favourable Anſwer, depend upon it neither her Father nor ſhe will have any Objection to your being immediately happy. Do you think ſo, *replied he mournfully?* Yes certainly, *ſaid I*, the Thing ſpeaks of itſelf. Your whole Thoughts ſhould be upon your Recovery inſtead of retarding the Effects of the Remedies by afflicting yourſelf needleſsly.

The Marquis continued to make ſome Objections with regard to the Malice of *Alaveſtras*, which I anſwered in ſuch a manner as made him perfectly eaſy. Next Morning about Eight the Count *de Mancenez* deſired to ſpeak with me in private at the Gate. I did not think proper, *ſaid he*, to appear before the Marquis, before I ſhould talk to you a little. I bring him diſmal News. *Donna Diana* was carried off this Morning as her Father was conducting her to a Convent. The Raviſhers dropped ſome Words inſinuating that what they did was by the Marquis's Orders, ſo that *Don Diego de Velez* is in a great Rage againſt him, and is leaving no Stone unturned to have him arreſted here, where he knows you are. *Don Paſtrino*'s Relations prompt him to Vengeance, and 'tis from them that he has learned the Place of your Retreat, they having ſent Spies

out on all Sides to make this Diſcovery. I embraced the Count a thouſand times, and begged he would give us new Proofs of his Generoſity and Friendſhip upon this Occaſion. I have already prepared a Place of Safety for the Marquis, *ſaid the Count*, and we muſt this Moment conduct him thither. But, *replied I*, the joſtling of the Coach will deſtroy him. He aſſured me that we would find a Litter half a League from *Buen-Retiro* which he had ordered before he left the Town. The Difficulty was how to make the Marquis underſtand that a Removal was neceſſary, without acquainting him with the true Reaſon. The Count took this upon himſelf, and indeed managed it with great Addreſs. My dear Marquis, *ſaid he*, *upon his entering the Chamber*, I underſtand that your Wound is turned worſe, and I am not ſurprized at it. It quite eſcaped me to inform the Surgeon that the Air of *Buen-Retiro* is mortal to all Wounds. If you'll believe me, let us be gone from this, without loſing a Moment, to which the Marquis conſented, and we put him into the Count's Coach directly, placing ourſelves in it with him, ſo that we were four, reckoning the Surgeon. Our Footmen returned to Town to deceive the Spies, and we joined the Litter in leſs than half an Hour, and though we had two Leagues to go, I adviſed the Count to ſend back his Coach, which he did, ordering the Coachman to come to us at Night with another of his Footmen and ſome Horſes for carrying Proviſions. And I gave *Scoti* the ſame Orders.

We walked as hard as we could, following the Litter, I told the Count what *Donna Diana* had wrote to the Marquis the Day before, and after many Reflections, both of us concluded that the Raviſher muſt be the ſame *Alaveſtras*, who had falſly accuſed the Marquis of deſigning ſuch a Piece of *Villainy*. A Calumniator, *ſaid I*, is capable of the

blackeſt

blackeſt Crimes. I was the more confirmed in this Thought, when he told me that *Don Paſtrino*'s Mother, who was *Don Alaveſtras*'s Siſter, was naturally of a violent Humour, and that the Dea'h of her only Son had made her quite furious. She was a Widow, and her Brother was her neareſt Relation. I judged, that ſeeing herſelf out of all Hopes of being revenged by the ordinary Methods, ſhe had ſolicited him to attempt this Villainy, and that being informed, by their Spies, of the Marquis's Love, he had formed the Scheme of carrying away *Donna Diana*, in order to throw a Suſpicion upon the young Lover, and induce his Majeſty to ſuffer him to be arreſted; hoping thereby to renew the Proſecution, and to opreſs him upon all Hands. In effect, *Don Diego de Velez* that very Day obtained an Order from the King for ſeizing the Marquis's Perſon at *Buen-Retiro*; but not going thither 'till the Afternoon, he miſſed him. We were very ſafe at *Ivicella*, a little Caſtle belonging to the Count, ſituated at the Entry of a long Meadow, at the Foot of a Hill covered with a thick Wood, ſo that the Place ſeemed to be formed by Nature for an Aſylum, and except the Keeper, with his Wife and two Sons, who had the Charge of the Hay that grew in the Meadows, not a Mortal was to be ſeen in that ſolitary Place, which after all was very capable of being made a moſt agreeable Country Seat; but the Count, having one nearer to the City, came but very ſeldom to *Ivicella*, and there were but few of the Chambers furniſhed. Our Servants arrived in the Evening with Proviſions, and every Thing that was neceſſary to make us paſs the Time agreeably. They told us that the Rape made a great Noiſe at *Madrid*, that the Marquis was highly blamed, and that the Officers had been at *Buen-Retiro* to arreſt him. I was afraid *ſuch Reports might* give our beſt Friends bad *[illegible]tions, and therefore* reſolved to go and wait

upon them next Day, while the Count remained with his Friend.

My firſt Viſit was to the Duke of *Montalto*, who was perſuaded with the reſt of the City, that the Marquis was guilty. I could eaſily perceive in his Behaviour a good deal of Prepoſſeſſion, and when I began to ſpeak with him upon the principal Subject of my Viſit, he could not help interrupting me. Indeed it is too much to kill a Man and carry off a Lady of Quality, and all in three or four Days: Ah, Mr. *Renoncour*, it is too much. I made no formal Harangue, but only complained of his Credulity, which ſuffered him to be impoſed upon in believing ſo villainous a Rumour, and proteſted that we were intirely innocent of what was laid to our Charge. I begged of him to conſider that the Marquis was not in a Condition to attempt a Rape, and leſs I in an Age or in the Humour to permit him, nor had either of us ſo much Intereſt in *Spain* as to find immediately People ready to execute ſuch a Thing by our Orders. In ſhort, *continued I*, it is but too true that the Marquis is as yet ſtretched upon his Bed in a Condition that gives me ſtill great Reaſon to fear, and I come to claim your Protection. The Caſe is not only to put a ſtop to an unjuſt and groundleſs Proſecution, but if you would lay him under an eternal Obligation, you muſt aſſiſt us in recovering *Donna Diana de Velez*, whoſe Misfortune he is yet ignorant of, and which, if he knew it, would certainly kill him. I then gave the Duke an exact Account of the Marquis's Amour with *Donna Diana*, and did not conceal the Reaſons I had to ſuſpect *Don Alaveſtras* of this Crime. If that be the Caſe, *anſwered the Duke*, the beſt Way will be to go to *Don Diego de Velez* and to undeceive him. There is no time to be loſt, ſo go immediately yourſelf. I, for my Part, will go, not to ſtop the Proſecution, which will drop of itſelf, when Don

Diego

o ſlackens in it; but to undeceive the Court the Public, who are much prepoſſeſſed againſt Marquis and you. I then left him to go to n *Diego Velez.* This Viſit gave me ſome Emo-n, and though I cannot ſay that I am often at a oſs how to expreſs my Thoughts, yet in going to his Houſe, I was conſidering with myſelf in what nanner I ſhould addreſs him.

I found him alone, and immediately diſcovered who I was. The Step I take, Sir, *ſaid I*, on the Part of the Marquis *de Roſemont*, will convince you more of his Sincerity than any ſtudied Diſcourſe. He is extremely concerned at the bad Opinion you entertain of him, by accuſing him of a Crime, of which, if you knew his Innocence, you would be ſorry that you had done him the Injuſtice ever to ſuſpect him. I proteſt to you, Sir, that he is not only innocent of what his Enemies have laid to his Charge, but that he would have expoſed a thouſand Lives to have defended *Donna Diana* from her Raviſhers. If you doubt of what I ſay, require of me what Proofs are neceſſary to convince you, and I am ready to give them. He heard me attentively, and I knew not what Judgment to form by his Looks, in which there was a Mixture of Melancholy, Fury, and Surprize. At laſt he anſwered me a little roughly, that the Artifice was too groſs, that he was himſel with his Daughter when ſhe was carried off, an that he had heard the Name of the Marquis ſever Times pronounced by the Raviſhers. It is juſt i that very Thing, *replied I*, that the Malice of o Enemies diſcovers itſelf, but a Malice ſo improb ble and void of Senſe, that it is ſurprizing you ſho be deceived by it. For let me ask you, Sir, if i probable, that People employed by the Marquis wo have diſcovered his Name? Had they not all Reaſon in the World to conceal it, both upon *own and their* Maſter's Account. But, I w

anſwered he, that the Marquis loves my Daughter, and I was informed of his Deſign, even before it was executed. They who have told you that he loves *Donna Diana*, have not, indeed, deceived you in that Article, but they have made this a Handle for trumping up an abominable Calumny. I know the Authors as well as you. They burn with Deſire of Revenge, and this Reaſon, were there no other, ought to have made you ſuſpect their Accuſation. But will you have a Proof, to which I think you muſt ſubmit, here it is, *continued I, producing* Donna Diana's *Letter which I had ſubtilly ſtole from the Marquis.* As you are not ignorant of what it contains, I may ſafely ſhew you it. He took the Letter, and knowing it to be his Daughter's Writing, could not help dropping ſome Tears, and ſaying tenderly, Alas! my dear Child! which made me think that ſhe was dearer to him than I, or even ſhe herſelf did imagine. When he had read the Letter he appeared to be much ſurprized: But who then, think you, can have carried off my Daughter? *I anſwered*, that I could not poſitively ſay, but that I had ſo ſtrong Reaſons to ſuſpect *Alaveſtras*, that I thought it would be no Breach of Charity to name him as the Author. Upon which I put him in mind of *Don Paſtrino*'s Death, how the King had cut off *Don Alaveſtras*'s Hopes of Revenge in the judicial Way. Since which, *continued I*, he has been at vaſt Pains to find out the Place of our Retreat, with a Deſign, no doubt, to ſatisfy his Rage; he has ſolicited all his Friends againſt us, and employed Spies and armed Men to watch us in the Fields. In ſhort, I communicated to *Don Diego* all the Conjectures that occurred to me upon the Road to *Ivicella*, and endeavoured to perſuade him to be of my Opinion, that it was the Effects of *Alaveſtras*'s Revenge. If *he has ſerved* me ſo villainous Trick, *ſaid he with a furious Air*, a thouſand Deaths are too little for him.

him. He then called for his three Sons, who were genteel Men, and ſeemingly of Reſolution, to whom the old Gentleman repeated every Thing I had told him. When he left off ſpeaking, I added a great many Reaſons to what he had ſaid; ſuch as the Marquis's Wound which endangered his Life, his Youth, his Dependance upon me, and to conclude, in order to leave no Room for doubting of his Innocence, I ſwear to you, by all that is good, that though I am come here on his Part, he knows nothing of *Donna Diana*'s Misfortune; nor ſhall he till he is perfectly recovered, becauſe he loves her ſo paſſionately and reſpectfully, that I am ſure, this News, joined to his own Indiſpoſition, would infallibly kill him. I talk freely to you of his Sentiments, *added I*, becauſe he is of ſuch a Birth and Quality as muſt do Honour to any Lady in *Spain* to whom he makes his Addreſſes.

THE Father and the three Sons looked upon one another without ſpeaking. At laſt the old Gentleman told, that though he was much inclined to believe what I ſaid, he could not ſtop Proſecution till he ſaw farther into the Affair, but promiſed not to puſh it, and in the mean time, that he would take care to find out if *Don Alaveſtras* was concerned, begging that I would join with him in a Diſcovery ſo neceſſary for us both, and ſwore that, if he was the Villain he ſuſpected, he would puniſh him in a Manner that would frighten all *Spain*, and his three Sons ſaid *Amen*.

THE youngeſt, though of a former Marriage, very much reſembled *Donna Diana*, and I found him the warmeſt in her Intereſt. His Name was *Don Pedro de Lera*, about twenty-three or twenty-four Years of Age; he was the firſt who promiſed to his Father, that before Night he would know if *Alaveſtras was guilty,* and what had become of his *Siſter.*

They conducted me with great Ceremony to the Street-door, and from thence I went to the Count *de Mancenez*'s Houſe to viſit *Donna Eliza*, whom I found under great Concern for her Friend. I informed her of the Poſture of our Affairs, and begged that ſhe would contribute a little to the Tranquillity of the Marquis. I am afraid, *ſaid I*, that not hearing from *Donna Diana*, he will torment himſelf ſo as to retard his Recovery. We muſt make him believe that her Father has put her into a Convent, and that not being at liberty to write, ſhe had begged you, at parting, to inform the Marquis that he need be under no Apprehenſions with Reſpect to her, and that ſhe hoped to ſee him after he was cured. *Donna Eliza* readily granted my Requeſt, and we agreed that ſhe ſhould ſend him a Letter to *Ivicella* by her own Footman, that it might not appear to be a thing concerted. I next viſited all the Perſons with whom we were acquainted that I might undeceive them of the falſe Opinion public Report had given them; but I perceived that the Duke of *Montalto* had, in a very friendly and generous Manner, prevented me. However fatigued I might be with this Day's Work, I returned in the Evening to *Ivicella* with *Don Porterra*, who would needs accompany me. The News of my Succeſs gave great Pleaſure to the Count *de Mancenez*. That lovely Gentleman told me that ſince I had made ſo happy a Beginning, he would leave me to finiſh our Affairs at *Madrid*, and that, for his Part, he would take care of the Marquis, whom he was reſolved not to leave till he was perfectly recovered. Next Day *Donna Eliza*'s Footman came, who had got his Leſſon which Way he was to behave, and deſired, with an affected ſort of Haſte and Concern to ſpeak with the Marquis, becauſe he *would truſt his* Letter into no Hands but his own: *This made* us all go to his Chamber, expreſſing great

Curioſity

ofity to know the Subject of fo preffing a Mef-

The Marquis having read the Letter gave the Count, telling him that he was under in- : Obligations to *Donna Eliza*. We all read ıd nothing could be more artfully turned, or r calculated to make a Lover eafy. You have ɔn to be fatisfied, *faid I*, and I think your y Cure is the only Thing you are to mind

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, *&c.*

BOOK VIII.

IN the mean time I proceeded in my Enquiry after the Rape, and returned in the Afternoon to *Madrid*, but *Don Diego de Velez* was not at Home, only his three Sons, who received me with extraordinary Marks of Joy. I soon perceived that something had occurred, of which I was ignorant; and indeed they informed me that the Ravisher was detected in the Person of *Don d'Alavestras*, according to my Conjectures. *Don Pedro de Lera* discharged his Promise, and discovered him before the Night was spent. He went to the Door of the perfidious Villain at Twilight, and having in vain waited his coming for some time, (for it was *Don d'Alavestras* himself he at first designed to attack) he changed his Project and resolved to seize upon his *Valet de Chambre* whom he saw coming Home, justly concluding, that if the Master was guilty, probably his Man assisted him in the Undertaking. He took him gently by the Arm and held a Poinard to *his Breast*, threatning to stab him if he did not go along

with him without making the leaſt Noiſe. In this manner brought he him to his Father, who with his three Sons, led him into a remote and ſecure Chamber, and there threatned him with the ſevereſt Tortures, unleſs he declared what he knew concerning the Rape of *Donna Diana*. At firſt he obſtinately denied the Fact; but, when he ſaw Death inevitable, he confeſſed; that he was in the Plot, and that *Don d'Alaveſtras* directed the Affair, but, being masked like the others, it was impoſſible for *Don Diego* to diſtinguiſh him from them.

THIS Wretch then declared that his Maſter, after having carried off *Donna Diana*, at firſt took the Road to his Country-Houſe, about a Day's Journey from *Madrid* upon Mount *Sierra*, but recollecting that his Preſence was neceſſary at *Madrid*, he ſtopt in a Wood, from whence he diſpatched a Meſſenger for his Siſter, with his Coach and Man's Clothes; that at her coming, he delivered *Donna Diana* to her Charge, after having equipped her as a Cavalier, with expreſs Orders to conduct her to his Country-Seat, and there to keep her ſo cloſely ſhut up, that no Mortal ſhould ſee her; and that, upon his Return to *Madrid*, he had ordered all his Domeſtics to ſpread a Report in the City that *Don Diego de Velez*'s Daughter was carried off by the Marquis *de Roſemont*, a *French* Gentleman, and the ſame Perſon that had killed *Don Juan de Paſtrino*; that he had appeared publickly the ſame Day, and at Night took Poſt for *Sierra*.

AFTER this Diſcovery, *ſaid Don Pedro de Lera*, we conſulted about what Meaſures were moſt expedient to be taken. I was of Opinion that it was proper to call immediately together all our Friends to ſurprize *Don d'Alaveſtras* at his Country-Seat, and forcibly to reſcue my Siſter from thence, at the Expence of his Blood: But my Father thought it more convenient to obtain an Order from the King to ar-

reſt him, and thereby bring him to condign Puniſhment, both as a Raviſher and Detractor; reſerving to himſelf always the Right of puniſhing him by own Hands, provided he ſhould have Intereſt powerful enough to eſcape Juſtice.

THE King is now at the *Eſcurial, continued Don Pedro*, and my Father went thither in the Night in Order to be at his Majeſty's Levee this Morning, whoſe Return we impatiently expect. After this the three Brothers made a thouſand Apologies to me for having unjuſtly ſuſpected the Marquis, and earneſtly intreated to become acquainted with him, that they might renew their Excuſes to him in Perſon. I aſked what was become of *d' Alaveſtras's* Valet; He is ſtill in our Cuſtody, *ſaid they*, and we will take Care that he ſhall not eſcape. Upon my deſiring to ſee him, the unhappy Wretch was brought ſhackled Hand and Foot. I aſked him ſeveral Queſtions, amongſt others, if *Donna Diana* knew by whom ſhe was carried away. He replied that he did not believe ſhe did; that *Don d' Alaveſtras* never deſigned ſhe ſhould, and for that Reaſon always wore a Maſk, and he was very certain, that when his Siſter came ſhe was an utter Stranger to *Donna Diana*. This Anſwer made me tremble for the Lady, for the very worſt was to be dreaded from a Villain ſuch as *d' Alaveſtras*, and ſuch a Fury as his Siſter. The Conſequence but too evidently proved the Truth of my Suſpicion.

DON Diego came back whilſt I was in his Houſe. He embraced me, begging I would forget what was paſt, and heartily join with him in haſtening the Puniſhment of our common Enemy: He had met with a gracious Reception from the King, who deſired to be informed of every Circumſtance of the Affair, and finding *Don d' Alaveſtras's* Deſign to be a Crime of the deepeſt Dye, he immediately declared that he ſhould be proceeded againſt accord-

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[...]g to the utmos[...] his marrying in *Spain*.
[...]d for that Purp[...] conceal from you,
[...]ve or dead, wh[...] *Chambre* with
[...]*kaid* and his *Algu*[...] on whose
[...]emselves to take J[...] Hopes.
[...] could not, on the pr[...] I
[...]nd his three Sons, refu[...]
[...]was really serving the M[...]
Donna Diana, and I was al[...]
with my own Eyes what ha[...]
sent to *Don Porterra*'s for *Briss*[...] with
me, and sent Word to *Ivicella* t[...] was under a
Necessity of being absent two Days.

As we proceeded in our Journey, *Don Diego*, who was by my Side, freely communicated to me the whole Sentiments of his Soul. Notwithstanding I have laid my Information before the King, I don't know, *said he to me*, if it is in my Power to forbear killing this Villain, as soon as a fair Opportunity offers. I perceive in advancing that my Indignation grows stronger, and am afraid that I shall not be able to govern it; but the Case will be quite another Thing if he has made any Attempt upon her Honour. No Cruelty that I can invent shall be left untried for his Punishment. He would deserve it, *answered I*, but if he is not lost to all the Sentiments of Honour, he can't abuse so charming a Creature as *Diana*. Alas, *replied he*, the poor Girl is greatly to be pitied. For, in my House and directly under my own Inspection, she frequently was opprest with anxious Cares, which all my Tenderness could not prevent, and when I thought of procuring her, at least, a little Tranquillity, by placing her in a Convent, she finds herself exposed to the greatest Misfortune that can happen to a Girl. From hence he took Occasion to relate the Story of his Marriage at *Naples*, the Birth of Donna Diana, his Arrival in *Spain*, the Death of her Mother

a

reft him, and thereby lay mentioned, with Regard ment, both as a Remoirs. Unfortunately, *continued* to himfelf alway Incident came to the Knowledge own Hands Wife, who looks upon my Daughter as ful eno brought into the Family, with a Defign to Tmifh her Children's Patrimony, upon which Account fhe has conceived a mortal Averfion, and has all along given her vifible Marks of it; and even I myfelf, out of Complaifance to my Spoufe, have ufed her ill, which has more than once grieved me to the very Heart; for there is no Occafion of a Father's Eyes to difcover the Merit of this poor unhappy Girl. I obferved that my Sons loved her dearly. My Wife alone purfues her with an inflexible Hatred. But might not you, *replied I*, have delivered her from this Perfecution by Marriage? He anfwered, that fuch had often been his Intentions, but that *Diana*, for Reafons unknown to him, was entirely averfe to it, and had earneftly defired the Liberty of retiring into a Convent; to which I was conducting her, *added he*, when *Don d' Alaveftras* forced her from me, and I muft confefs that I was furprized Yefterday upon reading her Letter to the Marquis; for though I had heard of his Paffion for her, yet I was ignorant of her Affection for him, and thought that Retirement was what fhe wanted. Upon this I explained to him, in what Manner their Love had been formed, and affured him that, as I had been prefent at all their Interviews, nothing had paffed but what was confiftent with Honour and Decency. He afked me if the Marquis intended to marry her. Yes, *faid I*, he would do it at the Expence of his Life; but to be free with you, how honourable foever your Family may be, his Birth and the diftinguifhed Rank of his Father give him a great Superiority. Befides, he is an only Son, and has fuch a Profpect of Grandeur in *France*, that in my Opinion, it will be no eafy Matter to

get

[g]et his Friends to approve of his marrying in *Spain.* [H]owever, *continued I,* I ſhall not conceal from you, [th]at he has diſpatched his *Valet de Chambre* with [L]etters to obtain his Father's Approbation, on whoſe Affection and good Nature he builds his Hopes. *Don Diego* appeared highly ſatisfied with what I had told him, and begged I would procure him the Honour of the Marquis's Acquaintance, that he might return him Thanks for the favourable Sentiments he entertained of his Daughter. The good old Man was far from apprehending that e're long he was to be for ever deprived of her.

At laſt, about ſix in the Morning we arrived at *Sierra.* The *Alcaid* ordered his *Alguazils* to ſurround the Caſtle, and, accompanied with ſome of them, went himſelf to knock at the Gate, which they did not immediately open, becauſe they had probably diſcovered us, and were willing to advertiſe *Don d' Alaveſtras* and his Siſter. This furious Woman, ſeeing plainly that her Crime was detected, and that neither her Brother nor ſhe could avoid Puniſhment, took a dreadful Reſolution, the Remembrance of which ſtill makes me ſhudder. I am under ſome Apprehenſion, leſt my Readers ſhould imagine that I take ſome Liberties in this Place, in order to embelliſh my Narration, by ſome moving Circumſtances, but I would beg of them to conſider, that I write without any View of Intereſt, and that the Duke of *** can vouch for the Truth of theſe Memoirs, ſo far as he was concerned.

As the *Alcaid* was preparing to break open the Door, which would have been ſoon done, they opened it themſelves, upon which he demanded, in the King's Name, to ſpeak with *Don d' Alaveſtras,* and was anſwered that he might come in. When he was in the Court with his Attendants, *Don d' Alaveſtras appeared* at a Window, and boldly *aſked him what he* wanted. Yourſelf, Sir, an-

ſwered the *Alcaid* briſkly, depending on the Precautions he had taken to prevent his Eſcape. I come by the King's Order to ſecure your Perſon, and to have *Donna Diana*, whom you violently carried off and detain here, ſet at Liberty. I am betrayed then, *cried the Raviſher, in a Tone that expreſſed his Rage:* Come up, Gentlemen, one muſt yield to ſuperior Numbers. He then aſked if *Don Diego* was there, or any of his Sons; and being told they were all preſent, he appeared to be ſatisfied, and deſired they might alſo come in, and have *Donna Diana* delivered up to them; upon which we went all up in a Body to his Apartment, and found him in an Antichamber with a Piſtol in his Hand. No Violence, Gentlemen, *ſaid he*, for my Life will be no eaſy Purchaſe: Produce the King's Order; which the *Alcaid*, having it in his Pocket, readily did, and allowed him to read it. Very well, *ſaid he*, I ſee it is me you want, and it is right, becauſe I am the only guilty Perſon. But, Gentlemen, *added he*, turning to *Don Diego* and his Sons; of two Things chooſe which you like beſt, either that I may be allowed to retire from this Houſe without any Hindrance, in which Caſe *Donna Diana* ſhall be ſafely delivered into your Hands, or to ſee her Heart pierced with a Dagger, if you inſiſt upon carrying me Priſoner to *Madrid*.

HAD *Don Diego* and his Sons given Way to their Fury, they would have directly ſtabbed this Villain; but the *Alcaid* perceiving by their Looks the Storm within, and being apprehenſive of it's breaking out, made Haſte to tell *Don d' Alaveſtras* that the wiſeſt Courſe he could follow, would be to ſubmit to the King's Pleaſure, and to truſt to his Majeſty's Clemency. You don't then believe me, *replied he*, ſtepping backwards towards his Chamber, come, Gentlemen, follow me into this Room, which we did, and the firſt Object that preſented itſelf to our

Sight

Sight chilled our Blood, and turned us into ſo many Statues. The old *Donna de Paſtrino* was ſeated at a Window, *Donna Diana* kneeling at her Feet, and that Monſter of a Woman holding a Dagger at her Boſom. Stop, *cried ſhe, when we appeared,* ſhe's a Dead Woman if you make another Step. *Don Diego,* thunder-ſtruck with this dreadful Sight, threw himſelf upon his Knees with all his three Sons. Ah! Madam, *cried he, lifting up his Hands to Heaven,* have Pity upon an unfortunate Father; what have I done to offend you? What Harm has my poor Daughter done you? Pity my old Age, or, at leaſt, let me fall the firſt Sacrifice to your Reſentment.

THIS hardened Fury did not appear to be in the leaſt affected, but anſwered that the only Way to ſave his Daughter was to ſet her Brother at Liberty, by allowing him to go out alone, to mount his Horſe, and to give him a competent Time to get away. How ſtrong ſoever *Don Diego*'s Paſſion of Revenge might be, yet upon this Occaſion it yielded to paternal Affection, and he begged of the *Alcaid* to ſuffer *Don d' Alaveſtras* to make his Eſcape, which he was loth to do, leſt he ſhould be called in Queſtion for Neglect of Duty. But we made him underſtand, that as this Order had not been granted but at the Requeſt of *Don Diego,* who was the injured Perſon, he had, in a Manner, the Power of doing as he thought proper. *Donna de Paſtrino* demanded only half an Hour for her Brother, and exhorted him to make good Uſe of it. During which Time we remained in her Chamber, in the ſame Place where ſhe had firſt made us ſtop, and when ſhe perceived us make the leaſt Motion, it was attended with new Threats, and clapping the Dagger cloſe to *Donna Diana*'s Breaſt: that charming young Lady was ſtill upon her Knees trembling under the conſtant Terrors of Death, and ſometimes throwing a languiſhing Look our Way,

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by which I could perceive that the Grief of her Father and Brothers gave her ſome Eaſe, and that ſhe was touched with this Proof of their Affection. But her Misfortune was only beginning. The Scene was to be bloody, and the Cataſtrophe was approaching.

When I left *Madrid*, I had ſent a Footman (as I have already ſaid) to *Ivicella*, to acquaint the Count *de Mancenez* that I ſhould be abſent two Days. I had unluckily given this Meſſage to a giddy-headed Fellow, who had heard ſomething of the Story, and thought to ingratiate himſelf at *Ivicella*, by publiſhing what he knew, which he did ſo indiſcreetly, that it at laſt came to the Marquis's Ears, who having heard of *Donna Diana*'s being carried off, and of an Order from Court to take the Author into Cuſtody, inſiſted ſo abſolutely on being informed of every Circumſtance, that there was no ſuch Thing as diſſembling with him. Rage and Love were his only Counſellors, and *Madrid* the Place to which (having ordered his Horſe to be immediately got ready) he intended, notwithſtanding the earneſt Intreaties of his Friend the Count and his own bad State of Health; but he was deaf to every Thing, and mounted his Horſe, which obliged the Count, the Surgeon and *Don Porterra*, as well as the Servants to do the ſame. They went directly to *Don Diego*'s Houſe, where they were informed of the Road we had taken, and, without loſing a Moment, came driving after us. Unluckily not far from *Sierra* whom ſhould they meet but *Don d' Alaveſtras* galloping full Speed. The Count *de Mancenez* knew him, and thought it was proper to ſtop him. He was ſeized in a Moment and forced to return back from whence he had come. He in vain proteſted that *Don Diego* had conſented to his Flight, and that his Return would be fatal to *Donna Diana*. All his Reaſons were looked upon as falſe

Pretences

Pretences of a guilty Perſon, who endeavoured to avoid Puniſhment. We were in the Poſture I have already repreſented. waiting with great Impatience, the Accompliſhment of the Treaty made with *Donna Paſtrino*, when a great Noiſe, which we heard, would have obliged us to leave the Chamber, had not the old Witch frightened us by her Threats. It is impoſſible for me to diſtinguiſh the Time in which three or four horrid Cruelties were acted, all I can ſay is, that they were begun and ended ſooner than I can relate them. The Marquis entered firſt, and though I ran to prevent his ſeeing *Donna Diana*, it was too late, for a Lover's Eyes are quick. Ah! my dear Marquis, *ſaid I*, in a Tranſport, whither do you go? Your Preſence will ruin us, for Heaven's Sake retire a Moment. He ſtruggled to advance, and the Concern he was under, tied up his Tongue.

At the ſame Time *Donna de Paſtrino*, who made no Doubt but that this was the Marquis *de Roſemont*; and who ſaw her Brother come in after him, with his Hands tied, cried out with an inexpreſſible Fury, What! do I then ſee my Son's Murderer, and who alſo wants to ſhed my Brother's Blood. Here's for thee who art his Miſtreſs, and with that ſhe plunged the cruel Weapon into the innocent *Diana*'s Boſom; jumping up the Moment after to ruſh upon the Marquis, but though Rage and Fury made her nimble; ſhe had ſcarce made two Steps, when ſhe met with the juſt Puniſhment of her Barbarity from *Don Diego* and his Sons, who laid her dead on the Floor with many Wounds, and then fell upon her Brother, whom they alſo ſoon deprived of Life.

Let any Mortal imagine, if he can, the Horror of this ſhocking Sight, three Bodies ſwimming in Streams of Blood, the Marquis motionleſs in my *Arms*, *Don Diego* tearing his Hair cloſe by his

Daughter, and piercing the Air with his Cries, his three Sons endeavouring to ſtop their unhappy Siſter's Blood, and all the other Spectators ſo ſtupified, that they had no Notion of giving us the leaſt Aſſiſtance. I carried the Marquis into the next Chamber, where fortunately there happened to be a Bed. The Count *de Mancenez* and the Surgeon followed me, I took an Elixir which the latter had about him, and ordered him to go to the Aſſiſtance of *Donna Diana*, which he did with ſo much Skill and Diligence, that he had dreſſed the Wound, laid the firſt Compreſs, and made her come to herſelf again, before the Marquis had recovered from his Fit, which was ſo long, that I myſelf, by Reaſon of the terrible Apprehenſions I was under, ſwooned away. Not that I believed this Accident dangerous to a young Man of his Age and Conſtitution, but the laſt Night's Fatigue, and his Wound not yet intirely cloſed up, juſtly alarmed me. The Surgeon however aſſuring me poſitively that there was no Danger, I found my Spirits diſcharged of a heavy Load; he put a new Compreſs upon his Wound, which appeared ready to bleed. It is not his fainting Fit, *ſaid he*, like a Man of Senſe, that I apprehend, but the Impreſſion which the firſt Idea , of the deplorable State he ſaw *Donna Diana* in, will infallibly make upon him; for I have ſeen enough, ſince I had the Honour of attending him, to convince me he loves her paſſionately, and I think it would be proper, *added he*, to remove him into the other Room; when he recovers he would find himſelf near her, and would be, at leaſt, convinced that ſhe is not dead. I approved of his Advice, and we carried him upon a Mattreſs cloſe to his Miſtreſs's Bed-ſide, where he ſoon gave Signs of Recovery. The Surgeon, who obſerved him, no ſooner perceived the Change, than he ſaid, take Courage, Sir, *Donna Diana* lives, and *is here cloſe by you*. That dear Name rouzed up his Spirits.

Donna Diana was ſo weakened with the Loſs d, that ſhe had not till then taken Notice of rquis's being ſo near her, but when ſhe heard ne mentioned, ſhe opened her Eyes to look ı and to meet his: Theſe two tender Lovers ach other. Nothing could be more moving re natural, than to ſee how their Sentiments onded the very firſt Moment that they had : of their Reaſon and Senſes. *Donna Diana* r Hand out to him, which he took and kiſſ- ouſand Times. Alas! it is I, *ſaid he to her*, ı the unhappy Author of your Misfortune, you die, I ſhall ſoon follow you. He ſoon ed Strength enough to riſe and ſit down by eping his Eyes conſtantly fixed upon her, would gladly have viſited her Wound, that ht know what he had to hope or fear, earneſt- ;ing of the Surgeon that he would tell him uſly what he thought of it. He anſwered, ſeeming Sincerity, but in Reality to flatter hat ſuch Wounds were ſeldom mortal, but ſt was abſolutely neceſſary, and a more cer- dgment to be formed of her Condition in a urs. He wanted to be conſtantly by her, ing not to ſay any Thing that might occaſion ıſt Motion, but the Surgeon repreſented to at even his Preſence might give her a Concern, was by no Means proper in her preſent Con- and therefore that it was fit he ſhould retire t give her the leaſt Diſturbance.

E Marquis conſented, though very unwil- to return to the next Chamber and to go to *Don Diego* and his three Sons came to pay eir Reſpects, and the Manner in which they ed themſelves made it appear to me, that they nceived a great Eſteem for him, equally per- ffected with his graceful Mien and with a *rneſs which they* had for him on *Donna* Dia-

na's

na's Account. The Count *de Mancenez* who had 'till then loſt, as it were, the Uſe of his Tongue, and who had contented himſelf with officiouſly attending his Friend in every Step he made, came and embraced him with all the Marks of a lively and ſincere Friendſhip, and *Don Porterra* imitated his Example. So many Objects of Grief and Tenderneſs, all extremèly moving, forced Tears from my Eyes, and I could not diſtinguiſh by which of them I was the moſt affected. We conſulted with the *Alcaid* what Meaſures were now proper to be taken, and it was at laſt reſolved that the Count *de Mancenez* ſhould take the Trouble of going, without Delay, to the *Eſcurial*, where the King was to continue ſome Days; that the *Alcaid* ſhould accompany him, and that they ſhould jointly give his Majeſty a faithful Account of this tragical Adventure. They took Journey immediately and ſoon arrived at the *Eſcurial* not many Miles diſtant. We behaved in *Don d' Alaveſtras*'s Houſe as if it had belonged to us, ordering Victuals to be made ready, and what was neceſſary for the two Patients. I aſked the Surgeon privately if he thought *Donna Diana*'s Wound mortal, he anſwered that ſhe might live for ſome Days, but that there was no Hopes of her Recovery. I begged of him to diſſemble with the Marquis, and to aſſiſt me in preparing him, by Degrees, to ſupport this Loſs. He roſe ten Times in an Hour to go to his Miſtreſs's Bed-ſide, ſometimes he found her half aſleep, and returned content with having ſeen her, and when ſhe perceived him, he ſaid ſome tender Things, begging her not to ſpeak for fear of weakening her. He every Moment conſulted the Surgeon, who ſtill gave him Hopes, and indeed that Afternoon ſhe found herſelf much better, ſo that we all ſat down by her Bed-ſide and converſed together, but with low ſoft Voices, ſo as not to diſturb her. *Don Diego* and her three Brothers

ſhewed

ſhewed a Regard for the Marquis which gave her great Pleaſure, and who had ſeen us would have believed that we made but one Family united by the moſt tender and cordial Friendſhip.

In the Evening the Count *de Mancenez* and the *Alcaid* returned with News ſo agreeable, and ſo far above our Expectations, that they gave us all the Joy which our melancholy Condition could admit of. The King, already prepoſſeſſed againſt the perfidious *Alaveſtras*, approved the Revenge which *Don Diego* had taken, and could not hear of *Donna de Paſtrino*'s Barbarity without Emotion. Simple Death, *ſaid he to the Count*, is not a ſufficient Puniſhment for ſuch monſtrous Villainies, and ſince the Offenders have eſcaped the Ignominy of publick Execution, there is ſtill a Way remaining to ſatisfy Juſtice. I give to the Daughter of *Don de Velez* the whole Eſtates of *Don d' Alaveſtras* and *Donna de Paſtrino.* This Favour was no ſooner granted than the Count had the Credit to get it confirmed by Letters Patent in due Form, which he brought along with him, and delivered into *Donna Diana*'s Hands, after telling what's above. Such an unexpected Event did much Honour to the Count, and he received the general Thanks. *Don Diego*'s Joy could not be contained, and the Marquis was in Raptures, becauſe this was an Introduction to the Succeſs of his Hopes. *Donna Diana* herſelf could not help being touched with it, and giving Marks of her Satisfaction, which, one might eaſily ſee, was all upon the Marquis's Account, with whom ſhe thought this new Addition to her Fortune would bring her more upon a Level, for ſhe was now Miſtreſs of no leſs than fifty thouſand Livres a Year, *Don d' Alaveſtras*'s Eſtate being commonly reckoned thirty five thouſand, and *Donna Paſtrino*'s fifteen or ſixteen. The next Day *Don Diego* ſent his eldeſt Son to *Madrid* to have the Grant ratified, and

went himſelf to thank his Majeſty for ſo unexpected a Favour, and he was ſo graciouſly received that he returned as much ſatisfied with that, as he had been with the Gift.

In the mean time *Donna Diana*'s Wound grew ſenſibly worſe, and ſhe every now and then had fainting Fits which made the Surgeon tremble. I thought her a dying on the third Day, but recovering a little by proper Care, the Surgeon told me that ſhe might hold out to the ninth Day, but he promiſed much more to the Marquis, who begged of him, in the moſt preſſing Terms, every Moment to tell him the worſt. She may die, *ſaid he*, but you are not yet yourſelf out of Danger, if you don't take more Care. I hope, by my Diligence, to reſtore you both to perfect Health, which made the Lover judge of his Miſtreſs's Wound by his own, and as he felt himſelf in a Condition not to be much afraid, his Fears for her gradually abated; however, her frequent Faintings alarmed him. My God! *ſaid he to me one Day*, what would become of me ſhould I loſe her? I ſhould not ſurvive her a Quarter of an Hour. I anſwered that the beſt was to be hoped from the Bounty of Heaven, that the Surgeon was not under great Concern for her fainting, and that a great deal was to be expected from her Youth and Conſtitution. But after all, *continued I*, has not Heaven the abſolute Diſpoſal of her Life as well as of yours and mine? Suppoſe your own ſhould be ſnatched away, muſt you not ſubmit and make a Sacrifice of your Youth, Rank, and all your Expectations? Heaven may in the ſame manner deprive you of *Donna Diana*; are not you obliged to ſubmit with the ſame Reſignation? Love her, my dear Marquis, for ſhe is ſo lovely that ſhe well deſerves your Affection, but remember that you ought *to love* God more than her, and that every Man of *Honour* muſt have this way of thinking. Whatever

opes we may have of her Recovery, I would
u sometimes to think of her Loss, that if it
happen, you may have acquired Strength of
to support it. Begin betimes to practise
ere Trial, which is a Means, in a Manner,
ler you superior to your Passion, and with-
ing less, your Passion will be such then as
and Religion require. He answered, that
very sensible of the Truth of what I said,
t looking upon the Loss of *Donna Diana* as
st terrible Misfortune that could happen, he
t able to reconcile himself to that frightful
that on the contrary he endeavoured to banish
rom him, and hoped only that, if Heaven
t proper to take her from him, and decreed
should survive her, he should receive Strength
bove, which he had not yet experienced,
hich could not come but from the powerful
of God. This Answer, which at least implied
dation in Religion, and a Confidence in God,
me much, and I assured him that the Succours
ven, when earnestly asked, were never denied,
ays proportioned to our Wants and Necessities.
e Castle of *Sierra* being now in the Property
na *Diana*, we were in no Haste to leave it.
d till the Marquis could safely return to *Ma-*
Besides, it would have been treating him
he utmost Rigour, to force him away before
s out of Danger. The Condition that they
ere in, and *Don Diego*'s Presence and mine,
Room for Calumny. The ninth Day, which
rgeon said would be a critical one for *Donna*
, gave me great Concern, and I waited for
n Impatience. It came at last, and she had
er usual fainting Fits when the Wound was
, without any Symptoms of the Distemper's
sing, at which the Surgeon expressed the ut-
oy, and told me that he was under no Ap-

prehenſions till the thirteenth Day, and that he would anſwer for her Cure, if ſhe had Strength enough to ſurvive that Day.

In the Evening of this happy Day, I mean the ninth, I had gone down to take the Air at the Gate, and was juſt returning, when I heard the Noiſe of Horſes galloping full ſpeed, and having turned about I perceived *Le Brun*, who brought us News from *Paris*. He had come to *Madrid*, and *Don Perterra* had taken Poſt to conduct him hither. I told them both not to appear in the Marquis's Chamber, 'till I read my Letters, which I opened directly. There was one for the Marquis under flying Seal, which I read firſt. For in the preſent State of Affairs, I cculd not look upon *Le Brun's* Arrival and the Duke's Anſwer, as Things of no Importance. It was ſuch as I expected, that is to ſay, tender and flattering, and promiſed all, without granting any Thing.

You judge right, ſaid his Letter to the Marquis, *to depend that I will never refuſe what is neceſſary for your Happineſs; and therefore be aſſured that you ſhall marry* Donna Diana de Velez, *if your Paſſion is ſo ſtrong that you cannot overcome it. I am very well ſatisfied with the Character that Mr.* de Renoncour *has given her, and have always been of Opinion, that Merit and Birth are preferable to Poſts and Riches. But you are young, and your Miſtreſs is ſo too. You left* France *with a Deſign to travel ſome Years: At leaſt finiſh your Travels, which muſt be interrupted ſhould you now marry her. You'll return more worthy of her, and I give you my Promiſe, that I will then conſent to your Requeſt. I grant you a great deal, don't deny me this little*, &c.

The reſt of the Letter was in this Strain, and ſo artfully contrived, that I made no Doubt but that,

that, notwithſtanding the impatient Vivacity of the Marquis, he would find a great deal of Sweetneſs in the ſoft Manner of it, and that he would read it with Satisfaction. I then opened my own, in which the Duke laid open his Heart to me without Reſerve, and expreſſed himſelf as a true Father. He did not conceal, that his Son's Marriage with a Stranger would give him great Uneaſineſs and diſconcert all his Views.

But his Letter, ſaid he, *makes me tremble, and the Spirit I know him to be of, makes me dread his Reſolution. If* Donna Diana *be ſuch as you repreſent her, I ſhall not look upon her becoming my Daughter as an abſolute Misfortune. . . . . . I leave you entire Maſter of this Affair and truſt wholly to your Prudence. Endeavour to cure my Son, and to make him leave* Spain; *but above all, I intreat you'll manage him with Gentleneſs, and if you find his Cure impoſſible, I ſhall approve of whatever you do*, &c.

Upon reading this Letter, I could not but equally admire the Wiſdom of the Duke, and his Affection for the Marquis, and the Confidence with which he honoured me, touched me very ſenſibly. I conſidered with myſelf what Courſe I was to take, and what Uſe I ſhould make of the unlimited Power granted me. In the extreme Danger wherein *Donna Diana* was, to aſſure her of being united to her Lover, was running no great Riſk. If the worſt happens, ſhe will die more content, and this will in ſome Meaſure alleviate the Marquis's Grief. But if ſhe recovers, we ſhall eaſily perſuade her to wait 'till we have finiſhed our Travels; or if the Marquis's Impatience ſhould render him deaf to the Duke's Reaſons; in that Caſe we muſt behave as Circumſtances direct. I ſee nothing now that *ought to make* me diſlike this Marriage. Don Di-

ego is descended of an ancient Family; he has served the King with Honour, and in a distinguished Employment; his Daughter, besides her Merit and Beauty which render her worthy of a Crown, has now an opulent Fortune. After I had taken this Resolution, I sealed the Letter addressed to the Marquis, and went up to his Chamber. I come to acquaint you, *said I*, that *Le Brun* is arrived, and here is a Letter which he has brought you. He opened it with a surprizing Eagerness; but stopt short when I thought he was going to read it, and, seized as it were with a sudden Fright, asked me if I did not already know what it contained. If you know it to be contrary to my Wishes, spare me the Trouble of reading the Sentence of my Death. Read, Read, *said I*, you are not condemned to die; upon which he read it, and having a very penetrating and lively Genius, found out immediately upon what Account the Duke proposed Delays. However he seemed to be touched with his Indulgence, and I could see some Tears trickling down his Cheeks. I asked him if he was not satisfied, and of what he complained. No, *answered he*, I don't complain of my Father, he promises his Consent after our Travels are ended, if I continue to love *Donna Diana*; and I know him too well to be afraid that he will fail in performing his Promise; but why does he hope that I will change, for this is the Thing his cruel Delay aims at; and if I have sufficiently made it known to him, that I am not capable of changing, why would he give me needless Torments by delaying my Happiness? If you'll only consider, *replied I*, that your Marriage would now be a sort of Chain upon your Youth, and deprive you of a thousand Advantages as yet necessary to your Education, you'll agree that the Duke your Father reasons very justly. But let us not at present be too anxious of what is to come. Donna

Diana is not in a Condition to think of Weddings. Let us confine ourſelves to the preſent, and therefore, go and ſhew her the Letter which you have receiv-ed. This News will give her ſo much Joy that it may perhaps contribute to her Recovery; and I even conſent, if you incline to it, that we conceal from her ſhe has any other Delays to fear but what her Indiſpoſition muſt occaſion; after which we went together into her Room and found her pretty quiet, ſhe preſented her Hand to the Marquis when he approached the Bed-ſide (for this unhappy Accident made them more familiar than they were before) and told him in a feeble Voice and her Eyes ſtill fixed upon him, but ſtill full of that ſweet Vivacity which all the Sharpneſs of her Diſeaſe could not extinguiſh: Dear Marquis, *ſaid ſhe*, I was juſt now meditating upon a very melancholy Subject: I was thinking that you would not love me after my Recovery, for perhaps the little Beauty I had, and which touched you, will be gone, and, conſequently, you'll become indifferent. He anſwered immediately in this Manner. Though your Diſtemper ſhould alter your Beauty, yet ſtill I ſhall view you with a Lover's Eye, did not I begin to love you? Why do you imagine that I am capable of Change? No, no, though my Paſſion entered at my Eyes, it has reached to the inmoſt Receſſes of my Heart, from which it never can depart. I now bring you Proofs, *added he*, and happy ſhould I be, could they give you any Joy. Our Hearts will be for ever united when you think proper. My Father conſents to our Marriage in a Letter which my *Valet de Chambre*, who is now returned from *Paris*, has brought me; do you give your Conſent, my dear *Diana*, *continued he*, falling on his Knees and leaning upon her Bed, will your Heart conſent to the Happineſs of mine without Reluctancy? *You are now Miſtreſs of my* Fate and it ſhall be ſo while *I live.*

WHAT a ſtrange Paſſion is Love! *Donna Diana*, notwithſtanding the Weakneſs to which nine Days of a mortal Wound had reduced her, appeared to me more charming than ever I had ſeen her, upon hearing this agreeable News. All the Blood ſhe had loſt did not hinder her Cheeks from being coloured with a beautiful Vermilion, nor her Eyes from throwing out a thouſand Darts of Love. She expreſſed her Sentiments in theſe few but ſignificant Words. 'I only deſire Life that I may be yours, *gently* '*ſqueezing his Hand*, and when you ceaſe to love 'me, may Heaven deprive me of it.' I was afraid that ſpeaking might be prejudicial to her Health, and therefore made Haſt to prevent her going on, by confirming what the Marquis had ſaid, and aſſuring her that ſhe would be received at the Court of *France* with Admiration. Upon this the Surgeon came in and told us that our Converſation had put the Lady's Spirits in an Agitation which did not at all ſuit with her preſent Condition, and therefore begged we would retire.

DON *Diego* already knew that *Le Brun* was returned when we went to inform him of the Succeſs of his Journey. We thought proper, at the ſame Time, to let him know the Marquis's true Name, which gave him ſo great Joy, that he thanked him a thouſand Times for the Honour he did his Family. The young Lover embraced him tenderly, calling him by the Name of dear Father, and then ran with open Arms to his Miſtreſs's three Brothers. In ſhort, this agreeable News was in a Moment ſpread all over the Houſe, and gave general Joy. But alas! it was to be of ſhort Duration, and might only be termed a ſmall Reſpite to prepare us for the greateſt of all Misfortunes. What avail all human Precautions when contrary to the immutable Will of *Heaven*! The Remedies of Art, the Cares of Love, our Vows, our Prayers, and our Tears, were all

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in vain, for it was decreed from above that the Marquis ſhould for ever loſe his lovely *Diana.* I wiſh I could with Juſtice to my Hiſtory avoid this ſad Paſſage, becauſe I am ſenſible that to paint the ſhocking Scene in proper Colours is too hard a Taſk for me. My Reader may, with Reaſon, be ſurpriſed to find me at a Loſs that Way, me whom ſo many ſad Exigencies, of which I have been either the unhappy Object, or mournful Spectator, ought to have taught the Language of Grief and Sorrow. But may not this be the Reaſon, that my Heart, ſubjected to conſtant and fatal Experience, has received ſuch Impreſſions as no Language can deſcribe? Be that as it will, of all the troubleſom Adventures that attended our Travels this was the moſt dreadful, and in which the poor Marquis was put to the ſevereſt Trial.

We went to Bed pretty late with a favourable Opinion of *Donna Diana*'s Wound, the pleaſing Ideas of which ſoon lulled the Marquis aſleep: For my own Part, I was in a profound Sleep, when on a ſudden I was awaked by the Surgeon, who told me very plainly that he was deceived if *Donna Diana* had above two Hours to live. What do you tell me? *ſaid I*, ſhe was in ſo hopeful a Way laſt Night when we left her. To deal ingenuouſly, *replied he*, ſhe never was ſo, but 'till this Night I entertained ſome ſmall Hopes of her. You know, *continued he*, that I lie upon a Mattreſs in her Chamber; about one this Morning I ſtept to her Bed-ſide and found her without pulſe and inſenſible. My Elixir brought her to her Senſes, but with ſo many Symptoms of approaching Death that I deſpaired of her Life; upon which I called for her Father and the Prieſt, who are both now in her Chamber. When her Confeſſion was over ſhe earneſtly deſired to ſpeak with the Marquis. I dare not be the Meſſenger of ſuch bad News, but rather chuſe to come firſt to you. I

rofe immediately and went to *Donna Diana*'s Chamber, and when I was near her fhe asked me if I would not give her the Satisfaction of feeing her dear Marquis before her Death. I anfwered with Tears in my Eyes, that I would go and awake him, or rather, carry his Sentence of Death, by letting him know that he was upon the Point of lofing her. After I had left the Room I was very much puzzled how to behave, or in what Manner I fhould acquaint him with this News. To fee his Miftrefs expiring, to be ftruck with fo unexpected a Blow, and tranfported with Love and Grief, who could affure me, weak as he was, that he would not accompany her to the Grave! However much I was concerned at *Donna Diana*'s Condition, yet I was undetermined if I fhould grant her Requeft, left it might have a fatal Effect upon the Marquis, who was dearer to me than can be imagined. Under this Perplexity Heaven came to my Succour, by infpiring me with an Expedient, which not only ferved to procure thefe tender Lovers the only Satisfaction which they could now expect, but alfo to alleviate the Marquis's Defpair before, and after the Lofs of his Miftrefs. I went ftreight to his Chamber, which for fome Days paft was near mine, and found him awake. Sir, *faid I to him in a refolute Tone, in order to rouze up his Spirits*, I have juft now feen *Donna Diana* who appears to be worfe than Yefterday. I could wifh that you would go and fee her too. You can't fhew too great Zeal for one to whom you are fo dear. Befides, to let you into a Secret which I have hitherto concealed from you, the Duke, your Father, in a Letter which you have not feen, gives me a Power to render you happy in the Poffeffion of your Miftrefs, which I am refolved to do this Morning: For fhould it pleafe Heaven to deprive you of her, it would be, at leaft, fome fmall Comfort to you that fhe died yours. The Prieft is

ready, ſo get up and come along with me. Though I cannot diſapprove of your Grief, yet, let me adviſe you not to let it get ſo much the Maſtery of you as to expoſe your Weakneſs. Conſider you have *Spaniards* as Witneſſes who know how to ſet a juſt Value upon true Greatneſs of Soul, and who are now informed of your Name. To betray Want of Courage in their Preſence, would throw a Blemiſh upon your Character. In a Word, the Duke your Father's Honour, and your own are now at Stake. Let this Motive guard you againſt any Thing of mean Behaviour, and while I do more than I can well account for, ſpare me the Confuſion of ſeeing you do any Thing that is mean under my Conduct.

He was a little ſtunned at this ſevere Harangue, which was the Effect I deſired it might have upon him. He quickly put on his Clothes, and as we went along I often repeated no Effeminacy, Sir; now is the Time to ſhew your Courage, do not betray ſuch a Want of it as may redound to your Diſhonour. We entered the Chamber where we found *Donna Diana* juſt expiring, but as ſhe ſtill preſerved her Senſes ſhe perceived us. The Marquis judging by the Attendants that were about her, that ſhe had not long to live, was juſt going to caſt himſelf upon his Knees before her when I ſtopped him, and preſenting him to *Don Diego*, Here is, Sir, *ſaid I to him*, the only Son of the Duke of **** You are no Stranger to his Paſſion for *Donna Diana*. Let his Love and Grief have the Satisfaction of his being now united to her with Bands that Death only can diſſolve. I aſk this Favour for him in the Duke his Father's Name. *Don Diego* anſwered ſhedding Tears, that he conſented to it as the greateſt Honour could be done him, upon which the Room was filled with Sighs and Tears. I deſired the Prieſt to advance, and *Donna Diana* had ſtill *Strength to preſent her* Hand to her dear Lover, and

after plighting their mutual Faith received the Benediction.

WHAT Influence this moving Scene may have upon the Readers I know not, but sure I am, the Sight of it would have moved a Heart of Stone. The Marquis still clasped her Hand in his, and observed her dying away without being able to pronounce one Word; Each Sigh she fetched were as so many Drops of Blood issuing from his Heart. As for her we could sometimes hear her, with a broken and decayed Voice, saying, Farewel my dear Marquis, remember me: I die your Spouse; now and then she endeavoured to give his Hand a gentle Squeeze. She once turned her Eyes towards me, and shewing me the Marquis's Hand, 'tis to you, *said she*, that I am indebted for what I now hold. I attempted to exhort them both to take Courage and to submit to the Will of Heaven: But though to appearance I was calm, yet inwardly I was far from being so, and frequently obliged to turn about to wipe off the Tears which I could not retain.

BUT why should I dwell longer upon so melancholy a Subject? At last the amiable unfortunate *Diana* fetched a deep Sigh, and breathed her last. She is dead, said I to the Marquis, in a resolute Tone; what now remains, is, to recommend her to the divine Mercy, and to perpetuate a pious Memory of her. As he was going to throw himself upon the Body of the deceased, I catched him in my Arms. He struggled hard to get from me, but his Strength failing all at once, he swooned away in my Arms, and with the Assistance of *Scoti* and *Brissant*, I carried him to his own Chamber, after I had respectfully kissed *Donna Diana*'s Hand, whom I was to see no more. Death made but little Alteration in her Countenance, Features so regular as hers could not be easily disfigured, and bating for a

little

'aleneſs, one would have taken her for a Per-
ho being fatigued, enjoyed a ſoft and ſweet
e.

vould have had the Marquis tranſported a hun- Leagues from *Spain*, had I thought it practi- without Danger. But how could I think of ſing him ſo ſoon to the Fatigue of a long rney. Though there was no Hazard to be appre- ded from the Wound, yet it was ſtill tender and quite healed. The Regimen that the Surgeon d preſcribed to him was exactly to be obſerved, d therefore I reſolved to have him carried to *Ma- id.* After theſe Reflections, my next Endeavours ere to recover him out of this fainting Fit, and e no ſooner opened his Eyes than he ſtared round bout him, and ſeeing that we ſurrounded his Bed o as to prevent the Effects of his firſt Tranſports, he lifted up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven in the moſt paſſionate Manner: O God! *cried he*, ſhall I not be allowed to follow her? Muſt I live with- out her? Ah! my dear Father, *added he*, *addreſ- ſing himſelf to me*, why do you hinder me from dying? I ſat down by his Bed and took him by the Hand, how, *ſaid I*, my dear Marquis have you all at once loſt the Sentiments of Courage with which you ſo lately ſeemed to be poſſeſſed! You look upon Death as the only Remedy of your Miſ- fortunes, and do not conſider that your Reaſon and Greatneſs of Soul are ſufficient to ſupport you. Hear me, my dear Child, and reflect on what I am going to ſay. Of whom do you complain? Of the Duke your Father, who has writ you ſo affectionate Letter, and has granted all you deſired? Or your Spouſe, who quitted Life ſo well pleaſed wit that Title, and who perhaps at this Inſtant is a flicted with your Tears, deſiring nothing more th to ſee you eaſy and happy? Or is it of me who ha always looked upon you as a Child dearer to

than my ſelf, and have gratified you in every Thing that the utmoſt Tenderneſs could ſuggeſt? You muſt then charge Heaven with your Affliction; yes, it is God alone that gave the Stroke, and to him alone it is to be aſcribed. Let us ſee then if you pretend to diſpute his Authority, to irritate him by your Murmurings, dare him by your Tranſports; and by your Obſtinacy, in not ſubmitting to his Will, contemn his Power, and reproach him with Injuſtice. I will not allow myſelf to think that you can ſink to ſuch an Exceſs of Impiety. You have a Senſe of Religion; there is no ſuch Thing as being a Man of Honour without it, and this is the proper Time to exert it. Come, my dear Marquis, *added I*, embracing him tenderly, let us bear our Misfortunes as Men of Honour and Chriſtians, let us bewail the charming *Diana*, but ſtill keep within the Bounds of Submiſſion due to Heaven, and by this Reſignation we may hope to obtain ſuch Comfort and Succour as will be neceſſary.

I could not poſitively ſay whether he attended to what I ſaid: For he lay with one Cheek upon the Pillow, with his Eyes ſhut, and Streams of Tears flowing from them, and his Hands, which I held in mine, ſometimes ſhook with Violence, occaſioned by the Agitation of his Spirits. You make me no Anſwer, *continued I*, in a melancholy Tone, I ſee you have no more Friendſhip for me, and are reſolved to break my Heart with Grief. At this Reproach he opened his Eyes. Ah! *ſaid he*, my Friendſhip for you is unalterable, but is not my Sorrow juſt? If you refuſe me Death, what Comfort can I have in Life? You ſhould, in Pity to my Afflictions, ſuffer me to die. You may, indeed, refuſe me this only Relief of my Miſery, but my Grief, more kind than you, will do the Buſineſs. I then propoſed that we ſhould leave this fatal Place. *He anſwered* that all Places were alike to him ſince

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he would every where find a Grave. I laid hold of this Confent, and, ordering *Scoti* to attend the Marquis, went immediately to wait on *Don Diego*, whom I found overwhelmed in Sorrow. I told him in two Words my Defign, and begged he would lend us a Coach; that the difmal Condition of the poor Marquis obliged me to haften our Departure, and not to attend the Funerals of *Donna Diana*, which I hoped he would excufe, affuring him, that as foon as his Son-in-Law was converfable, we would wait upon him at his own Houfe, where we fhould pay our grateful Acknowledgment for the Favours we had received, with Affurances of eternal Friendfhip. He propofed to accompany me to the Marquis's Chamber, but I begged of him not to appear where he was, becaufe his Prefence would only augment his Defpair. I returned, while the Servants were preparing the Coach, to the Marquis's Chamber, where I found, that a Moment of my Abfence had occafioned great Diforder. I had fcarce left the Room when his Defpair rofe to a greater Height than ever, and it was with the greateft Difficulty he could be prevented from laying violent Hands upon himfelf. His Defign was to go once more to fee his Miftrefs, and to expire at her Side. He expreffed his Grief in fo lively and moving a manner, that he drew Tears from the Eyes of all the Spectators; but upon my Appearance he grew a little calmer. Come, *faid I*, Sir, let us leave this Manfion of Grief; but before we go it is fit you take fome Refrefhment, which I forced him to do, though much againft his Inclination. In fhort, we got into the Coach, and arrived in the Evening at *Don Porterra*'s Houfe. It may be eafily imagined that our Journey was none of the moft agreeable, and that I had no fmall Task upon my Hands to keep him a little moderate.

THERE

THERE was no ſpeaking to him for ſome Days, but at laſt my Intreaties, with the Aſſiſtance of the Count *de Mancenez* and all his other Friends, made him abandon the Deſign of dying. But he had no ſooner made the Promiſe than he told me that he engaged too far, and perhaps more than he was able to perform. I anſwered, that I could freely depend upon his Word, and that, beſides, I relied much upon his Courage; that I would adviſe him to contribute all he could to his ſpeedy Recovery, in order to leave *Spain*, and fly from a Country which had been ſo fatal to him; at the ſame time promiſing never to oppoſe his Grief, while it remained within the Bounds of Reaſon, and that he ſhould always find in me a tender and faithful Friend, into whoſe Boſom he might freely pour his Sorrows. Upon which he aſſured me with Embraces, that ſince he had loſt his dear *Diana*, I was the Perſon that was deareſt to him upon Earth. This Manner of ſharing his Affliction and flattering his Melancholy, ſeemed to me to be the beſt Way of comforting him, and the beſt Remedy for his Diſtemper. And indeed it ſucceeded better than ſtudied Morality and rigid Remonſtrances, which he was in no Condition to reliſh. The Count *de Mancenez* had often propoſed my going to ſee the famous Convent at the *Eſcurial*, where he had a Relation who was a Religious of the *Jeronomite* Order. I endeavoured to prevail with the Marquis to go along with us, hoping that at his Return, if not entirely comforted, he would, at leaſt, be in a Condition to viſit and take leave of our Friends, and then ſet out for *Liſbon*. The King being returned to *Buen Retiro*, we had the more Liberty at the *Eſcurial*. The Count having diſpatched a Meſſenger to acquaint his Couſin of our intended Viſit, in a ſhort Time after we ſet out ourſelves. He was Manager or Procurator of the Monaſtery of St. *Laurence*; that is to

he was Master, for these Employments give ʼower among the Monks. He made us very ›le of his Authority by the splendid Entertainːt we met with for three Days: He was of a and lively Humour, and happy in a quick Turn Vit. The Count had given him a Hint of the rquis's Melancholy, so that he spared no Pains to ːrt him. He shewed us the King's Apartments, Church which is magnificent, and the Chapel ler Ground, in which are the Tombs of the *Spa-b* Kings. He also conducted us into the two Li-aries, where we saw several Monks with Books their Hands, and reading with great Application. ːudy, *said he*, is in great Esteem here, and you'll nd few Religious in *Spain*, who make a greater ʼrogress in Learning than we of this Convent; so that many good Performances, beneficial both to Church and State, have gone out of this House, and it is to our learned Men that we owe the Esteem with which the Public honours us. Providence must have a Hand in this, *added he*, for it is surprizing that there should be any Person among us who has Courage enough to undergo the Fatigues of Study. I do not mean the Drudgery of the Thing itself, because that becomes easy and agreeable when the Inclination goes along with it. I only speak of the hard Treatment Students meet with from our Superior-general, a meer Clown of mean Extraction and no personal Merit, who has raised himself, I do not know how, to the Dignity he now enjoys, and, being himself illiterate to the last Degree, pays no Regard to Learning or learned Men. Your Character of him, *replied the Count* de Mancenez, perfectly agrees with the Public Opinion; but your Comfort is, that he is too old to live long. I should be obliged to you, *continued he*, if you would make these Gentlemen acquainted with the Person *whom every Body* wishes to be his Successor, and

of whom you have often given me a very favourable Character. He is as polite and agreeable, *replied the Procurator*, as the other is rough and unſociable. You will ſee a Man, whom a long Acquaintance with the World has civilized, and who has acquired at the Court of *Rome*, where he long remained, a conſummate Experience and the beſt of Manners, free from that myſterious and deſigning Air ſo common in *Italy*; ſo that he is not only open and free in Converſation, but alſo of a Genius very capable of Buſineſs. I expreſſed a deſire to ſee a Religious of this Stamp, and my Longing was ſatisfied that very Evening. for he came and ſupped with us. His Name was Father *Codranus*, Deputy Superior of St. *Lawrence*, and whatever Eſteem the Procurator's Character of him might raiſe in us, it was heightened by his agreeable Converſation, and the Civilities which he ſhewed us, which deſerved, at leaſt, this laſt Encomium.

THE Procurator finding that we were curious to be particularly informed of the Names and Talents of the Learned in this Houſe; I ſhall here inſert what he told us.

THE firſt and oldeſt, named Father *Benito*, was a Man of Quality, who had employed his whole Life in Study, and *Spain* was ſtocked with his Works. His Learning was univerſal, which made him dip in every Thing, he was bleſt with a happy Memory, and indefatigable in his Labour: Theſe Qualifications, together with his Travels, Inquiries, and voluminous Writings have given him a diſtinguiſhed Rank among the *Spaniſh* Authors: But after all we muſt not expect to find in his Writings, what one may call a good Choice, a more than common Judgment, Elegance of Stile, even in his own Language, or any Thing of profound and exact Criticiſm. In one Word, all that can be ſaid of them is, that he is to-

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derably acquainted with several Languages, has read much, and published a great many Books.

ANOTHER, whom we saw in the Library, named Father *[illegible]*, had undertaken to make a Collection of all the *Spanish* Historians, but he is not equal to the Task, *continued the Procurator, shaking his Head.* Were there no more necessary but to give us the Text of every Author, exactly copied from the MSS. or Books already printed, something very correct might be expected from him; but for Dissertations, clearing up of Difficulties, a solid Judgment of the Merit and Usefulness of every Historian, or a reconciling of Times or Facts are Things that none are to expect from him. Wit, Judgment, and a thorough Knowledge of History are requisite for such Undertakings: However, *added he,* one Father *Teles,* a Man skilled in History, and who may be very useful, is admitted a Partner.

WE saw a great many others, whose Characters, in their Turns, we learned from our Friend; such as Father *Ramos,* a Man well versed in the Writings of the Fathers, and in the Ecclesiastical History, of whom there are some accurate Pieces that do honour to their Author. Father *Ledra* ancient Professor of *Theology,* that is to say, he had exercised that Function several Years ago, but had not continued in it long, as appeared, *said the Procurator,* by his Works. In other Respects, he had a ready and delicate Turn of Wit, particularly calculated for little diverting Pieces. Father *Sipes,* Author of a celebrated History, the Title of which I cannot now recollect, but the Printer made his Fortune by it, was a young Man of a great deal of Wit and Reading, but too full of himself. Having had some Minutes Conversation with him, he shewed me *some Pieces of French* Poetry which he said he had *set to Musick,* and withal assured me they were of

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his own Compoſition, though I knew them by heart more than ten Years ago, which made me admire this Rencounter as a Phænomenon in Literature.

THE Procurator made us take Notice of two Religious of a good Appearance, deeply engaged at the Corner of a Window, in diſpute, probably upon ſome Point of Learning. Do you obſerve, *ſaid he to me*, him with the plump and ruddy Face, his Name is Father *Eraſmos*, he is a Man of a great deal of Wit, and Study is but a Diverſion to him: He has undertook a conſiderable Work, and is capable of acquitting himſelf with Honour: He is of a gay jovial Humour, and has a particular Talent at turning a Jeſt agreeably: He loves his Friends, and will zealouſly ſerve them upon Occaſion: In ſhort, he has a thouſand good Qualities. On the other Hand, would you know a peeviſh ill-natured Fellow, a Man-hater, full of Spleen, indolent to the laſt Degree, quite dull and heavy, a Slanderer who neither regards Friends nor Foes. . . . . . . Ha, ha, *interrupted I*, you no doubt mean him who is with Father *Eraſmos*; of what different Characters are theſe two Men. Not at all, *anſwered he*, I ſpeak of the ſame Man, Father *Eraſmos* himſelf has all theſe Contradictions in his Compoſition, and you have only to ſee him at different Times. Sometimes he is ſuch as I repreſented him at firſt, but the Moment after he is quite a different Man. One would be apt to imagine that this ſtrange Man had two Souls which preſided by Turns, and have quite different Inclinations. He is a rational Creature, as you or I, but you never ſee him but by Halves, ſometimes rational, and ſometimes a meer Brute. The other with him is called Father *Tilman*; he is a Man of Letters, but of ſo weak a Head, that too much Study may without a Miracle *crack his Brains*.

THUS

THUS the Procurator paſt the greateſt Part of his Brethren in Review, and the agreeable Turn that he gave to the different Characters was very diverting. I took care at Night to write down what I remembred of his Converſation, and you have it here as I found it in my Pocket-Book. It will, at leaſt, ſerve to acquaint my Readers that the Sciences are not neglected in *Spain*; and that the Monaſtery of St. *Laurence* at the *Eſcurial* contains a Number of eminent Perſons, ſeveral of whoſe Names have eſcaped my Memory.

THE Marquis ſeemed inſenſible to every thing the Procurator had ſaid to divert him, and did not even hear the Converſation; his Soul was, as it were, entombed with *Donna Diana.* I ſometimes teized him upon his melancholy Thoughtfulneſs, but he aſſured me, that he was eaſy and injoyed inward Peace, but Sighs and Tears which he could not ſtop, often betrayed him. We left the *Eſcurial*, after having remained three Days, and being returned to *Madrid*, I thought of nothing but to take leave of our Friends as ſoon as poſſible, and to be gone out of *Spain.* It was a conſiderable Time before I could come to a Reſolution, whether I ſhould viſit my Relations who reſided in different Parts of the Kingdom, at leaſt, one of them, who was for the moſt part at Court. I had often ſeen him, but only as a Stranger. At laſt, I determined to ſee none of them. Perhaps, *ſaid I to myſelf*, I ſhall not only be obliged to tell them my Name, but alſo to bring Proofs of my Birth, the *Spaniards* being proud and haughty. Beſides, I ſhould have no great Pleaſure now in their Company; and therefore I gave *Scoti* Orders to make ready for our Journey to *Liſbon.* As to our ceremonial Viſits of Adieu, I wiſhed we might have been excuſed from paying one to *Don Diego de Velez*, for I too plainly foreſaw what a Shock it would give the Marquis; but good

Manners

Manners made it indiſpenſable. We began however, with the Duke of *Montalto*, whom we had not ſeen ſince his Viſit to the Marquis at *Buen Retiro*. Publick Report had informed him of our Misfortunes. He made very much of the Marquis, and had the Diſcretion not to take the leaſt Notice of his Misfortunes, but begged to hear from him, let the Place where he was be ever ſo diſtant from *Spain*; and when he underſtood that we intended for *Lisbon*, he was ſo kind as to offer us Letters of Recommendation to ſeveral of the Nobility of that Court, which we accepted, though we had brought ſome with us from *Paris*, and deſigned to make Uſe of neither, but under an abſolute Neceſſity. Our laſt Adieu was tender. This lovely Nobleman embraced us a thouſand times, and begged we would reckon him among the beſt of our Friends. We went from thence to moſt of the Perſons from whom we had received Marks of Friendſhip or Civility. I deferred till next Day our two deareſt Viſits: I mean that of the Count *de Mancenez* and *Don Diego*. Come, let us go, *ſaid I to the Marquis*, and bid farewel to our deareſt Friends, and let us begin with the lovely Count, who has given you ſo many Proofs of a generous ſincere Friendſhip, that he deſerves your higheſt Acknowledgment and a hearty Return of Friendſhip. I had ſent a Footman beforehand to acquaint him with our intended Viſit. The Moment he ſaw us the Tears came trickling down his Cheeks, and ours were not dry, and thus we remained for ſome time, without being able to pronounce one Word. *Donna Eliza* came running in the Moment ſhe heard of our being there, and finding us in that melancholy Poſture, mixed her Tears with ours. At laſt, I made an Effort to tell them, that it was no Wonder we were under the greateſt Concern when we came to bid Adieu to *Perſons who had* been our generous and conſtant

Friends,

ds, and the Reader may eafily judge how ng the Sequel of this Converfation muft have . They abfolutely infifted upon our dining them for the laft time. The Difcourfe infenturned upon the unfortunate *Donna Diana*, we were all drowned in Tears. At laft, we c our leave of this charming Couple, with inexfible Regret, and in that Moment we found, by perience, that the Sentiments refulting from fine Friendfhip are as tender and almoft as violent thofe of Love. The dear Count would ftill acmpany us to *Don Diego*'s, who expected us, havg fent him word that we were to wait upon him. The Reader, I hope, will pardon me if I hurry ver this mournful Interview. It falls too heavy ipon me, when I even but relate the Circumftances of a Grief which I formerly felt. My Heart is ftill too much affected, and all my old Misfortunes range themfelves before my Eyes in their moft difmal Drefs. I brought the Marquis Home in a Condition that made me uncertain whether we ought to leave the Town next Day, as I had determined, and had given Orders. But the Night's Repofe having fomewhat recovered him, and all Things being ready, we fet out Poft in our Chaife next Morning early, attended with four Servants on horfeback, for you muft know that the illuftrious *Briffant* had been permitted to follow the Marquis.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

BOOK IX.

A Man delivered, all at once, from a heavy Burthen, could not think himself more eased than I upon my getting out of *Madrid*. I breathed with more Ease and Freedom, as if the Air we were now got into had been purer, or as if I had been at once cured of an Obstruction of the Lungs: Upon which I embraced the Marquis with Emotions of Joy that I had not for a long Time felt. Are not you satisfied, *said I to him*, with our Departure, and do not you already perceive that our Removal may contribute to give your Heart some Ease? He answered me sighing, that Griefs such as his required more powerful Remedies, and that he in vain left *Madrid* in Quest of Ease and Peace, since he had an Image stamped upon his Heart, which during Life would be to him a Source of endless Sorrow. Do not expect, *continued he*, that ever I shall resume my former gay Humour, I will live, since Heaven ordains I should: But I choose Sadness as my Companion for Life; I feel a secret Pleasure

in indulging it, and all the Gaieties the World affords can not yield me ſo much Satisfaction as the Tears which you now ſee me ſhed, and which is an Advantage that none can deprive me of.

It was not as yet Time to offer Arguments, or pretend to cure him intirely, for which Reaſon I only ſaid, that I hoped Time and his own Reſolution would produce good Effects, that, far from condemning a moderate Grief, I thought it highly juſt to preſerve, while he lived, the Memory of a Perſon who had ſo tenderly loved him. We had no extraordinary Adventure upon the Road but what happened to the Marquis in a Village beyond *Placentia*, where we deſigned to lodge that Night. While Supper was preparing he ſtept out, and to indulge his melancholy Reflections, went into a large Wood near the Place, where, having wandered without thinking what he was doing, he quite loſt himſelf, and could by no Means find the Way back again. Surpriſed at his long Stay, I cauſed Search for him all about 'till it was dark, and all I could learn was, that he had been obſerved to go into the Wood, but Nobody had ſeen him return which made me extremely uneaſy. I made them ſet Bundles of Straw on Fire in above an hundred Places; and ſent above twenty Perſons of the Village, who knew all the Windings of the Wood, to ſeek him. At length, about Midnight, that is to ſay, after I had paſſed three or four Hours in a Diſquiet not to be expreſſed, I ſaw him return on Horſeback with two young *Spaniards* much about his own Age along with him. He made ſome Apologies for his Stay, which had been partly owing to theſe two Gentlemen. He then told me that having loſt his Way in the Wood, and endeavouring to find it out, he had accidentally met with them as they returned from Hunting, and having informed them that he had loſt his Way, begged

they would be so good as to put him in the right Road again; but instead of doing him that Favour, they had carried him straight to their own House on the other Side of the Wood, and had obliged him to stay Supper, and would I have taken their Advice, *added he*, I should have taken a Bed with them, which their Civility would have engaged me to accept of, had I not been apprehensive that my Absence would have made you uneasy. I was so pleased to see him, that I soon forgot the Trouble I had been under. The two *Spaniards* were young Gentlemen of Quality who were charmed with this Rencounter, and observing by our Figure and Equipage that we were no ordinary Persons, they pressed us to stay some Days with them at their Country-Seat, but I was too anxious to be out of *Spain* to consent, however we returned them many Thanks for their Civility. They past the rest of the Night with us, and told us several curious Singularities of the Kingdom of *Leon* to which *Placentia* belongs. Nothing appeared more extraordinary to me than what they informed us of Magicians and Sorcerers with which this Country abounds. I do not pretend to certify the Truth of such Stories, only to relate faithfully what I heard. I was a hunting about two Months ago, *said one of the young* Spaniards, with a Huntsman my Servant, who took care of my Dogs. After a very good Day's Diversion, I took my Way through the Wood, where that Gentleman, *(pointing to the Marquis)* lost himself, and it being then the proper Time of lying in Ambush for Game, I ordered my Servant to go and wait for me at the out-going of the Wood, and got up in a Tree myself, in Hopes of killing a Roe-buck, or a wild Boar. I had scarce been there half an Hour when I perceived a large Wolf who stopped about twenty Paces from me, and just as I was going to fire, stript himself of his Skin, after which

he was no more a Wolf; but a Man ſitting at the Foot of a Tree, and who appeared to be very much fatigued. My Surprize, you may well imagine, was very great, but much more ſo a little after, when another Wolf came, ſtripped his Skin, and ſitting down by the former, they converſed familiarly together. My Surprize, by this Time, was converted into a terrible Fright, and I was pretty ſure that, if they were not two Devils, they muſt be at leaſt Sorcerers; and as theſe Wretches are capable of the worſt of Crimes, I trembled where I ſat, and covered myſelf the beſt way I could with the Branches as quietly as poſſible. At length after an Hour's Converſation they put on their Skins, and reſumed the Shape of Wolves; directing their Courſe towards the Place where my Servant waited. My Dogs, having either ſmelled or ſeen them, broke from their Leaſh (four in Number, and the Prime of the Pack) and took after the Wolves; by their Cry I found they were coming my Way, upon which I put two Slugs into my Fuſil, accordingly, they came within ten Paces of me. I directly let drive and wounded one of them who fell and whom I believed dead. I came down from the Tree, and by that Time the Dogs had ſurrounded him, barking loudly, but durſt not lay a Mouth upon him, at laſt my Servant came up, and we were juſt going to pierce him with our Poniards, uncertain whether he was Wolf or Man, when the Wretch, ſeeing his Death inevitable, begged in a melancholy humble Manner, that I would ſpare his Life, calling me by my Name. I made my Man take off his Skin faſtened under his Belly with Claſps, and then I knew him to be a Peaſant of a neighbouring Village. Wicked Wretch, *ſaid I to him*, the moſt terrible Tortures are too eaſy for thee. *Where waſt thou* going? What is thy Deſign? *He anſwered, that* I had mortally wounded him,

and begged that he might be affifted. Thou fhalt firft tell me, *replied I*, the meaning of this horrible Figure in which I find thee, and why, being a Man, thou runneft about as a Wolf? He told me, trembling, that it was a Secret he had learned from his Father, that he knew a great many. others as furprifing which he would learn me, if I would fave his Life. I ordered my fervant to take him upon his Shoulders, becaufe he was not able to walk, and in this Manner had him brought home to our House, but he was fo weak that I could draw but a few Words from him by the Way. As we were entering the Court, and I was calling the Servants to fhut him up in a Chamber, where he was to be taken Care of; the Servant who had him upon his Shoulders was violently thrown down upon the Ground. I thought at firft, that Wearinefs made him fink under his Burden. But having got up immediately, the Fellow in the Wolf's Skin was no more to be feen. I cannot tell you what became of him, nor by what Art he could give us, fo dexteroufly and fpeedily, the Slip. This however I am pofitive of, that the Night was not dark, and that I muft have feen him go off in a natural Way.

THE *Spanifh* Gentleman confirmed the Truth of this Story by repeated Oaths, and his Companion did not fail to relate feveral Adventures of the fame Nature, not omitting the leaft Circumftance, and ufing the fame Precautions that his Friend had done to gain Belief. They both protefted, that nothing was more common near to *Placentia* than Hail and Thunder in the moft ferene Days, a Mortality among Cattle, Changes of Men and Women into different Kinds of Animals, Children taken out of their Cradles, even in the Prefence of their Mothers without their feeing by whom it was done, and *nocturnal* Meetings, where it is faid there are a thoufand abominable Things committed. Let a Corps be

be interred, *added they*, and if the Perſon deceaſed was of a healthful Conſtitution before the laſt Malady which carried him or her off, the Grave is certainly found open two Hours after the Interment, and the Body no more to be ſeen, and ſometimes it is carried off before it is laid in the Ground. The Maſter of the Inn, who ſtood by liſtening to what was ſaid, aſſured us that the Body of his Wife had been carried off in the ſame Manner, and brought back three Days after to the ſame Chamber where ſhe died, and that he was almoſt frightened out of his Wits upon his ſeeing her lying naked under a Table at a Time when he had no Thoughts of ſuch a Thing; her Belly and Breaſt, *added he*, were cut open, and her Heart, Liver, and what they call the noble Parts taken out.

I am ſomewhat incredulous about ſupernatural Events, and therefore whatever good Opinion I might have of our two *Spaniards*, I looked upon their Stories as fabulous, and only invented for our Diverſion, nor could I help ſaying ſomething, in a jeſting Way, of my want of Faith, but they proteſted a-new that they were ſerious; and yet all that would not have done with me, had I not been forced, by what I ſaw myſelf a Moment after, to believe that in Reality ſtrange Things happen in that Part of *Spain*.

About one in the Morning we heard a violent knocking at the Gate of the Inn, upon which the Landlord ran to ſee what was the Matter; and as he had no other Chamber for his Gueſts, but that in which we were, and where there were ſeveral Beds, he returned, and begged we would admit of a Cavalier who was juſt arrived. We told him it was but juſt, upon which the Gentleman entered, who ſeemed to be a Man about thirty, well dreſſed, and of a genteel Shape, but ſo pale and feeble, that *his Servant* was obliged to ſupport him as he walked.

After he was ſeated, he fetched a deep Sigh, and aſked the Inn-keeper if there was any in the Village could let him Blood. There was a Sort of a Surgeon who was immediately ſent for. In the mean time, we thought, in Civility, we could do no leſs than aſk him about his Health. Ah! Gentlemen, *ſaid he*, I am almoſt out of my Senſes. My Blood is ſtill chilled with Fear, I believe I ſhall never forget what I have ſeen this Night. We begged, if it was a Thing that could be told, that he would be ſo good as to impart to us what had happened. I don't know, *replied he*, if I ſhall have Strength enough to relate it. I came from *Talavera*, and was going to pay a Viſit to the Biſhop of *Placentia*, who is my Uncle. About ten this Evening I croſſed the Wood in this Neigbourhood, with a Deſign to lodge here. I am very well acquainted with the Way, having paſt it ſeveral times. When I was about the Middle of the Wood I heard hideous Shricks, which ſeemed to be at no great Diſtance, and judging the Voice to be that of a Woman, Pity made me puſh on my Horſe to the Place whence the Cries came, with an Intent to aſſiſt her. I found her on a Spot of Ground where there was no Trees, ſhe advanced forward with frightful Howlings, her Hair diſhevelled, Wildneſs in her Looks, all her Geſtures furious, and foaming at the Mouth. Seeing her alone, and nothing appearing that could give her any Diſturbance, I concluded that ſhe was mad, and was juſt going to leave her, when ſhe threw herſelf upon her Knees, and with joined Hands, earneſtly begged of me not to abandon her. What is the Matter with you, *ſaid I*, I ſee no Body that hurts you, of whom do you complain? Ah! Sir, *anſwered ſhe*, do not leave me, for I am undone if you do. I then aſked her what Sort of Aſſiſtance ſhe wanted. Alas! *replied ſhe*, my Requeſt is not great, only that you would be ſo

good

good as to draw a Circle round me, which confirmed me in the Opinion that ſhe certainly was mad; but ſhe reiterated her Requeſt with ſo much Earneſtneſs, and ſeemed to be under ſuch Deſpair, that looking upon what ſhe aſked as a Trifle, I drew my Sword, and, without diſmounting, made a Circle round her with the Point; upon which ſhe appeared to be much calmer. But Gods! what a Sight did I in a Moment ſee? Five Men of gigantick Size and frightful Viſages, ſtarted out of the thickeſt of the Wood as quick as Lightning, ſeized the unhappy Woman, and tore her in Pieces; without giving her time ſo much as to ſhriek; and to complete this tragical Scene, one of theſe infernal Monſters ſtruck me violently with the bloody Limb of this unfortunate Creature, ſaying in a diabolical Tone, this is for thee that would have deprived us of our Prey, upon which they diſappeared. I fell motionleſs off my Horſe, and my Servant ſwooned away by my Side, but by good Luck our Horſes ſtaid by us. When I recovered my Senſes, I found my ſelf ſo weak, that I could not ſtir from the Place where I lay, for two or three Hours; at laſt with great Difficulty, I got upon the Horſe, and ſupported my ſelf the beſt Way I could in the Saddle, 'till I go there; where this frightful Sight is ſtill preſent to my Imagination, as if I actually ſaw it.

All my Incredulity could not ſtand out againſt a Fact ſo recent and ſo circumſtantiated, beſides, the diſmal Condition of the *Spaniard* vouched for the Truth of what he ſaid, and this is the only Time of my Life that I thought I had ground to believe there was ſuch a Thing as Sorcerers and Magick. I cannot ſee how it is poſſible to account, by natural Cauſes, for ſo extraordinary an Adventure, and am of the Opinion of the *Spaniards* who have heard of it, that the Devil, by divine Per-

miſſion, executed the Puniſhment due to this wretched Woman's Crimes.

THREE Days after we arrived at *Liſbon*, a great and beautiful City. At firſt we employed our Time in viſiting the principal Curioſities. The People appeared to be more induſtrious than in *Spain*. Nothing can be more agreeable than the vaſt Number of Ships in the *Tagus*, upon the Banks of which the City is built, two Leagues at leaſt in Length; the Streets are handſom, and the greateſt Part of the Houſes regular. The royal Palace, though ancient, is nevertheleſs vaſtly magnificent, and worthy of a great Prince. We had no great Difficulty to get acquainted; the *Portugueze* Nobility are affable and courteous. In four Days after our Arrival, the Marquis contracted a Familiarity with the Marquis *de Tordas*, a Relation of the Count *d'Ericeira*, ſo famous for his Tranſlation of *Boileau*'s Art of Poetry into the *Portugueze* Language. As we were taking a Walk upon the Banks of the *Tagus* below the Town, a Fit of Love or Ambition had brought the Marquis *de Tordas* hither, with one ſingle Servant attending him. He judged, no Doubt, by our Air and curious Manner, that we were *French*, and his Curioſity made him accoſt us. In leſs than an Hour we became very well acquainted, and returned together to Town. We found his Coach waiting for him at the Gate, and as we had come out on foot, he forced us by his Civility, to allow him to reconduct us; and it being then the Hour of going to the Play, we drove ſtreight there. The Prince *Don M***** was upon the Stage, ſurrounded with a Crowd of young Gentlemen. We advanced towards him with the Marquis *de Tordas*, who was of his Court. He informed himſelf who we were. I overheard him, and immediately ſtept up and told him, that the Marquis was a *French* Gentleman of the firſt Quality, whom I had the Honour to ac-

company;

company; that being but just come to *Lisbon*, we had not had Time to pay our Respects to his Royal Highness, but that it was a Duty which we had proposed to discharge. Upon which the Marquis advanced, and made his Compliment in the most graceful Manner, during which the whole Assembly's Eyes were upon us, and the Prince answered in a very civil Manner, that he loved the *French*, and should be glad to see us. We remained about him the whole Time of the Play, and I observed that, for most Part, he kept his Eyes upon the Marquis, and, when he rose to go away, told the Marquis *de Tordas* that he desired us to follow him, which we did; and it was who should shew us most Civility among the young Noblemen that attended him. When we came to the Apartments, he soon perceived us, and beckoned to us to advance. The Marquis made a very handsom short Speech, to which he answered with a great deal of Wit, and a genteel Stile, and then with an Air more familiar, asked our Opinion of *Portugal*, and if we thought *France* preferable? If the *French* Ladies were so accomplished as Fame spoke them? and a hundred such Questions, to which we answered in a Manner that pleased him. He asked us more particularly about the Person of the Duke of *Orleans*, then declared Regent of *France*, and about all that illustrious House. He shewed us his Picture, and the Dutchess of *Berri*'s, which was beautiful and not at all flattered. Whilst *Don M***** did us the Honour to entertain us in this familiar Manner, one of the Grooms of the Bed-Chamber came and told him, that a Lady humbly begged a Moment's Audience, with the greatest Earnestness, and Tears in her Eyes, but would not discover her Name. *I never yet refused Audience*, answered the Prince, (who was of a very courteous Disposition) *conduct her into my Closet.* Upon which he left us, pro-

miſing to return, and was attended only by *Don Telles de Silva*, who was a mighty Favourite. In half a quarter of an Hour, it was the general Talk of the whole Company where we were, that the Prince, who had left us in ſo good Humour, had of a ſudden become extremely melancholy, that he had gone to Bed, and would ſuffer no body to remain in his Chamber; that he was heard fetching deep Sighs, and that no other Reaſon could be aſſigned for this Change, but the Audience granted to the unknown Lady. This News was at firſt whiſpered about, but when it became publick, and the Truth no longer to be doubted, all the Company retired, every one reaſoning as he thought fit upon this Adventure; which was unravelled to us ſome Days after, but is, perhaps, a Secret to this Day in *Portugal*.

Upon going out of the Prince's Apartments we were conducted by the Marquis *de Tordas* and ſome other young Noblemen, to an Aſſembly of Ladies at the Counteſs *de Selſelas*'s, where we were well received. It muſt be owned to the Honour of *France*, that the very Name and Habit entitle one to be well received in foreign Countries. I have found the Advantage on many Occaſions of this favourable Prepoſſeſſion. Whether it was for the general Reaſon, or becauſe the Marquis appeared lovely in the Eyes of the *Portugueze* Ladies, I ſhall not determine; but he received ſuch particular Marks of Conſideration from them, that I obſerved with Pleaſure, he was not inſenſible of their Civilities. And this Evening was the firſt Time I had ſeen him laugh ſince his Misfortune, and from that Moment I began to think that I ſhould ſoon ſee his melancholy at an End, by the Aſſiſtance of Time and new Objects. The Marquis *de Tordas* invited us to Supper, which I engaged my Friend to accept, hoping that this alſo would tend to haſten his Cure.

With

With Regard to our Conſtitution, we may, one and all of us, be ſaid to be caſt in the ſame Mould. The Heart of Man cannot for ever continue in the ſame Sentiments; for which Reaſon it is plain, that a Paſſion which daily diminiſhes in ſome one of it's Parts, tends to it's End, and will be ſoon totally extinguiſhed. Beſides, I was ſo perfectly acquainted with the Marquis's Character, that I did not apprehend ſo much from the Continuation, as from the Violence of his Grief. My Uneaſineſs had ceaſed with his firſt Tranſports, and from the Knowledge I had of his Humour and Vivacity, I was under no Apprehenſion of bringing his Heart to a State of Tranquillity.

I reſolved next Day to reſume our former Method of Study, in Order to keep his Mind employed, as we had done when we firſt came to *Madrid*, and which his Wound and other Misfortunes had in the End interrupted. I made him the Propoſal without mentioning any thing that might give him Occaſion to recal what was paſt, and it was chearfully received by him. So that we went over all the Geography and Hiſtory that he had before learned. He continued his Progreſs in Study, and gave me ſo exact an Account of what he read, that I admired his Capacity. Our joint reading pleaſed him much, and he ſometimes owned the Advantage he received from it. From my private Study, *ſaid he*, I learn a thouſand Things of which I was before ignorant, and of which the Knowledge gives me great Pleaſure: But that only informs the Mind. My Heart is ſeldom warmed in reading cold and lifeleſs Characters, in which, it is true, I ſometimes meet with beautiful Paſſages, but void of Life and Spirit. Whereas, *continued he*, when we read together, I am as much moved and affected as if I actually were an Eye-Witneſs to the Action. The Sound of the *Voice, and it's different* Inflections, the Remarks that

you make upon the Thoughts of the Author, or upon every Paſſage of a Hiſtory, and the Conſequences you draw from thence, in Oppoſition to Vice, or in Defence of Virtue. In ſhort, the Art with which you make all ſubſervient to the general Plan of Manners laid down for my Conduct; all theſe Advantages united, give me an infinite Satisfaction in our joint reading, and I hope the Benefit will be equal to the Pleaſure. I did not think proper to let him know how far I was delighted with his manner of Reaſoning, but being ſo well aſſured of his good Taſte and Judgment, I loſt no Opportunity of inſpiring him with new Sentiments of Morality; taking Care that it ſhould be rather ſolid than abſtracted, and eaſy and natural rather than profound and abſtruſe. The *Madrid* Adventure had not been uſeleſs to him, not only by guarding his Heart againſt future Attacks of Love, but by furniſhing him, in a ſhort Time, with that Experience which ordinarily is not to be acquired but by a number of Years. All his Actions ſeem to be more conſiderate, and even his Air more ſerious and compoſed, ſo that I ſometimes told him his Misfortune had rendered him twenty Years older. If it has rendered me wiſer, *anſwered he*, it is an Advantage I have reaped from it, but you muſt allow that it has coſt me dear. My firſt Deſign in writing this Hiſtory, was to inſert what Diſcourſes I had with him, every now and then, upon Morality or the Sciences, hoping by that Means the Book might become uſeful to Youth, by the Rules and Directions for the Conduct of Life; but ſome Friends, whom I conſulted, adviſed me to the contrary. The Publick, *ſaid they*, cannot bear the dry and pedantick Air that generally accompanies the Precepts, of which the Travels of *C*—— are an Inſtance. I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to ſome *ſhort Reflections* in the Sequel, as I have already done,

done, when they can naturally be brought in, avoiding as much as poſſible what may give a Diſtaſte; for it is not a Treatiſe of Morality that I write, but a Hiſtory, of which I ſhall now reſume the Thread; and the Reader will find, that I bear henceforth an equal Share with the Marquis in our Adventures.

THE Melancholy of the Prince *Don M*—— ſtill continued, and was now become the common Topick of Converſation in *Liſbon*; and People aſked one another, how it came that ſuch a lovely and happy Prince could be under ſo great an Affliction. We appeared in his Apartments with the Marquis *de Tordas*, and the greateſt Part of the Nobility who ordinarily compoſed his Court; but Orders were given that none ſhould be admitted into his private Apartment but *Don Tilles de Sylva*, ſecond Son of the Count *de Tarouca*, and the Prince's Favourite. The Marquis *de Tordas* invited us and ſome others of his Acquaintance, who were preſent, to ſup at his Country-houſe, about two little Leagues from the City, and about five hundred Paces from the Sea. All the Company accepted the Invitation; but for us, as we neither were acquainted with the Road, nor had a Coach, he came after Dinner to our Lodgings, and took us into his. We ſoon reached *Lerida*, the Name of his Country Seat; and walked up and down in the Gardens and Wood the reſt of the Day. About ten at Night we were called to Supper, after which we were to return to *Liſbon*. But had not Providence interfered, we might have been long abſent from it, if nothing worſe had happened, as may be eaſily judged by what I am now going to relate. The Night was ſo ſerene and clear that we had no Occaſion for Lights: We had been at Table about an Hour or two, when we heard the great Gate of the Court ſhut haſtily and with Violence, and the Noiſe of ſeven or eight

Men,

Men, who cried to one another, push, help, quick, dispatch. The Servants perceiving them through the Window Glasses, and being justly apprehensive of some unlucky Adventure in a Place so near the Sea, made haste to shut the Doors of the House, which was a wise Precaution, since these Strangers were well armed. We all go tup from Table to view them, and consulted what was properest for us to do. All the Windows of the Ground Floor were grated, so that they could not so easily break in upon us. But though we were seven Gentlemen and about twelve or fifteen Servants, having no Fire-Arms, what could we do against People provided with Pistols and Fusils; and to augment our Fears, *Brissant* came and told me that we were in the utmost Danger, because he knew, by their Arms, that they were Pyrates, and that he was much deceived if he had not seen *Andredi* among them. What! *said I*, that *Andredi* of whom you have told us so many horrid Things? The very Man, *answered* Brissant. This threw me directly into such a Concern for the Person of my dear Marquis, that I proposed to our Company to make our Retreat through the Garden, but he was the first that opposed it, by saying, that it would be shameful to fly, and not to defend the Marquis *de Tordas*'s House. As he had done speaking, the Pyrates, who had barricaded the outer Gate, advanced to the House, and boldly demanded Entrance. I opened the Window, and appearing alone, told them boldly, to take care not to commit the least Outrage, and that we were a Number sufficient to defend ourselves. *Andredi*, for sure enough it was he, *answered in a very submissive Tone*, that, far from intending any Insult, he only came for Refuge, which he begged we would grant him, or, at least, the Liberty of making his Escape. The Confusion he was under, and the Precipitation with which his

People

People had ſhut the Gate, made me believe they were purſued, and this Thought put me in Heart again. Make your Eſcape the beſt Way you can, *ſaid I*, but depend upon it that the Doors ſhall not be opened, and that we will take care to guard the Entry. Scarce had I ſpoke theſe few Words, when we heard a great Noiſe of Horſes at the Gate of the Court, which was in an Inſtant broke open with Hatchets, and thirty Troopers entered Piſtol in Hand: The Pyrates ſeeing there was no Proſpect of eſcaping, and that there was no Equality of Numbers to reſiſt, threw down their Arms, begging for Quarter; upon which they were immediately ſeized and put in Chains. We then cauſed them to open the Gate of the Houſe, and the Officer who commanded, made a very handſom Apology for the Diſturbance he had been obliged to give us, and told us, that he had been for two Days upon the Coaſt, at the Head of a hundred Men, to obſerve the Motions of a Veſſel which had already made Deſcents and carried off a conſiderable Booty; that having, by the Light of the Moon, obſerved the Ship's drawing near the Shore, he had poſted himſelf with his Men in Ambuſh to obſerve their Motions; that thirty or forty Pyrates had come on Shore and taken the Way to this Houſe, in Hopes, no Doubt, to rob it; but as ſoon as they were got a little Way from the Sea-ſide, he had made all poſſible Haſte to cut off their Retreat, and ſeeing themſelves purſued by ſo great a Number, and no Poſſibility of returning to the Ship, they had thought proper to ſeparate, in order to facilitate their Flight; upon which he had divided his Party to purſue them, not doubting but his Men had taken the reſt as he had thoſe who had come to diſturb us: Adding, that his Enterprize was but half executed, ſince he deſigned to have the Ship too by Stratagem. He begged of *the Marquis de Tordas* that he would allow the Pri-

ſoners

ſoners to remain where they were till he returned, and having taken only two of them along with him, and twenty-five Troopers, he went towards the Sea-ſide on foot, to execute his Deſign. The Marquis and I were under the greateſt Impatience to ſee and ſpeak with *Andredi*, whom we cauſed to be brought into the Hall, where we were all ſeated again at Table, as if nothing had happened. I cauſed a Chair to be brought for him bound as he was. Well, brave *Andredi*, *ſaid I*, here's then an End of all your fine Exploits. You did not, I dare ſay, expect to be in ſo good Company this Evening. He appeared to be under ſome Surprize to hear himſelf named, and looked downwards without anſwering. Where are you, *Briſſant*, cried I, come and renew Acquaintance with your Patron, the noble *Andredi*. *Briſſant*, who had not as yet dared to ſpeak to him, came towards me, and placed himſelf oppoſite to him. *Andredi* immediately called him to Mind, and ſaid, with Fury ſparkling in his Eyes; ah! Traitor, thou art, no Doubt, the Cauſe of my Ruin. Do not accuſe him, *replied I*, he knew no more than we did of your being ſo near *Liſbon*: But admit he had aſſiſted in your being apprehended, it would be no more than what he was obliged to, in Order to make Reparation for the Crimes which you forced him to commit. The haughty Pyrate nettled with this Reproach, fell into abuſive Language againſt *Briſſant*, and accuſed him of having been more deeply concerned than himſelf in all the Diſorders they had committed together. Whatever may be in that, *ſaid I*, he voluntarily abandoned that wicked Trade, but you are a Wretch who has added many Villainies to the former ſince he left you. However, *added I*, if you will faithfully relate your Adventures ſince, I will undertake that theſe Gentlemen will employ their Intereſt for a Mitigation of the rigorous Pu-

niſhment

ment you justly deserve. The Marquis *de* *las* and all his Friends assured him that they ıld make good my Promise, but all to no Pur- ; for one Word more he would not utter, and Obstinacy occasioned my ordering *Briffant* to unt all that had happened while he was with , and as he added some Circumstances which he omitted telling me at *Madrid*, his Story was ;. While we were discoursing upon his Nar- on, we heard a new Noise of Horses in the Court, ch happened to be the other Party of Troopers, were come with twenty-two more Pyrates oners by their Officer's Orders whom they had , and who soon came himself with more Prey ch he had no great Trouble to bring along. He ged leave to come into the Hall where we were, our Surprize was very great to see twelve Wo- ı but very indifferently dressed come in with him, e of whom had an Air of something above the ımon Rank, particularly one whose Shape and uty attracted our Looks. She was pale and de- ed, but one might easily perceive that it was the ct of her Melancholy. The Officer told us that ıad no great Difficulty in making himself Master he Ship, because the few that remained on Board : us for their Companions; that the first Thing, r securing the Hands that they found in her, was ımaging fore and aft; that he had discovered a .t many Bags and Casks full of Gold and Silver, which he had taken an exact Account, and left e of his most trusty Men to guard it till Day. for the twelve Women, he had at first taken n for infamous Creatures who were glad to take with the Pyrates, but that they had undeceived ., by desiring his Assistance to put an End to r Misery. These Wretches had carried them from different Coasts, and forced them to sub- *to their brutal* Embraces. She whose Beauty

had affected us, fell a weeping when the Officer spoke of her, and her Tears heightened our Pity. The Marquis *de Tordas* made her and the rest of her Companions sit down, and offered them what was necessary for their Refreshment. It being too late to carry the Prisoners to Town, they were guarded in the Court till next Day. We engaged the Officer to sit down with us at Table, where we remained till next Morning. This disconsolate Lady scarce tasted any thing, but after a little Conversation she was prevailed with to give us the History of her Misfortunes which she did in the following Manner, shedding more Tears than she pronounced Words.

ALLOW me to conceal my Name, this Regard I owe to my unhappy Family. I am a *French* Woman, and was born at *Ant* —— My Father was a Man of Quality, and had a plentiful Estate. My Fortune and Education seemed to promise me a happy Fate, and Love was upon the Point of compleating my Happiness by a Marriage agreeable to my Inclination. In short, my Wishes were just upon the Point of being accomplished; when these abominable Monsters, *added she, pointing to the Pyrates in the Court*, hurried me into the infamous State to which I am now reduced. My Lover, who was in two Days to have been my Husband, engaged me, one Evening, to take the Benefit of the fresh Air with him out of Town, (a Liberty common among us, which our Sex use with Discretion.) We walked on insensibly with that Pleasure which Lovers enjoy in an uninterrupted Conversation, 'till at last Darkness made us take Notice that it was high Time to return. As we were come near the City following the high Road, four armed Men, who were clapt close with their Bellies to the Ground, started up on a sudden just by us, and stopped us, holding their Pistols at our Breasts. My

young

young Lover full of Courage and Paſſion did not conſider that defending me would be his own Deſtruction, but attempted it, and was that Minute ſhot dead upon the Spot. I ſhould have thought myſelf happy had the ſame Ball pierced my Heart, alas! I thought Death would have been ſo kind as to come to my Relief, but found afterwards, to my ſad Regret, that I had been only ſeized with a fainting Fit, during which I was carried or dragged to the Ship: How ſhall I expreſs my Deſpair, when, upon the Recovery of my Senſes about an Hour after, I found myſelf in the Arms of the execrable *Andredi*, who, baſe Villain, had even ſatisfied his Brutality before I had come to myſelf. O fatal Remembrance, that pierces my Soul with Shame and Horror! To his Barbarity he added Inſults, by telling me, with an Air of Raillery, that he had taken Poſſeſſion, and was actually now my Husband. Ah! Monſter, *ſaid I to him*, thou ſhalt not long bear this Name, attempting to ſtrangle him, or to pull out his Eyes; but, weak as I was, what could I do, held by Hands daily dipt in Blood, and conſtantly employed in committing Outrages? I was forced to ſubmit to my unhappy Fate, and be the Proſtitute of his Pleaſures. For three Months have I been reduced to this infamous Condition, and have been a melancholy Witneſs of all the horrid Villainies which my Raviſhers have committed in every Place, to which their Fury directed them; and ſcarce one Days has paſt that I have not ſeen Streams of Blood and Tears. *Andrédi* however, treated me with Reſpect: I was looked upon as the Queen of theſe Reprobates of whom he is Chief, and in having only the Paſſion of one to gratify, was not ſo miſerable as my Companions. All the Riches on Board were under my Care, and intirely at my Diſpoſal; but this was a ſmall Comfort in ſuch a Misfortune as mine; Death would have been infinitely more pre-

preferable, had it been agreeable to the Will of Heaven to have done voluntarily what would have procured it. I have often prayed that Providence would be pleaſed to ſhorten my Days, and now, that I have a Proſpect of Liberty, the only Uſe I deſign to make of Life, is to hide my Face and Shame from the World, and weep my unhappy Fate.

THIS Story affected us extremely, and we endeavoured all we could to ſoften this poor Lady's Grief. The Marquis *de Tordas*, and the other young Noblemen promiſed to imploy their Credit to procure her Admittance into ſome Convent, where ſhe might paſs her Life quietly, and forget her Misfortune. Her Companions, each in their Turn, informed us how they had fallen into the Hands of the Pyrates, and upon the whole, it appeared they had been carried off by Fire or Sword; ſo that theſe Wretches might be looked upon as the moſt horrid and monſtrous Villains upon Earth. Their Puniſhment was not long deferred: For being that Morning conducted to *Lisbon*, they were executed two Days after in different Manners. The King offered to build a Sort of Convent for the twelve Women with a Part of the Booty. They deliberated together upon this Propoſal, and were rather willing to leave *Portugal*, and to retire where each of them thought proper, and where their Shame was not known; to which his Majeſty conſented, and ordered them a liberal Allowance to carry them to the Places where they intended to go.

THE Noiſe of this Adventure and the Danger we had run made us known all over the Town in leſs than eight Days. The Prince *Don M*****, notwithſtanding his Melancholy, was curious that we ſhould come and tell him the Adventure; and *therefore* deſired that the Marquis de Tordas and

we ſhould wait upon him. We found him in his Night-gown, and without any other Company, but *Don Telles de Sylva.* Grief was painted upon his Countenance and in his Eyes, and when the Story of our Adventure was over, the Marquis *de Tordas* took the Liberty to tell him, how much he was concerned to ſee him ſo melancholy. Ah! my dear *Tordas*, ſaid the Prince, whatever my Grief and Sorrow may be, they will never equal my Loſs. As I can ſhun the Converſation of Mankind, I wiſh it were poſſible that I could fly ſo too from my ſelf! or, at leaſt, forget Objects, of which the Ideas render my Life miſerable. Is it poſſible, my Prince, *anſwered the Marquis* de Tordas, that one of your Age and exalted Station, with ſo many rare Endowments and Qualities, ſhould be ever any otherwiſe acquainted with bad Fortune, than by it's Name? Who will ever imagine that the Prince of *Portugal* is unhappy, and is afraid of continuing ſo? To be what I am, *replied the Prince*, is a Part of my Misfortune. Were I in a more private Station, I could with Freedom indulge my Melancholy. Vain and empty Punctilios of Grandeur would not lay me under an Obligation to conceal the Cauſe, or at leaſt, I ſhould have the ſmall Pleaſure of ſhedding Tears without Interruption; upon which ſome were dropping from his Eyes which he quickly wiped off, and, turning himſelf to the Marquis *de Roſemont*, aſked what he thought of his Weakneſs, and what he would ſay of it when he returned to *France?* The Marquis made him a polite and flattering Anſwer. After which the Prince retired to his Cloſet, and *Don Telles de Sylva* was the only Perſon allowed to follow him.

The Prince's Melancholy made a great Impreſſion upon the Marquis, which I plainly perceived at Night, by his Silence at Supper and repeated *Sighs, the lively* Emblems of a diſquieted Heart

I ſeemed however, not to imagine any ſuch Thing, and talked of indifferent Matters. I was perſuaded, as has been already ſaid, that Diſtempers ſuch as his were not to be cured by Oppoſition. I only excited him to drink a little more than ordinary of a delicious Wine which the Marquis *de Tordas* had ſent us, and which out of Complaiſance he did, but retired to his Bed-room ſooner than his uſual Hour, and, as I went at the ſame Time to mine, believing himſelf at Liberty, gave full Scope to his Sighs and Groans. I liſtened to hear his Complaints, which he addreſſed to his dear *Diana*, as if ſhe had been preſent. I was ſurpriſed to ſee him ſtill ſo much affected, after having thought his Cure ſo far advanced. Curioſity led me to his Door, which I opened ſoftly, to obſerve his Poſture and Motions. He was lolling in an Arm-chair near a Table with two Tapers burning upon it. A little Box which he brought from *Madrid*, and of which I had never aſked the Uſe, ſtood open before him. He took out of it ſeveral Women's Things one after another, which he preſſed to his Lips, then laid them in order upon the Table. They conſiſted of a black Velvet Cap, embroidered with Gold, Stockings, Ornaments for the Head and Neck, Gloves, Bracelets, and ſuch like Trifles. But what ſurprized me moſt of all, was, to ſee him take out of the Bottom of the Box a pretty large Picture, which I judged to be *Donna Diana*'s; he held it long in his Hands gazing upon it with ſo much Attention, that for ſome Time the Courſe of his Sighs was ſtopt, but this ſhort Reſpite was ſoon followed by heavy and violent ſobbing. I could not imagine how he had come by theſe melancholy Relicks of his Miſtreſs, and at firſt I accuſed the Count *de Mancenez*. But as ſuch a Thing could not have been done without the Knowledge of ſome of the Servants, I went back to my Chamber where I called and examined them

one

aother. *Le Brun* and *Des Champs* pro-
anly that they knew nothing of the mat-
ant, who really was privy to it, wanted
le, but as I suspected him, I spoke to
ch a resolute Manner, that he confessed
eived Orders from his Master, to pur-
y Rate, while we were at the *Escurial*,
thes that *Donna Diana* wore: That he
of her Woman, her Gown, Petticoats,
d several other Things, that the Marquis
ered her Shifts to be made fit for him,
o others since; that the Petticoats were
nto Waistcoats, which he constantly
f, and her Robe into a Morning-gown:
hat he was constantly clothed with the
e *Diana*'s Apparel: As for the Picture,
that his Master had it from *Donna Eliza*
d with it, though much against her In-
to oblige him. I was in a manner thun-
with what I heard. But why, *said I to*
did you undertake such a Commission
quainting me? Ought you not to have
that it was the very worst Office you
er your Master? He answered, that his
ed to Solicitations, such positive Com-
at he knew not how to disobey him; that
ad represented to him that I would per-
rove of this Project, he had assured him
r should know any thing of it; or, if it
hat I did, I could not find Fault with it,
done much more upon the Loss of my
hatever you may pretend for your Justi-
id I, you have committed a Fault that I
ardon, but upon Condition that you
air it. You must employ all your Ad-
al this useless Equipage from the Marquis,
s being able to fix the Theft upon any
you succeed in eight Days, *added* I, to
prompt

prompt him, I promiſe you ten *Lous D'Ors*. *Briſſant* accepted the Bargain, and promiſed to uſe his beſt Endeavours; but we ſhall ſoon ſee that the Enterprize had very near coſt him his Life. I made a Noiſe at the Marquis's Door to make him quit his melancholy Occupation, and having entered a little after, found he had locked up his Goods, and I ſtaid by him 'till he was quite drowſy.

THE Day following, which was the firſt of *November*, we were ſcarce out of Bed when a Gentleman from the Prince *Don M***** came to acquaint us that his Highneſs wanted to ſpeak with the Marquis and me, and we made all poſſible Haſte to wait on him. We were directly carried into his Bed-chamber, and found him ſtill in Bed. He ordered Chairs for us, and when we were ſeated near the Bed, and all his People bid to retire, he ſpoke to us in the following Manner. You little expect, Gentlemen, a Propoſal, ſuch as I am now going to make to you; but however ſtrange it may ſeem to you, I flatter my ſelf that you will grant it. He here made a Pauſe, and the Marquis laid hold of the Opportunity to tell him that we were as incapable of diſobeying him, as he was of requiring any Thing that was not juſt, and which we were not obliged to execute. It is not Obedience, *ſaid he ſighing*, but Friendſhip and Compaſſion that I demand of you. You ſee me oppreſſed with ſuch a heavy Load of Grief and reduced to ſuch a Condition that I look not upon Life as a Favour from Heaven, ſo fatal and inſupportable it proves to me. I make many needleſs Efforts to recover the Tranquillity I have loſt. The Cauſe of my Misfortune is perpetually before my Eyes, and it is not in *Portugal* where I can hope to forget it; my Deſign is to leave it for ſome Time. The Count *de Tarouca is the King*'s Embaſſador in *Holland*: I love him, and can depend upon his Friendſhip and Attachment

ment to me. I deſign to begin my Travels in that Country, and his Son *Don Telles de Sylva* conſents to accompany me. I came to a final Reſolution Yeſterday after I ſaw you, and he is the only *Portugueze* that I have truſted with taking the proper Meaſures for my Departure. I flattered myſelf, *continued the Prince*, that you would not be againſt going along with me in the ſame Ship, ſince you told me that you intended, after leaving *Lisbon*, to go for *England*, and from that to *Holland*; ſo that to begin with the latter, from whence you can eaſily get over to *England*, will not much alter your Scheme. What think you of this Project, *added he*, looking at us? Can you comply with my Requeſt? I eſteem you both, as you may plainly perceive by the Confidence I repoſe in you.

The Marquis turned his Eyes upon me, to gather from my Looks what Anſwer he was to make; and I made him a Sign which he underſtood, and immediately expreſſed how much the Honour of his Eſteem flattered us, and how glad we ſhould be to follow him wherever he thought fit to accept of our Attendance, and we both of us promiſed to be ready at a Call. He then gave us ſome Directions how to behave, in order to deceive the Curioſity of thoſe who might obſerve our Motions, and ordered us to confer in private with *Don Telles de Sylva*, communicating to him the Reſolution we had taken. On our going out of the Palace we met him, and he ſeeing that we were come from the Prince's Apartment ſaluted us with great Civility. We told him in two Words what had been concluded, with which he ſeemed to be very well pleaſed, and begged we would return with him to the Palace. The Prince ſurpriſed to ſee us ſo ſoon again, aſked him haſtily if he brought good News. The beſt in the World, *replied Don Telles*; in four Days we ſhall be at Sea if you think fit. He then told him that

he had made all possible Enquiry if there was any Ship ready to sail for *Holland*, but could meet with none; that he had, however, found an *English* Vessel come from *Constantinople*, which had been about fifteen Days at *Lisbon*, ready to sail for *England* the first Opportunity; that he had spoke to the Captain, who upon the Promise of a large Sum, had agreed to carry us to the *Brille*. The Prince embraced *Don Telles* with great Marks of Satisfaction. Let us be gone, *said he to him*, the first fair Wind, and then pressed us to get ourselves ready without losing a Moment, ordering at the same Time his Favourite to prepare what else should be necessary.

THOUGH this precipitate Departure deprived us of the Opportunity of being sufficiently acquainted at the Court of *Portugal*, yet I was not at all displeased at the Engagement we had made with *Don M*****, for besides the Honour of accompanying this lovely Prince, whose Merit made him be admired since at the *French* Court; I look'd upon it as an Advantage to the Marquis to be at a great Distance from *Spain*. But these Reasons would have been weak compared to the Motives I had of going to *Holland*, had I known what Happiness attended me there; and which I should have been deprived of, had we made a longer Stay in *Portugal*. My Reader will see me by-and-by in one of these happy Moments which have so seldom happened in the Course of my Life, but will also see that I dearly paid that momentary Pleasure; for Fortune never observed any Equality with me in her Frowns and Favours. But in short, the last Misfortune that befel me, would have happened in any Part of the World where I had been; whereas the Pleasure that preceded it, depended upon our speedy Arrival in *Holland*, and on this *English* Ship, which Providence seemed

to

rovide for carrying us thither. The Sequel of
: Memoirs will clear up this Reflection.

ɪɴ the third of *November* in the Evening, *Don*
ʼs acquainted us that we were next Day to put
a. The better to conceal our Departure, the
ce gave out that he intended to go a hunting
: Morning early, attended only by *Don Telles*
two Domesticks. Accordingly he went out of
wn in a hunting Drefs, and having taken the
d to *Belem*, he there found a Boat that waited
him, in which he went off to the *English* Ship,
re we had been fince the peep of Day. The
nd proving favourable, we fet fail and were
:. I promifed to give an Account of *Briffant*'s
fortune. He did not forget the Promife he made
of making away with the Box in which the Mar-
kept *Donna Diana*'s Clothes and Trinkets, and
Embarkation feemed to him a favourable Op-
unity of accomplifhing his Defign. He agreed
ı *Le Brun* and *Defchamps* that the Box and
ings which had been *Donna Diana*'s fhould be
for their joint Accounts, affuring that it was
ny Orders, and that I would protect them in
: of a Difcovery. They agreed to tell their
fter, that all was put up in a Mail, which in
Hurry of leaving *Lisbon* had been unluckily left
ind. I do not know how it happened that the
rquis, having Occafion for his Night-gown that
r Afternoon of our Departure, bid *Briffant*, who
near him, bring it. He made a fham Search
it, and at laft came and told his Mafter what
been concerted. The Marquis remembring
: I had given *Briffant* Orders to take Care of
Baggage, and to put it on Board, and that con-
ently the Lofs of the Mail was his Fault, was
rovoked and in fuch a Rage at the Lofs of his
· Relicks, that he fnatched up a fharp pointed
rument which he found in his Cabin, and

made at *Briſſant*, who taking to his Heels was purſued by him even upon Deck, where I was ſitting with a Book in my Hand. I got up immediately to ſtop the Marquis, which he perceiving threw the Inſtrument at the poor Fellow with ſo much Violence, that it not only pierced and ſtuck in his Shoulder, but as the poor Wretch was cloſe by the Ship's Side, what with the Fright and Shock he fell over Board into the Sea. It was on this Occaſion I had an Opportunity of ſeeing a lively Inſtance of the Marquis's good Nature; for nō ſooner was he over Board, than all his Anger was changed into Pity, and I may ſay Tenderneſs and Grief. Ah! what have I done? *ſaid he to me.* Poor *Briſſant* will be loſt, and I make no Doubt that if he could have truſted to his Dexterity in ſwimming, he would have leaped over Board in order to ſave him. I begged he would retire from the Ship's Side, and offered ten Piſtoles to the Sailors to ſave him, which was done in an Inſtant, and all the Harm *Briſſant* got was to keep his Bed about three Weeks, and upon his Recovery I gave him the ten *Louis d' Ors* promiſed, and which he very well deſerved.

THE Prince *Don M***** having found himſelf ſomething eaſier when he came on Board, went directly to Bed, and whether it was the Joy he had of having got away from *Lisbon*, or the Weakneſs to which his Grief and want of Reſt for ſeveral Nights had reduced him, but he continued till Night in a profound Sleep, during which time *Don Telles de Sylva* was buſy writing in his Cabin. For my Part, I was reading, as I have already ſaid, upon Deck, before *Briſſant*'s Misfortune, and returned to the ſame Place after I had cauſed proper Care to be taken of him. I took the Marquis along with me, and did not fail to repreſent to him how ſorry I was to ſee him in ſuch a Paſſion about Trifles.

About four in the Afternoon, a fine clear Day and ſoft Weather, we were of a ſudden ſtruck with an unexpected Sight. A *Turk* came out of a little Cabin forward with a Carpet, which he ſpread upon a proper Place, and laid down Cuſhions upon it, and immediately another better dreſſed came out of the ſame Place, and turning about, preſented his Hand to two young *Turks* richly dreſſed; immediately after came two *Turkiſh* Women, and being all advanced to the Place where the Carpet was ſpread, the two young People ſeated themſelves upon the beſt Cuſhions a little higher than the reſt, while the four others took their Places below them. We looked at them for ſome Time without ſpeaking one Word. That Habit which I had ſo long wore, and which I had ſo many Reaſons to be in Love with, brought back into my Memory, a Part of my paſt Adventures, and I fell inſenſibly into a profound Thoughtfulneſs. The Marquis ſpoke to me ſeveral Times, but there was no getting me out of my Dream, till he pulled me by the Arm. I don't know, *ſaid he*, if it be the Sight of theſe *Turks* that takes you up, but you ſeem to be very thoughtful. I anſwered, that having remained ſeveral Years in *Turky*, it could not but be a Pleaſure to me to ſee *Turks*, and told him, that I would be obliged to him, if he would go with me to the Place where they were, to make Acquaintance with them. We went acroſs a vaſt Number of Ropes and other Sea Tackle, and the more we advanced, the more we diſcovered the genteel and handſom Mien of the two young *Turks*. The elder of the two appeared to be about twenty, tall and luſty for his Age, the other ſeemed not to be above thirteen or fourteen, the ſweet infant Graces ſat upon his Face, and every Thing was charming in his Figure; we judged that the two Men and two Women were *their Domeſticks*. I complimented them in the

Turkish Language, which I had not entirely forgot, upon which they rose from their Seats, and the oldest of them returned my Compliment in a very polite manner. After the first Civilities were over, we sat down by them, and I asked, if they knew no other Language but their own, and they told me they did not; upon which I turned to the Marquis, and said, laughing, that he must take Patience during our Conversation, and content himself with the Pleasure of looking at them. I asked them several Questions, and learned that they were come from *Constantinople* by their Father's Order, and were going to him at the *Hague*, where he had been sent to settle some Affairs relating to Navigation and Trade with the *Dutch*; that they were to remain with him during his Stay there, and that, according to what he had wrote them, he and they were to travel through *France*, and take shipping at *Marseilles* to return to *Asia*. I told them that I knew *Constantinople* very well, and that I had spent some Time there, and frequented the *Turks* so much, that I very much esteemed them; but, *added I*, how durst you undertake so long a Voyage, not knowing any other Language but your own? The eldest pointing to his Governor, one of the two *Turks*, that were sitting by him, *Timanes*, said he, understands most of the *European* Languages. I then asked him about the two Women. One of them, *answered he*, is my Brother's Governante, and the other his Nurse; for, *added he smiling*, he must yet remain some Years under the Government of Women. Our Conversation continued some Time longer about the Fatigues and Inconveniencies of travelling by Sea. The youngest spoke little, but what he said was very graceful, and his Voice was so soft and pretty, that the Marquis, though he understood nothing of the Language, was charmed with it. The more I considered this lovely

Youth,

Youth, the more I was touched with the Beauty of his Features; for I did not think I could attribute the Impressions of Tenderness I felt for him to any other Cause. And in the elder Brother too, I saw something which warmed my Heart towards him as well as his Brother. In short, I thought the Conversation had lasted but too short a Time, when *Le Brun* came to inform us, that the Prince was awake, and desired to see us. At parting, I begged that they would allow us, now and then, the Pleasure of their Company during the Voyage, to which they consented with a seeming Satisfaction, and having asked their Names, that I might know how to address them separately, the *Turkish* Language having no Word that answers to *Sir*, the oldest told me that his Name was *Muleid*, and his Brother's *Memisces*. I embraced them both, so did the Marquis, and we went to wait upon the Prince, whose Countenance seemed to be easy and composed. He thanked us heartily for leaving *Lisbon* sooner than we designed for his Sake, and did us the Honour to embrace us both, calling us his dear Friends. Let us all four, *said he*, live like Brethren; we must be Mess-mates while in this Ship, and no Ceremony, I say. The Captain had yielded to him his great Cabin, which was very handsom and well furnished, with two Beds in it, of which there was one of them for *Don Telles*. As the Prince had eat nothing since the Morning early, he ordered that Supper might be ready betimes, and whilst they were preparing it, we acquainted him of our agreeable Rencounter with the two handsom young *Turks*. The Marquis extolled *Memisces* to the Skies, and spoke of him so affectionately, that the Prince begged we would bring him to him next Day, but he could not help laughing, when I told him, that all the Marquis's Friendship had entered at his Eyes, *not having* exchanged one single Word with them

they not knowing any other Language but their own, which gave an Opportunity to rally the Marquis agreeably during Supper. But how come you, *said the Prince to me*, to know the *Turkish* Language? This appears a little singular in a *Frenchman.* My Anſwer was ſuch, that he could eaſily judge I had not been always happy, and that I owed the Knowledge I had of that Language to Misfortunes. I ſee well, *replied he*, that it is not mere Chance alone that has brought us together. If you have been unfortunate, you will the more eaſily ſimpathize with me in my Affliction, and I look upon your being here, as a Conſolation that Heaven procures me. You muſt favour me with a Relation of your Adventures, and I promiſe in Return to let you know the unhappy Affair that obliges me to leave *Portugal.* The Marquis and *Don Telles* hearing us, may find Room for their Compaſſion; for I imagine they have not otherwiſe been acquainted with Grief. I interrupted the Marquis who was going to anſwer. I don't know, *said I to the Prince*, if *Don Telles* has ever been under Diſgrace with Fortune, but I am a Witneſs that the Marquis has not been much better treated than myſelf: If his Misfortunes have not been of ſo long Duration as mine, he has not been leſs affected, and you may receive as much Conſolation from him as me; if it be true, that there is a Sort of Satisfaction in converſing with the unfortunate. I was well pleaſed to have found this Opportunity of letting them know the Marquis's Birth and Name, not upon the Prince's Account, who already treated him with abundance of Diſtinction, but with Regard to *Don Telles*, who ſeemed to affect a Sort of Superiority over him. I therefore openly declared that the Duke of **** having deſired me to accompany his Son into *Spain*, all my Care had not been able to prevent his having met at *Madrid*, with one of the moſt fatal Accidents

dents that could poſſibly happen, and that my ſole Deſign in bring him to *Lisbon*, was to diſſipate his Grief and Melancholy, and that even *Portugal* being too near *Spain*, I had looked upon the Occaſion of leaving it as a particular Advantage, beſides the Honour it procured us of accompanying ſo great a Prince. My Diſcourſe had the deſired Effect. The Prince redoubled his Civilities to my dear Marquis, and *Don Telles* did no longer affect to diſpute the Pas with him. When Supper was ended, the Prince brought our Misfortunes again upon the Tapis. The Night is long, *ſaid he*, and we are under no Apprehenſion here of Intruders. I am reſolved to disburthen my Heart, by acquainting you with it's Sufferings, and you will in your Turns, I hope, give me the Satisfaction of knowing yours.

EVERY Thing in this Relation does *Don M**** ſo much Honour, that I make no Difficulty to inſert it here as a Piece of Hiſtory which can ſcarce miſs to be well received by the Public.

ABOUT two years ſince, *ſaid the Prince*, a Ship arrived at *Lisbon* from *Braſil*, in which *Don Joſeph de Bermudo y Acoſtalas* (who had been Governor of that large Province for twelve or fifteen Years) and his Family came Home, bringing along with them immenſe Riches. The Joy of ſeeing *Portugal* again, after ſo long an Abſence, made him order the Sailors to adorn the Ship with all that was gay and ſhewy, ſo that Ribbons, nay even ſilver and gold Stuffs were not ſpared, and indeed, this Entry had very much the Air of a little Triumph. I happened to be a hunting the ſame Day towards *Belim*, from whence I came this Morning: The Sight of this Pageantry ſurprized me, and I made no Difficulty to get into a ſorry Boat with two Perſons of my Retinue, and ordered the Boatmen to go to *Don Bermudo*'s Ship. He received us civilly, without knowing me. I made a Sign to my two Compa-

nions not to discover who I was, so that we went on board without Ceremony, and saw his Family consisting of five Children, four Sons, and a Girl who appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen, the most beautiful Creature I ever saw in my Life. Imagine all the Perfections that can render one of that Sex charming and accomplished; *Donna Clara* possessed them all. I conversed a long Time with *Bermudo*, but my Eyes were for ever fixed upon his Daughter, and I found an Opportunity of dropping two Words to let her know the Impression her Charms had made upon my Heart, but she affected not to have heard them, and made no Answer. When the Ship was near the Place where they were to land, I went into my Boat, after promising to *Bermudo* that I would make him a Visit, and went to join my Attendants who waited for me on the opposite Side of the River. *Don Telles* was with me, and he may remember with what Raptures I spoke to him of *Donna Clara*'s Merit, and what a Project I formed immediately, which I then communicated to him. *Don Bermudo, said I to him*, did not know me. I will keep him in Ignorance as long as possible, and endeavour to gain his Daughter's Affection under the Name of a Stranger. Grandeur only serves to corrupt the Pleasures of Love, and I will not owe to my Rank the Conquest of *Donna Clara*'s Heart. *Don Telles* approved of my Scheme, and what Variety of Pleasures did we propose in the Execution of it. I scarce gave *Don Bermudo* Time to recover himself from the Fatigue of a long Voyage before I made him a Visit, with a plain, though genteel Equipage, and called myself the Count *de Montifiore* a *Spanish* Gentleman. *Bermudo* received me with great Civility, and having asked Permission to pay my Respects, and to renew the short Acquaintance I had made with his Lady and Children in the Ship,

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my Requeſt was readily granted. I paſt a Part of the Afternoon in his Houſe; and as *Bermudo* had ſeveral other Viſitors beſides me, I found a ſecond Oportunity of declaring my Paſſion to his charming Daughter, with whom I parted as little favoured, and with as ſmall Hopes of Succeſs as the firſt Time, but infinitely more in Love. I found *Don Telles* waiting for me, and told him a thouſand Times over and over, that there was no Happineſs for me without *Donna Clara*; my Peace is gone and perhaps my Life too, *ſaid I*, if I cannot gain her Heart. *Don Telles* comforted me and flattered my Hopes. It is true, I myſelf was ready to imagine that my Reſpect and Services would at laſt touch her: For a Lover is very apt to place Things in the moſt favourable and agreeable View. Nevertheleſs, though ſhe had received the Declaration of my Paſſion with Gentleneſs, and even a ſeeming Indulgence, yet me-thought I perceived certain Marks of Indifference in her Looks, or rather a certain Air of Unattention, which gave me more Uneaſineſs than if ſhe had treated me with Rigour. She did not uſe me ill, *ſaid I*, ſhe does not ſeem to hate me, but what a Diſtance is betwixt this and Love! I had even then ſome Surmiſe of the invincible Obſtacle that I was ſoon to find in my Way; and this dark Suſpicion gave me Uneaſineſs, of which the Cauſe could not plainly be made appear.

DON *Bermudo* after ſome Days Repoſe obtained an Audience of the King in which he had the Honour to preſent his Family, it was to be my Turn next, and you may judge how much I was at a Loſs. My Secret, *ſaid I to* Don Telles, is now at an End; it is impoſſible but that *Donna Clara*, her Father and Brothers muſt directly know me, whatever Meaſures I may take to remain concealed. I was ſadly vexed at this unlucky Accident, which at once deſtroyed all the Pleaſures I had propoſed to

myſelf, in acting the myſterious Lover. However, after I had thought a little upon it, I imagined that I might for ſome Time prevent my being known to *Bermudo* and his Family, by feigning an Indiſpoſition which obliged me to keep my Bed, but that after a few Hours, being a little better, though not ſo well as to get up, I was ready to receive his Viſit. Accordingly he came into my Bed-room with his Family, and had a ſhort Audience: I was aſhamed to be before my Miſtreſs in this Condition; I who would have given all I poſſeſſed in the World for leave to proſtrate myſelf at her Feet. The Moment they went out I got up, and went directly to *Bermudo*'s in my uſual Equipage. This Viſit paſt as the former, that is to ſay, without my being known. I went in without Ceremony, and took care not to come near the Hall where *Bermudo* ordinarily received Company. I did not, however, find *Donna Clara* alone: Beſides her two Brothers, there were with her, ſome *Braſilians* and *Portugueſe* lately arrived from *Braſil*, though not in the ſame Ship with her. I was under no Apprehenſion of being diſcovered by them, but alas! *continued* Don M—— *with a Sigh*, I ought to have been afraid of ſomething more fatal, but what I did not in the leaſt ſuſpect at that Time. I only examined one Perſon with Attention, becauſe he had one of thoſe attractive Countenances which we cannot help admiring. Curioſity made me even aſk his Name, which they told me was *Alonſo Luis*, a young Man about twenty-five, but little did I know how much I ſhould have Occaſion to grieve that I, or, rather, that my Miſtreſs had ever ſeen him.

Having returned next Day to *Bermudo*'s Houſe about the ſame Hour, I found the ſame young Man there with *Donna Clara* and her Brother, and his Preſence began to make me uneaſy: What's the meaning of this Aſſiduity, thought I, and why comes *this* handſom young Fellow to *Bermudo*'s as regu-

larly

larly as I, were he not conducted hither by the fame Motive? While I was taken up with this Thought, *Don Lopes de Carvagas*, an old Acquaintance of *Bermudo's* came in, without Ceremony, into the Chamber where we were, and, furprifed to fee me fitting in this familiar Manner, called out before I perceived him; Ha! who could have imagined to have found the Prince of *Portugal* in this Place? And where can *Bermudo* be that he does not prefent himfelf to acknowledge the Honour done him? *Carvagas*, anfwered I, your Indifcretion has robbed me of the Pleafure I had of being here incognito. I know not, *added I, fomewhat angrily*, how I fhall pardon you for this bad Office. The poor *Carvagas* made a thoufand Apologies which but made the Thing ftill worfe. *Donna Clara* and her Brothers, more furprifed than can be imagined, made abundance of Excufes for not having rendered me the Refpect that they thought was my Due; it was to no Purpofe that I endeavoured to prevent the reft of the Family's knowing of my being in the Room; fo the reft of my Vifit paft in Ceremony. I could no otherwife account for my coming to the Houfe in this private manner, but that I might learn with more Freedom the State of *Brafil*, and be informed of the Curiofities that are daily difcovered there. I gave *Don Bermudo* and his Family a thoufand Marks of Friendfhip, and told them that I was fo pleafed with their Converfation and Acquaintance, that I would continue my Vifits, looking at *Donna Clara* to obferve her Motions: She could no longer doubt but that I paffionately loved her, and I endeavoured to find out by her Looks the Difpofition of her Heart, upon the Difcovery that had happened. I could perceive Trouble, but alas! if I was the Occafion, it was not long before I found that it was upon another's Account. I obferved *Alonfo Luis* at the fame Time, and he appeared to be under the

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ſame Trouble with her, and their Eyes, which met ſometimes, ſeemed to expreſs both Grief and Love; ſo that I no longer doubted of their Love, and that *Donna Clara* had informed him of my Paſſion; perhaps they were not much concerned about it, while they only knew me by the Name of *Monteſiore*; but began to be afraid and afflicted, when they knew me. This was what I imagined, and the Thought perplexed me in a moſt terrible Manner.

I ſhall not trouble you with my Complaints, only tell you that I ſhut myſelf up in my Cloſet, and gave Way to all the Violence of my Grief; admitting none into my Preſence that Evening, and paſſing a conſiderable Part of the Night in the ſame Agitation. However, in reflecting upon my Misfortune, it came into my Mind that perhaps I tormented myſelf needleſly, that my Suſpicions were too precipitate, and that I ought, at leaſt, to be more certainly informed, before I could reaſonably be ſo much afflicted; and with this reaſoning I lulled myſelf aſleep. In the Morning, *Don Bermudo* and his Sons came to return me Thanks for the Honour I had done them. I took Occaſion, without Affectation, to enquire about the young Man named *Alonſo Luis* that I had ſeen at their Houſe ſeveral Times. *Bermudo* anſwered, that he was a young *Braſilian*, whoſe Father and Mother were *Portugueſe*; that he was of ordinary Extraction, but had the Sentiments of a Man of Diſtinction, and perſonal Merit as I myſelf had ſeen; that a Service of the laſt Importance, which he had, with great Courage and Succeſs, rendered to his Daughter, had made him dear to all the Family; and that being come to ſee *Portugal*, his Houſe was open to him. This Diſcourſe made me eaſy, and I even accuſed myſelf of Injuſtice, in ſuſpecting *Donna Clara* capable of an Attachment unworthy of her. *Alonſo*, *ſaid I to myſelf*, has Merit, but *Donna Clara* knows

too well what is due to her Birth, to ſtoop ſo low as him. I pulled up my Courage, and told *Bermudo* that I would call at his Houſe in the Afternoon. A great many Courtiers that were attached to me went thither, ſo that the Aſſembly was numerous and brilliant. *Donna Clara* appeared in all her Charms. *Alonſo Luis* took care not to appear, beſides, he gave me no more Inquietude. The Time was ſpent in a very agreeable Manner, and upon leaving the Aſſembly, I publickly declared, that I would come every Day at the ſame Hour to *Don Bermudo's*. I know not if there was any Suſpicion of the Motive of my frequent Viſits, but I did not give myſelf the Trouble of enquiring.

SUCH publick Teſtimonies of my Love, did not at all ſatisfy me, and I therefore contrived Entertainments and Diverſions, that I might have an Opportunity of converſing with *Donna Clara* in private. She was always preſent, and made the greateſt Ornament, at leaſt in my Eyes. I renewed upon all Occaſions the Aſſurances of an eternal Attachment, and endeavoured to perſuade her that all was done for her Diverſion. She heard my Proteſtations of Love with Complacency, but I perceived too plainly that they made no Impreſſion upon her Heart; and I was as far from being happy as the firſt Hour. I complained ſometimes of her Inſenſibility, and ſhe anſwered me in a manner that would have ſatisfied any other but a Lover. But I wanted that ſhe ſhould give me a Return of Love, and that was juſt what ſhe would not grant, and which made me almoſt deſperate. I could ſcarce allow myſelf to think that ſo obſtinate a Reſiſtance was without ſome other Cauſe than Indifference, and therefore gained her Woman, and ſet ſo many Spies upon her, that I was at laſt informed of what I wiſh I had been all my Life ignorant. Unhappy *Diſcovery*, whoſe fatal Conſequences have poiſoned

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all the Sweets of Life, and made me for ever miserable. I understood then that I had been imposed upon by a pretended Insensibility, that *Donna Clara* loved passionately, and that *Alonso Luis*, whom I thought I had unjustly suspected, was the Object. It is impossible to describe my Indignation and Fury. What! *said I*, does she prefer an *Alonso* to me who have loved her so tenderly, and given her so many Proofs of a sincere Passion! Ah! her unworthy Lover shall perish in her Presence, and indeed I believe I was capable to have killed him with my own Hand, had he presented himself in the first Moments of my Rage. But the Night having calmed my Transports, I was satisfied next Day with having Orders carried to *Alonso Luis* to return to *Brasil* in a Ship that was to sail in two Days. His Mistress and he could easily see by this Order, that they had been betrayed, and that my Jealousy had been the Cause of it. *Alonso* appeared no more: I thought he was gone, and my Hopes began to revive; *Donna Clara* had so much Command of herself as to disguise her Grief, but gave no more Encouragement to my Love than before. On the contrary, her Behaviour was more reserved and respectful, which was a very good Way to punish me for the Grief which I gave her. I could not long support such Cruelty, and one Day as I was walking with her I dropped some Complaints of her Injustice in preferring *Alonso*, but in such tender and respectful Terms, that she could not be offended. She appeared to be under some Disorder, and was to seek for an Answer; at length she thought it was proper to make her Love pass for Gratitude, assuring me that she had no other Sentiments for *Alonso* but what the Services he had rendered her required; and insinuated that she took my Reproaches in Jest, as no doubt I intended them, and that she *had a better* Right to complain of the Opinion I

had

had of her. Ah! too lovely *Clara*, replied I, what Advantage will it be to you to deceive a Prince who adores you, and who is but too ſenſible, notwithſtanding the Inclination he has to believe, that you diſguiſe your Sentiments? Rather tell me that you are prepoſſeſſed with a Paſſion to which you was forced to yield: Tell me that *Alonſo Luis* has an invincible Right to your Heart, to which his Merit and your Inclination have entitled him: In ſhort, tell me plainly that your Affection is a Happineſs that I need never pretend to; I ſhall then blame my Stars for my unhappy Fate, I ſhall ſigh in ſecret, and endeavour to ſmother my Grief. I ſhall even have the melancholy Satisfaction to believe that, as you are acquainted with my Caſe, you will pity me, and that it does not depend upon you to make me more happy —— *Donna Clara* interrupted me, by aſſuring me that ſhe was not inſenſible of the Tenderneſs I expreſſed for her, and that my Quality of Prince was not what ſhe thought moſt to be eſteemed in my Perſon, but being naturally ſincere, *continued ſhe, with all the Softneſs imaginable*, I cannot longer conceal from you my Averſion to Love, and that all the Trouble and Proofs of Affection with which you are pleaſed to honour me, are ſuperfluous; not that I am prepoſſeſſed by another Paſſion, as you reproach me, but becauſe ſuch is the Diſpoſition of my Heart. She pronounced theſe Words in ſo natural a manner, and ſo proper to perſuade, that I was much at a loſs what Anſwer to make. By good luck ſome Perſons came up to my Relief, and the Converſation becoming general, I ſoon retired. Is it poſſible, *ſaid I to myſelf, as I was returning*, that ſhe loves nothing? Does ſhe not intend to deceive me by ambiguous Terms? *She is incapable of loving:* Is it not that her Heart is ſo full of Love that it can admit of no more? On the *other Hand if ſhe* were ſo paſſionately in Love with

Alonſo,

Alonſo, how could ſhe bear the Thoughts of his Abſence with ſo much Tranquillity; Would ſhe aſſure me ſo naturally of her Eſteem, me whom ſhe ought to hate and deteſt for ſeparating her from her Lover?

I reſolved abſolutely to put an End to this Uncertainty, and ordered my two Gentlemen, who had given me the firſt Information of her Intrigue, to be called. I chid them for having gone upon a wrong Scent, and for making a falſe Report. One of them, whoſe Name was *Don Vacellos*, anſwered with ſome Warmth, I ſee plainly, my Prince, *ſaid he*, that you are impoſed upon, but if you are perſuaded of my Honour, truſt to what I tell you, and be not only aſſured that *Alonſo Luis* is loved by *Donna Clara de Bermudo*, but that he is ſtill at *Liſbon*; contrary to your Orders, where he keeps himſelf concealed, and has every Night a ſecret Interview with her in the Garden of *Saint Mark*. A Man who unexpectedly receives a Stab with a Dagger, cannot be more ſtruck and confounded than I was with the fatal News. Rage ſucceeded to Aſtoniſhment. Ah! *cried I*, do they make their Game of me, they ſhall both periſh; I will ſacrifice them both this very Evening with my own Hand, and without further Deliberation ordered *Vacellos* and his Companion to make ready to attend me to the Garden of *St. Mark*, at the Hour when *Donna Clara* went thither. I waited for the Time of going with the greateſt Impatience, and under the moſt terrible Agitations of Rage and Fury; At laſt it came, and I went on Foot diſguiſed with my two Officers, who knew the Place where the two Lovers uſed to meet. They ſhewed me them at a Diſtance, upon which I ordered my Followers to retire and leave me alone. I advanced towards the Arbour where I was to find my Prey, and my Fury increaſing as I drew near, I thought nothing could prevent *Alonſo*'s falling a Sacrifice to my Revenge. As for Donna Clara her Death

Death was not fully determined in my Heart. I left the Decifion of that 'till I was in her Prefence, and faw her Behaviour. In fhort, I went in and found them in a Pofture which naturally ought to have augmented my Tranfports, the Miftrefs fitting, and the Lover on his Knees holding one of her Hands in his. How could he efcape Death? Ought not I to have ftabbed him a thoufand Times? Nothing lefs than a Miracle could have faved him, but Love can do fuch Things. *Donna Clara* perceived me, and fure Lightning cannot fly fafter than fhe rufhed into my Arms, holding me faft in hers. I ftruggled to get clear of her, but fhe held me back with more Strength than could have been expected from one of her Delicacy; after all, what Refiftance could I make againft a Perfon that I adored, and fo ftrongly clafped me in her Arms? So that fhe led me as quiet as a Lamb to a green Turf Seat. Ah! Madam, *faid I with a broken Voice*, how ftrong Love makes you, and how weak it renders me! this Day crowns your Triumph more than ever. Hitherto you only robbed me of my Peace and Quiet, but now you attack my Life, and I fee that you are very eafy whether I lofe it or not, if you can but preferve your Lover's. As for thee, *continued I, addreffing myfelf to* Alonfo, who was upon his Knees oppofite to me; happy *Alonfo*, art thou fenfible of thy good Fortune? Does not the Jealoufy which it gives me teach thee to efteem it? Away, thou haft no Occafion to envy my Rank. I would facrifice it to the leaft Part of thy Happinefs. But, *refumed I after a Moment's Silence*, what has given thee the Boldnefs to remain in *Portugal* after my Orders to leave it. This fhall coft thee thy Life, if not as a Rival, and fatisfying my Revenge that Way, at leaft as a Punifhment of thy Difobedience. I then rofe up in order to feize him, and began to call for *Vacellos*, but *Donna Clara*, tranfported with Fear, threw herfelf at

my Feet, and in a Flood of Tears begged for his Pardon. The Trouble I was under made me for ſome Time unmindful of the Poſture ſhe was in, continuing her Solicitations in the moſt preſſing Manner. But opening my Eyes, as it were, of a ſudden, and ſeeing her kneeling in this humble manner, I was like to die with Shame and Grief. What! Madam, *ſaid I with Tranſport*, you thus humble yourſelf to ſave *Alonſo*, and you imagine that you have Occaſion for this to obtain from me what may be agreeable to you. Ah! what cruel Torments do theſe two Thoughts make me ſuffer! O how happy is *Alonſo* and how unhappy am I! Fear nothing, *ſaid I turning to him*, thou ſhalt live, for ſhe that intercedes for thy Life is abſolute Miſtreſs of mine; and ſhe has an equal Power of giving me Death and thee Life: But go and be happy elſewhere, and never appear more in my Preſence. Thou cruel Woman, *continued I, turning to* Donna Clara, would you require too that I ſhould be a Witneſs of ſuch a Rival's Happineſs, and will you not conſent to the Order that I have given him never to appear again where I am? She made him a Sign to be gone, which he immediately obeyed. I remained with her and her Woman, who always attended her to the Garden, and who was in my Intereſt. She ſpoke no more of her Lover, but after telling me that ſhe was touched with the Conſtancy of my Paſſion, and with all the Proofs ſhe had received; ſhe endeavoured to throw her want of Power, to make a ſuitable Return, upon the Force of Deſtiny, that directs our Inclinations and preſides over the Union of Hearts. I let her ſpeak on without anſwering her, otherwiſe than by my Sighs, all the Time I was conducting her to her Coach.

After ſhe was gone, I returned to the Garden to find out my Companions, and in walking ſoftly, was ruminating on the Oddneſs of my Fate, and of

the tyrannical Power of Love. I was revolving in my Mind all the bitter Draughts that Love had made me already take, and what ſtill were before me, being reduced to Love without the leaſt Hopes. I even endeavoured, after many Reflections, to ſhake off the Yoke, and to give Peace to my Heart by breaking at once it's Chains. Why, *ſaid I to myſelf*, ſhould I trouble two Lovers, who, were it not for me, would be happy, and who are not accountable to me for the Sentiments of their Hearts? What Buſineſs have I whether *Alonſo* is worthy or not of *Donna Clara*, or whether ſhe has or has not Reaſons to love him? In ſhort they love one another, and I have no Right to oppoſe it. It is done, let them gratify their Paſſion: I will no more diſturb them, but endeavour to make myſelf eaſy. —— Alas! after all, how can I! who will give me Reſolution enough to forget *Donna Clara*, to efface all her Charms; if they are for ever imprinted in my Heart, can I conſtantly view them with Indifference? She adores *Alonſo*, and he loves her. Ah! what Harm do they receive from my Love? Have I ſaid one harſh or offenſive Word to him? Alas! my Paſſion only ſerves perhaps to whet their Tenderneſs, and to make them feel a greater Pleaſure in their mutual Love. *Alonſo* is more ſenſible of his Happineſs, becauſe I envy him, and *Clara* makes a Merit of ſacrificing ſuch a Lover as me: I am the only unfortunate Perſon. They enjoy all the Sweets of Love, and I all the Sours, which, bitter as they be, are ſo agreeable, that I would leſs conſent to loſe them than to have the Doſe augmented.

WHILE I was deeply wrapt in theſe melancholy Reflections, I heard about twenty Paces from me the claſhing of Swords. As it was late, and having ſeen no Body in the Garden I was apprehenſive my Gentlemen had quarrelled. Is it you, *Vacellos, cried I advancing*? I knew his Voice, and ordered

dered him to ſtop, but the Blow was given, on coming up I ſaw a Man ſtretched upon the ground and Streams of Blood running from him, and who ſhould it be but *Alonſo Luis*. *Vacellos* told me that having juſt then met with him walking alone, and remembering that my Deſign was to have killed him, he had fancied that I might have miſſed him, and therefore had engaged him with equal Weapons, and believed he had killed him. What have you done, *ſaid I*, I had pardoned him: *Donna Clara* will die with Grief. I wanted to ſee if he was dead, he told me himſelf that he was dangerouſly wounded, and thanked me for the Concern I was under for his Misfortune. I thought a little of this Adventure and came directly to a very extraordinary Reſolution that muſt ſurpriſe you, which was, to have *Alonſo* tranſported to my Houſe, and to have as much care taken of him, as if he had been very dear to me. The ungrateful *Clara*, ſaid I to myſelf, will, at leaſt, be obliged to confeſs that the Love I have for her is extraordinary, upon ſeeing that I even reſpect her in the Perſon of an odious Rival whom ſhe prefers. My Attendants were ſurpriſed at the Order I gave them to ſtop his bleeding, and to aſſiſt him in going home with me. I cauſed him to be lodged in a handſom Room, and ordered two of my Servants to attend him 'till he was perfectly recovered. He could not tell what Conſtruction to put upon ſuch Attention and Care, and I was told, next Day, that he had appeared to be under ſome Uneaſineſs all Night about it. I ſtole in the Morning to his Chamber to ſee him, and he was under great Confuſion when he ſaw me come in. I ordered the Servants to retire that I might be alone with him. Well, *ſaid I*, happy Lover, what Idea have you of your Rival? Do you ſtill look upon me as your Enemy? The Concern he was under was ſo great that he could make no diſtinct Anſwer, o-

therwise than by pronouncing some confused Words that expressed his Surprise and Gratitude. I ask no other, *replied I*, than to declare to your Mistress that I have no Hand in your being wounded, and that I spare no Pains to preserve you for her, upon which I left him.

THIS Project pleased me, and I hugged myself for this singular Invention of my Generosity and Love. *Alonso* did not fail to let *Donna Clara* know of his Misfortune, and the Service that I had done him, which I perceived when I went to her Father's after Dinner. I contrived means to be alone with her, and as I was opening my Mouth to tell her what had past, I perceived Tears running down her Cheeks before I spoke. Ah! too generous Prince, *said she, interrupting my first Words*, spare an unfortunate Creature the Confusion which a Recital of your Goodness and Generosity must lay me under, and which I have not deserved. I know what I owe you, and I accuse Heaven of laying me under the Necessity of proving ungrateful. No, no, *answered I*, fear nothing, fair *Clara*; I do not come to make a Merit of saving *Alonso's* Life, nor to reproach you with the Service I have done him. I only come to tell you, that you need be under no Apprehension for his Life, which I will endeavour to preserve while I live, and while he is loved by you. I will do more, I will load him with Riches and Honours, to render him worthy of the Title of your Lover and of my Rival. Yes, *Alonso* will become dear to me, because he is the Object of your Wishes, and I will thus give you, in the Person you love, Proofs of a Passion which you reject when addressed to yourself.

DONNA Clara had a Heart extremely generous and tender, and I saw that my Discourse moved her so much, that she was ready to throw herself *at my Feet to* express how much I had obliged her.

She

She could not hinder herſelf from calling me her dear Prince, and to aſſure me, that her Life was at my Diſpoſal, to which I had but too good a Right: It was her Heart that ſpoke, I could ſee it in her Eyes and upon her Lips. How lovely did ſhe appear in that Condition! What would I not have ſacrificed to have deſerved one of thoſe Tears, which ſhe ſhed with Profuſion for *Alonſo!* For, in ſhort, I diſcovered plainly enough, that the moſt lively Marks of her Acknowledgment had her Lover for the Object, and that ſhe would have been much leſs affected with what I did for her, had not *Alonſo* reaped the Fruit of it. She acknowledged plainly, for the firſt Time, that this happy Mortal poſſeſſed all her Affection, and aſſured me, that, not being able to beſtow her Love upon me, ſhe ſhould be always ready to ſhed her Blood and to ſacrifice her Life for my Service. This Share is unjuſt, *ſaid I*, and you know too well that I cannot accept of it. But, Madam, *continued I, with a Sigh that marked my Deſpair*, ſhall I then never know what attaches you ſo invincibly to the happy *Alonſo?* I know that he is lovely, and, beſides, that the Heart ſeldom uſes to give Reaſons why it loves, but, in fine, your Birth, no doubt, would have hindered you from engaging in a Paſſion ſo diſproportioned, had there not been Reaſons and Motives that you could not ſurmount. Will you refuſe to let me know them? Have you any Intereſt to conceal them? What important Services has he rendered you, and which you have ſo often mentioned? Perhaps the Knowledge of this may ſerve to make me eaſier. She anſwered, that, far from having any Intention of concealing them from me, ſhe was ſurprized that ſhe had ſo long delayed a Narration ſo ſhort, and which might have ſerved as an Excuſe of her Weakneſs for *Alonſo.* I was, *ſaid ſhe*, at ***** the Metropolis of *Braſil*, unacquainted with Love. One Day exceſſively hot,

I propoſed in the Evening to five or ſix of my Companions to take the Air upon the River in a Boat. The Coolneſs of the Water, and the Beauty of the Meadows, made us advance farther than we deſigned, and having perceived a Part where the Sand appeared to be fine, and ſhallow Water; by a general Conſent we agreed to bathe, and accordingly ordered the Boatman to row towards the Shore, and to retire to a certain Place when we were landed: We were begun to pull off our Clothes, when two Leopards ſtarted out of a neighbouring Wood and came running towards us. We perceived them, and the Fright we were under made us think of nothing but Flight. Theſe Creatures are ſwift and came up with us in a Moment, both of them ſeizing one of my Companions that ran by my Side. She gave a horrible Shriek, and I fell to the Ground at the ſame Time in a Swoon, ſo that, not recovering my Senſes for a conſiderable Time, I did not ſee the reſt of this cruel Adventure, but the Sequel, as I learned ſince, was this: The two Leopards carried my Companion and me a conſiderable Way from the River among long Weeds in the middle of the Meadow, where, by a Happineſs for which I cannot be thankful to Heaven, they began by tearing in Pieces my unfortunate Companion, and I ſhould have certainly undergone the ſame Fate after her, had not Providence preſerved my Life: Some of our Companions, who had been more happy in their Flight than we, happened, by good luck, to meet with *Alonſo Luis*, who was hunting in the Meadows. They informed him of our Misfortune, begging of him to come to our Aſſiſtance, and directing him to the Place. He knew me and even loved me, though I had never ſeen him. He flew to my Aſſiſtance, and with Difficulty found at laſt the *Place and the* Monſters, who were juſt going *to devour me.* He ruſhed upon them without

considering the Danger, and killed them both with his Poniard, without receiving other Harm than a slight Wound in the Leg. He moved me so, that at last I came to myself, and you may judge of my first Thoughts at the Sight of the Danger from which I was happily delivered. My poor Companion, or, to speak more properly, the Remains of her bloody Body half eat up, were the first Object that presented itself to my View. I was almost swimming in her Blood, which had run in Streams towards me, and the Monsters were lying stretched on the Ground, a few Paces from me on the other Side. *Alonso* helped me to rise from the Ground, and supported me when I was standing. I looked at him without having the Power to ask who he was, and by what Miracle he had saved me. The Sweetness of his Eyes and Countenance, with the Addition of a genteel Person, made, at once, a strong Impression upon my Heart, and laid the Foundation of an Inclination which no Reflections could surmount. He solicited me at last to return to Town, and even offered to carry me. I told him, that the Boat which had brought us out, could not be far off. We advanced to the River Side, and accordingly perceived it at a little Distance from us. The Height of the Banks had prevented the Boatmen from seeing our Misfortune. I went into the Boat and *Alonso* with me, who was so respectful, zealous, and careful, that I conjectured there was something more than mere Pity in the Case. We arrived at Town and were met by a Crowd of People who were come out to my Assistance. *Alonso*, after having delivered me into safe Hands, was so modest as to propose leaving me, but I would by no Means consent to his going, till he had accompanied me to my Father's Palace, where I presented him as the Preserver of *my Life*. Such a Service gave him constantly free *Access to me*. The Frequency of his Visits, and

the

e Means he found to let me know his Sentiments, ade him at last discover mine. I could neither ... ount nor conceal them from him, and I thought what e had done for me justified them. This is what you esired, *added she*, to know; can you now blame me?

No, Madam, no, *said I*, but I find myself most nhappy. I plainly see that so just a Love cannot miss to be constant; consequently I must lose all Hopes, and yet nothing is able to diminish my Passion. Think only to what Tortures I am condemned, and yet were they a thousand Times more cruel, they shall not hinder me from executing what I have promised with Regard to *Alonso*.

AND indeed, a Vacancy happening in my Houshold even before his Recovery, I gave him the Preference, and in a short Time he was fully recovered, that is to say, about six Weeks after his Wound, I made him my chief Equerry. It must be confessed that *Alonso* had Merit, and that his Preferment sat easy on him. His excellent Qualities procured him the Esteem, not only of all my Servants, but of all the Court. I could not hinder myself from esteeming his Modesty and Virtue, and to let him know that I was pleased with his Behaviour. I sometimes talked with him in private about *Donna Clara*. As he was not ignorant of the Violence of my Passion, he threw himself at my Feet, and with Tears expressed his Despair, for being an Obstacle to my Happiness; and I am persuaded he was sincere, when he offered to make a Sacrifice of his Life to render mine more happy. No, *said I*, that Proof of your Affection would be useless to me, for her Love would follow you to the Grave. I know your Mistress, and am but too well assured that I should gain nothing by losing you. I continued still to visit her, notwithstanding my Resolutions to the contrary. *She appeared to* receive me with Pleasure, *and as she was of a* mild and sweet Disposition, she

 endeavoured

endeavoured as much as ſhe could to ſoften my Pains; but her Complaiſance and Careſſes were a new Poiſon that augmented my Evil, and rendered my Wounds incurable.

In the mean-time, there happened ſome Changes in her Family, which gave a new Turn to her Fortune. A contagious Fever carried off her Father and her three elder Brothers; ſo that ſhe was her own Miſtreſs, and in ſome meaſure the Head of her Family, the only Brother left, being at moſt but eight or ten Years old. She herſelf was attacked with the ſame Diſtemper, and reduced to the laſt Extremity. The Fear of my own Life did not hinder me from viſiting her aſſiduouſly while ſhe was at the worſt, and to employ for bringing about her Cure what Love only could invent. I had the Satisfaction, at leaſt, to ſee that ſhe was not inſenſible. One Day that ſhe found herſelf very bad, and that there were but ſmall Hopes that ſhe could eſcape Death, ſhe took hold of my Hand, which ſhe ſqueezed tenderly, aſſuring me that the Ingratitude, with which ſhe was forced to pay ſuch a tender and generous Paſſion as mine, made her very eaſy about Life; but what will ſurprize you moſt, *continued the Prince*, is that I admitted her dear *Alonſo* into her Room with me, and had ſometimes the Patience to hear the mutual Proteſtations which they gave to one another of an inviolable Fidelity.

At laſt ſhe recovered contrary to Expectation, and the Court, no longer ignorant of her Sentiments for *Alonſo*, made no doubt but, that being now at Liberty to diſpoſe of herſelf, ſhe would make her Lover happy. The Honours and Riches that I had profuſely beſtowed upon him, ſeemed to ſhorten the Diſtance that Birth had put between them, and it is very probable, that this Change of his Fortune flattered his Hopes, though he had hitherto kept them within his Breaſt. This was a ſhocking Thought

to

o me, and I reſolved to make a new Attempt upon my cruel Miſtreſs, without deviating however from the generous Conduct which I had all along held. My Plan was this; I ordered *Alonſo Luis* to attend me in my Cloſet, where I thus ſpoke to him: *Alonſo*, I have hitherto treated you with Marks of Diſtinction that ought to attach you to my Perſon, my Deſign in mentioning them is not to reproach you, but to engage you to render yourſelf ſtill more worthy of my Favour. I have Affairs in *Braſil* that require the Preſence of a Man who is devoted to my Service, ſuch I take you to be, and intend that you ſhall go thither with proper Inſtructions, and with a Character which will give you a Rank next to the Governor during your Stay, not leſs than a Year; but to indemnify you for this long Abſence, I promiſe that you ſhall marry *Donna Clara* upon your Return, if ſhe conſents to do you that Honour. I flattered myſelf that *Alonſo*'s Abſence would perhaps cool the Lady's Affection, and if that happened, I could eaſily find new Pretences to detain him there, till ſhe had quite forgot him; but if her Conſtancy could ſtand out the Year, I was reſolved to abandon my Purſuit and to haſten their Marriage, by recalling *Alonſo*, and ſoliciting his Miſtreſs to make him perfectly happy. Such was my Project, but Fortune, as you will ſee by what follows, baffled all my Schemes, and what I thought could not miſs of making me or the two Lovers happy, ſerved only to complete their Ruin, and to precipitate me into the deplorable State to which you now ſee me reduced.

Such Promiſes gained upon *Alonſo*; the Deſire of appearing in his native Country, in a Station to which he could not reaſonably pretend to aſpire, rendered a Separation from his Miſtreſs leſs rigorous; beſides, the Prize that he was to obtain upon his *Return at the Year's* End, was ſufficient to make

Ship that carried him to *Brasil*, and it rea
Miſtreſs's Ears as ſoon as mine. I can give
a ſlight Idea of her Anguiſh and Deſpair
would have hurried her, in the firſt Violen
to ſome fatal Reſolution, but that I was for
part with her, and gave Orders to take p
care of her in my Abſence; at length ſhe c
to preſerve her Life, but looking upon it a
niſhment, ſhe reſolved, about three Mon
to retire to one of her Country-Seats a
Leagues from *Liſbon*, where ſhe paſt her me
Days in Sighs and Tears, receiving no V
mine, which were every other Day *incog.* w
Don Telles de Sylva who accompanied m
Preſence was not at all diſagreeable to her,
ſeemed to be pleaſed with what I ſaid to
her; ſo that I fancied I perceived the Effect
Love and Conſtancy, and was in Hopes th
would not only accuſtom her to my Addr
as to be pleaſed with them, but alſo eng
Heart; when behold a fatal and unforeſee

tion that I owe to the Rank in which Heaven has placed me, could diſſipate a Deſire which puſhes me every Minute to put an end to my wretched Life. After this ſhort Digreſſion, he thus continued his Narration: I am now going to tell you what no Mortal at *Liſbon* knows. You may remember the firſt Time I had occaſion to talk with you, Word was brought me that an unknown Lady demanded an Audience upon preſſing Buſineſs. This Woman, though in reality unknown to my People, was not ſo to *Don Telles* and to me. I had myſelf placed her with *Donna Clara* when ſhe received the News of *Alonſo*'s Death, to take care of her, and to prevent any Attempts that her Deſpair might make her undertake. *Philippa*'s unexpected Viſit and melancholy Looks having ſtruck me at once, I judged that ſhe brought bad News; and, without giving her Time to ſpeak, conducted her into my Cloſet, where her Tears and Groans, which ſhe had retained before my People, took a free Courſe, and ſtopt her for a conſiderable Time from uttering one Word. Pray ſpeak *Philippa*, ſaid I, and keep me no longer in Pain, I tremble for *Donna Clara*. Alas! *anſwered ſhe*, Donna Clara is no more, and it is to no Purpoſe to tremble for her now. Having ſeen her but the Day before, the little Appearance of her being dead ſince my Viſit hindered me from underſtanding at firſt the Senſe of theſe Words, but *Philippa* having, by ſome broken Words, made me but too well conceive the Cauſe of her Death and the tragical manner of it, I thought of nothing but how to follow her; and had not the cruel Pity of *Don Telles*, who was in the Cloſet, ſtopped my Sword already pointed to my Breaſt, I ſhould now be in my Grave as well as ſhe. He took the Advantage of the Weakneſs which was occaſioned by my Trouble and Grief, and forced me into Bed himſelf without allowing any of my Servants to come in, and it was then Philippa

told every Circumſtance of my Misfortune without Diſguiſe, and ſure you will be ſurpriſed how I could bear the Recital without expiring. *Alonſo Luis* finding himſelf a going, had, it ſeems, made very melancholy Reflections upon ſuch an unexpected Accident. To die, as it were ſuddenly, at his Age, and notwithſtanding the Advantage of a ſtrong Conſtitution, was not what galled him moſt; but to die on the very Point of being the happieſt Man alive both in Love and Fortune, to die in a Place of the World ſo diſtant, that there was no Poſſibility of bidding a laſt Farewel to *Donna Clara*, ſeemed ſo terrible and inſupportable, that he began to ſuſpect ſuch a deſperate Death could not be natural, and to fortify him in this Opinion, my Paſſion for his Miſtreſs came freſh into his Mind, ſo that he at laſt attributed not only his being ſent out of *Portugal*, but alſo his Death to my Jealouſy. Mad and injurious Opinion after the Proofs that he had received of my Generoſity, for which, however, I ſhould have pardoned this unhappy Wretch, had the Conſequences proved leſs fatal. This Idea wrought ſo ſtrongly upon him, that being fully perſuaded I had ordered him to be poiſoned, he called for Pen and Ink and wrote a Letter to *Donna Clara*, in which he mentioned his unjuſt Conjectures as a certain Truth. He delivered this unhappy Letter to his Uncle, with a conſiderable Sum, after making him promiſe ſolemnly to undertake the Voyage himſelf to *Portugal*, and to deliver the Letter into *Donna Clara*'s own Hands. The Uncle not being ready to go with the Ship that brought the News of *Alonſo*'s Death, took another Opportunity about three Months after. The Death of *Donna Clara* is owing to the Arrival of this Wretch with the fatal Letter, which made her reſolve upon her own Murder, and what augments my Miſery is, that ſhe put herſelf to Death, not ſo much to accompany her Lover, as to be re-

venged

venged and to punifh me, whom fhe looked upon to be the Author of her Misfortune. *Philippa* told me that upon reading *Alonfo's* Letter fhe at once loft all her Senfes, her Eyes fhut and fhe remained fome Time motionlefs, and without the leaft Signs of Life; but recovering at laft out of this fainting Fit, fhe invoked Heaven and her Lover's Shade to witnefs her deplorable State, and then, with what little Strength fhe had remaining, exclaimed in moft bitter Reproaches againft my Barbarity, pronouncing a thoufand Imprecations: Alas! how unjuft was fhe to me who adored her, to me who only lived to pleafe her, and who was ready to facrifice myfelf, not only for her Happinefs, but alfo for her Lover's, becaufe her's feemed to depend upon it. Wearied at length with venting her Rage in Words, fhe ftarted up with all the Signs of Fury in her Looks, and, in fpite of all *Philippa's* Diligence, who was alone with her, fnatched up a long golden Bodkin with which fhe pierced her tender Heart. This, Gentlemen, *faid the difconfolate* Don M——, is the Misfortune which makes Fountains of my Eyes, and which has forced me to fly from my native Country. See the Remains *(pulling out a Handkerchief out of his Pocket ftained with Blood)* of what was a thoufand Times dearer to me than myfelf: This fatal Monument of my unhappy Love fhall accompany me to the Grave. *Philippa* made Ufe of it to ftop the Blood, vainly imagining, by that Means, to preferve the unfortunate *Clara's* Life, and you may judge by the Care I take of preferving this mournful Relick, how far I am refolved to indulge my Grief; Time and diftant Climates may perhaps work fome Change upon my diftracted Heart, and, 'till then, my Refolution is never to fet foot in *Portugal*.

WHEN the Prince had ended his Narration, he found himfelf under fuch an Agitation, that he could

Scholar. We invented a Sort of Method, which ſucceeded ſo well, that the two Brothers, in three Weeks Time, underſtood the greateſt Part of our Diſcourſe, and could make a Shift to expreſs their Thoughts tolerably well; but whether it was owing to the Maſter's Addreſs, or the Scholar's Capacity, I ſhall not pretend to determine, however, *Memiſces* had by far the Advantage of his Brother.

I was mightily pleaſed with the Marquis's Application, which I looked upon as a new Remedy, that could not miſs of completing his Cure; and though I did not think him capable of entertaining any Affection for *Memiſces*, but what was intirely innocent, yet I could not but think, that there was ſomething amiſs in his extraordinary attachment to this young *Turk*; and therefore I told him, when we were by ourſelves, that I thought he gave himſelf too much up to his Paſſions, that he obſerved no bounds in his Attachment to what pleaſed him, and that he had already forget the fatal Conſequences of Engagements that paſs the Limits preſcribed by Reaſon, in which Caſe, it ſeldom fails, but that the leaſt Diſappointment or Change, makes a Man quite unhappy. I do not blame you, *continued I*, for allowing Friendſhip acceſs to your Heart, but it muſt not extend to Paſſion, nor it's Effects be the ſame with thoſe of Love. Nevertheleſs, I perceive in you, not only the Fire and Ardour, but alſo the Agitation and Inquietude of the Lover. In one Word, you love *Memiſces* too much, and I could wiſh that you had a better Government of your Heart. He anſwered me ingenuouſly, that he was ſenſible himſelf he was too much attached to this young Stranger, and that the Tenderneſs he felt for him, amounted to a Paſſion; that he could give no other Reaſon, but an invincible Inclination to which he yielded with infinite Pleaſure, confeſſing that *Memiſces* was dearer to him than himſelf, and

that forefeeing that he muft lofe him fooner than he could wifh, the Thoughts of a Separation made him already tremble; and, indeed, the Wind being very favourable we advanced apace, and in lefs than a Month we would have made our Voyage, had we not been retarded by an Accident that juftly alarmed us. We were already pretty nigh the *French* Coaft, and the fine Weather gave us a favourable Profpect of getting fafely and fpeedily to our Port, when we heard, from all Quarters of the Ship, the Sailors calling out a Pirate, upon which we all got upon Deck; the Captain told us plainly that we were chafed, and that, as the Pirate outfailed us, without a miraculous Affiftance from Heaven, we could not avoid being attacked. We anfwered, that there was no great Hardfhip in being obliged to come to an Engagement, provided we had wherewithal to defend ourfelves; unfortunately there were none in the Ship but the Complement of Sailors and fome Paffengers, a few old Cannon, very little Powder, and no fmall Arms but our Swords. The Prince made a Review himfelf of every Thing that might ferve for our Defence, and finding Things in fo bad Order, we loft all Hopes of a Deliverance from the Danger to which we were expofed; for, in Reality, what likelihood was there, that, with no other Arms than our Swords, we fhould be able to ftand againft Pirates completely armed, and no doubt, fuperior in Number? And to make our Efcape by Flight was as unlikely confidering the Dulnefs of our Ship's failing, compared to that of the Pirates. On the other Hand, to yield without ftriking a Stroke, was what none of us could bear the Thoughts of; befides, though we had tamely fubmitted, could we expect any better Treatment from fuch Ruffians upon that Account? I made no doubt but that our Ruin was certain; yet, as lofing Courage, and being dif-

heartened would have but made our Conqueſt ſtill more eaſy, I put the beſt Face I could upon it, and made a Shew of Confidence, which was far from my real Sentiments. I begged of *Don M***** not to expoſe his Perſon, but he generouſly rejected my Advice. As for the Marquis, I made him promiſe to keep cloſe by me during the Action. Obey me, *ſaid I to him*, perhaps for the laſt Time; you ſhall diſpoſe of yourſelf as you think proper, after you ſee me fall in your Defence. He anſwered, claſping me in his Arms, that ſince I was to take Care of his Life, he would endeavour to take Care of mine, and promiſed to remain by me, that he might at leaſt have the Satisfaction of dying near me. *Muleid* prepared for the Combat with the ſame Reſolution, but *Memiſces* was placed with the Women below in the ſafeſt Place of the Ship by the Care of the Marquis, for his dear *Memiſces* was for ever in his Thought. At length the Pirates were got within Gun-ſhot of us, and judged, by the Manner of working our Ship, that they might look upon us as a ſure Prey. When by good Luck, or rather, by miraculous Providence, two *French* Ships appeared all of a ſudden at the ſame Diſtance in head of us as the Pirates were a-ſtern, and we no ſooner perceived them than we thought our Danger over. In Effect the Pirates having ſoon perceived them, and, not judging it ſafe to attack us, gave over Chace and tacked about; ſo that we ſoon loſt Sight of them. We ſaluted the *French* Ships as we paſſed them with ſome Guns, by Way of Thanks for the ſignal Service they had done us, and in a few Days after got ſafe into *Holland*.

The Prince ſet out directly for the *Hague*, and told us that he intended to lodge at the Count *de Tarouco*'s where he expected to ſee us. The young *Turks* and we remained at the Place of our landing that Day and next Night. I only ordered *Scoti* to

go before, and to hire an Apartment for us at the *Hague*, that we might not be at a Loſs upon our Arrival, and next Day we found him waiting for us on the Road that leads to the Town. As he knew the Place, having been there with me formerly, I ordered him to conduct *Muleid* and his Brother to the *Pleen*, where they told me their Father had wrote them he was to lodge. When we parted they expreſſed their Acknowledgments of our Civilities very handſomly, and promiſed to pay us the firſt Viſit they made. The Marquis could not hinder himſelf from embracing *Memiſces*, who ſhewed no Reluctancy. You muſt however part for good and all, with this dear *Memiſces*, ſaid I to him, when we were alone, and we will ſee how you will ſupport this Separation. His Anſwer was, that he was now going to impart a Thought which had occurred to him ſome days ago, but which he durſt not mention before. I cannot deny, *continued he*, but that I love *Memiſces* beyond what can be imagined, and my Heart feels for him what it never felt but for my dear *Diana*. I have the ſame Pleaſure in ſeeing him, and his Abſence gives me the ſame Pain, and conſequently it will be no Wonder if a Separation proves uneaſy to me. But if you had any Regard for me, *added he with a tender Look*, you could deliver me from this Misfortune, or at leaſt, keep it back for a long Time. Explain yourſelf more clearly, *ſaid I*, for I do not conceive your Scheme: Here it is, *ſaid he*, inſtead of going to *England* when we leave *Holland* we might return to *France* with the two young *Turks* and their Father, it is but reaſonable that, being ſo near mine, and deſigned to viſit other foreign Countries before I return, I be deſirous to ſee and embrace him. This might be our Pretence. We would let *Memiſces* ſee the Court of *France*, and what would ſtill anſwer better to my Deſign.

Means

Means might be ufed to get him infenfibly inftructed in our Religion in order to bring about his Converfion, becaufe in that Cafe it would be no difficult Matter to get him to remain all his Life in *France*, and then I am confident that I could eafily prevail with my Father to receive him into our Family as his Son, by which Means I fhould have the Satisfaction to live conftantly with him as a Brother.

I liftened to the Marquis with great Attention, and could not enough admire the Fertility of his Brain, in forming Projects; however, after I had given him full Time to expatiate upon his Scheme, without the leaft Interruption, I anfwered in a more ferious Manner than he expected, that what he had told me made me fhake from Head to Foot: What, Sir, *faid I*, if a Miftrefs was in the Cafe could you fpeak otherwife? What is the Meaning of that Grief, Joy, and other Sentiments which you pretended to be fuch as you felt for *Donna Diana?* This fure cannot be Friendfhip, which ought to be moderate, difcreet and agreeable to the Rules of Honour and Reafon. You have drawn the Picture of a criminal Paffion, and the Warmth with which you fpeak of *Memifces*, gives me a terrible Sufpicion of Inclinations which I tremble to mention, and therefore you muft give me leave to tell you, that *Memifces* muft go without us. You may, if you think proper, give him Letters of Recommendation to the Duke your Father, and fome other Friends, which will make *Paris* the more agreeable to him, and it is the only Way that you can at prefent teftify your Friendfhip, for to imagine that a Child of thirteen or fourteen Years old can be inftructed in our Religion, without his Father's Knowledge, or that he will allow of it, if he does, is nothing but a childifh Thought and without Foundation. My Anfwer feemed very harfh to the Marquis, and I obferved the Violence he did

himfelf

himſelf to conceal his Concern. But to ſoften him a little, I added, that I did not condemn the Marks of Affection which he had hitherto given *Memiſces*, that ſuch a lovely Child was ſo deſerving, that I myſelf had a very great Kindneſs from the firſt Moment I had ſeen him; but this Change of Tone would not do. The End of my Diſcourſe did not make amends for the Harſhneſs of it's Beginning.

As the Publick is juſtly apt to be diffident of the Truth of extraordinary Events, this Thought (which juſt now occurs to me) is almoſt capable to ſtop my Pen from ending this firſt Part of our Travels. I confeſs, that what remains is, for it's Singularity, very ſurprizing; and yet 'tis a Fact which a thouſand Perſons can certify, either in *Holland*, where it happened, or in *France*, where it was known to as many as knew me.

THE next Day after our Arrival at the *Hague*, which was, if I rightly remember, the fifth of *December*, we made our firſt Viſit to the Prince *Don M***** who kept us to Dinner, and was ſo extremely civil and kind, that none but thoſe who know this Prince's admirable Qualities could believe it. It being too late when we left the Prince to let the Marquis ſee the Beauties of the Place, we returned to our Lodging, and were ſcarce got into our Apartment, when one of our Footmen came to give us notice, that the Father of our two lovely *Turks* was with his Children at the Gate in his Coach, in order to make us a Viſit. They had ſaid ſo much of our Kindneſs and Civility to him, that he thought he could not too ſoon come and return us Thanks. I gave *Scoti* Orders, who was in a Dreſs that might make him paſs for a Sort of Equerry, to go and conduct them up Stairs, and in a Moment they were with us; but good God! how was I ſurprized, or rather tranſported, when I found, *in the Perſon* of this *Turkiſh* Officer, the Bro-

ther of my dear *Selima*, the good and generous *A-mulem*. There are certainly no Sentiments in the World ſuch as thoſe which Nature or Gratitude inſpire, but their Exceſs proves ſometimes fatal. If the Strength of my Conſtitution prevented my ſinking under the firſt Tranſport of my Joy, it was otherwiſe with *Amulem*, who ſoon knew me by the Sound of my Voice, and Eagerneſs of my Embraces; for my Countenance was as much changed as my Dreſs; but if he was as much ſtruck as I could be with this happy and unexpected Rencounter, he had not the ſame Strength to ſupport the Impetuoſity of his Surprize and Joy. He ſunk down ſo ſuddenly that I could not prevent his falling, and while we were endeavouring to get him up, it is *Salem*, ſaid he, with a faint and trembling Voice, my Children, behold your Uncle. They flew about my Neck, and claſped me in their Arms, and God only knows what Motions I then felt in my Heart; I held the Father in my Arms, and the two Children folded me in theirs, and thus with mingled Tears we expreſſed the Sympathy and Union of our Hearts.

In the mean time I conſidered that *Amulem*, whom I ſtill ſupported, had Occaſion for ſpeedy Aſſiſtance. His Voice was quite extinguiſhed, and his Sighs were frequent and convulſive; but as he had ſtill ſo much Strength remaining as to move himſelf on the Chair where we had ſeated him, I judged that his Diſtemper was occaſioned by the ſudden Revolution of his Spirits, for which Reaſon a Vein was opened, and recovering his Voice for a Moment, he told me in the *Turkiſh* Language: Is it poſſible, my dear *Salem*, that the Sight of you, which I have ſo impatiently deſired, ſhould be the Occaſion of my Death? If ſuch a Thing ſhould happen, the Cauſe will be very different from that of Grief, but my dear Siſter *Selima*, *added he*, will not Heaven bleſs me with a Sight of her before I die. I judged by

this

this Discourse that he was ignorant of the Loss of my Spouse, and as he was not in a Condition to support such a melancholy Piece of News, I only told him, that I was at present so transported with our joyful Meeting, that I could think of nothing, but the Means of his speedy Recovery. Alas! *replied he*, I am so weak, and feel such an Oppression upon my Heart, that I dread the worst, however, I have had the Satisfaction to see you, and you will assure *Selima*, that to die without having the Pleasure of seeing her too, adds to my Affliction, since it was the only Motive of my undertaking, with my Children, the Voyage from the *Levant*, and which engaged me to solicit for some Years, the Commission which I am come to execute in *Holland*. I have seen you, *repeated he*, *squeezing my Hand*, and this is enough to prevent my accusing Heaven of Rigour. If Providence thinks fit to deprive me of Life, I recommend my Son and Daughter to you; conduct them to *Selima*, I know to whose Care I commit them, and this is my Comfort. I told him that he must not think of Death, and that I hoped we would soon find Means to cure him of his present Indisposition. I then asked about the Daughter whom he mentioned, and where she was. There she is, *answered he*, *pointing to* Memisces. I had ordered her Governess to dress her in Man's Habit, in order to disguise her Sex, and to prevent Accidents, to which Women might be exposed in travelling, and for the same Reason I have thought proper to let her remain in this Disguise here. I have but these two Children, *continued he*, and as they are what is most dear to me, if you have any Friendship for me be kind to them.

He had Abundance of Difficulty to speak these few Words, and I was glad to see the Physician, whom I had sent for, come in, who having examined his Case, made him be directly put to Bed, and,

in the Manner that he talked of his Diſtemper, made me extremely uneaſy: The firſt Thing he ordered was a ſecond bleeding; in an Hour after he became intirely inſenſible, which made me begin to deſpair of his Life; but the Phyſician, without appearing to be under any great Concern for the Situation he ſaw him reduced to, ordered him to be blooded in the Foot, which brought him to Life, and in leſs than an Hour, he recovered not only his Reaſon, Speech and Colour, but alſo his Health; nothing remaining but a little Weakneſs occaſioned by the loſs of Blood. Such a Complication of extraordinary Events (I again repeat it) *viz.* meeting with *Amulem*, his Diſtemper, his Cure, and the Diſguiſe of his Daughter, will not perhaps be eaſily credited; but I ought not to deviate from Truth, though I may fall under the Suſpicion of an incredulous Reader.

WHEN *Amulem*'s Recovery permitted us to think of Joy, we gave ourſelves up to it without Reſerve. It was then I began a-new to load him and his Children with my Careſſes. Such Satisfaction and Pleaſure appeared to me as a Dream, and I could ſcarcely allow myſelf to look upon ſuch an agreeable Event as a Truth. During this Scene, the Marquis acted very different Parts. In the firſt Surprize which our Embraces and Tranſports gave him, he ſtood like a Statue, but when he underſtood that this *Turk* whom I claſped in my Arms and embraced ſo tenderly, was my Brother, he advanced to join his Careſſes, in which *Memiſces* had the beſt Share. While *Amulem* was in his Fit, he could perceive the Marquis's Behaviour to his Daughter, but, being recovered and got out of Bed in a few Hours, obſerving the childiſh Familiarities that he uſed with his Daughter, he asked me what this young Man was, and if he knew *Memiſces*'s Sex. I then told him what the Marquis was, and aſſured him,

that

that he believed *Memisces* to be a Boy, begging that he would allow him to remain in his Error, for Reasons which I told him. I did not think proper to discover to my lovely Niece at this Time that I knew what she was, lest her Blushes and Confusion might give the Marquis some Suspicion. Besides, another Concern employed my Thoughts. There was a Necessity of letting *Amulem* know, that *Selima* was no more, who had more than once asked about her, and might justly be surprized at my Silence. After I had considered how I was to impart this melancholy Piece of News; I thought that as her Death had happened nineteen or twenty Years ago, he would not be so shocked with it as with a recent Misfortune; however, I took a long round about Way to prepare him for the dismal Tale, which drew Tears from him, and renewed mine. Some Days after I told him all that had happened to me with his dear Sister, since our Departure from *Amasia*, and he would have abandoned his Design of going to *France*, after the Loss of the only Person for whose Sake he had left his native Country, had I not mentioned my Daughter, and even *Agade*, whom he had not forgot, so that he resolved to go and see them as soon as he had finished his Affairs in *Holland*. The Marquis, to whom I communicated his Resolution, was infinitely pleased, foreseeing that I necessarily would be obliged to accompany him. I told him however, that being obliged to go and pass some Weeks in *France* with my Brother and Nephews, I would leave him at the *Hague* to wait my Return. He made bitter Complaints, and went so far at last, as to tell me, that he saw but too plainly he had been deceived in believing that I had any Friendship for him, since he could not but think, that my Design in leaving him in *Holland*, was with no other View, but to deprive him of the Pleasure of being with Memisces.

however

however, continued he, if I am denied the Satisfaction of accompanying you upon the Road, I could not hinder him from setting out two Days after we were gone, in order to join us in *France*. But we made up the Peace, when I told him, that I only jested with him. That very Evening I acquainted the Duke of our Arrival in *Holland*, and that having found my Brother there, I would be obliged to come to *France*, and pass some Time there with him. About eight Days after, I received an Answer from him, in which he was pleased to approve of my Design, but begged I would not bring the Marquis to *Paris*, where he would not have him to appear, till he had finished his Travels, promising to come and see us himself, either at my Daughter's, or at the Count of —— my Uncle on the Father's Side.

We passed about two Months in *Holland*, with all possible Satisfaction. Our usual Visits were at the *Marquis de Chasteauneuf*'s, the *French* Embassador, and the *Count de Tarouca*'s the *Portuguese* Embassador, for I do not call visiting our being almost constantly at *Amulem*'s Lodgings, or he and his Children with us at ours. We looked upon our selves as one and the same Family. *Muleid* and *Memisces* made themselves, in a short Time, perfect in our Language; so that our Conversation became easy and familiar. I was extremely afraid, that the Marquis would at last discover *Memisces*'s Sex, which must have produced, as may be easily judged, a very odd Effect, for it plainly appeared, that his Affection for this young Person was augmented, since the Discovery of his being so nearly related to me. He made no Scruple to tell me so himself, and asked laughing, if I had any Objections to make against his loving my Nephew. It is certain, my Niece had tender Sentiments for the Marquis, I was too clear-sighted, not to perceive it from the Pleasure she had in being with him, and in his

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waggifh Manner of toying with her. I did not let her know for fome Days, that I was informed of her Sex, but being apprehenfive, that fhe would come at laft to a ferious Engagement with the Marquis, who became daily more and more lovely, I made her underftand that I knew her Difguife, being perfuaded, that this Difcovery would make her more referved with the young Gentleman. Good-morrow, my dear Niece, *faid I*, taking her by the hand. She blufhed without anfwering, but I waited till fhe fpoke, and looked at her fmiling. At laft fhe told me, that it feemed I had forgot, that fhe was was my Nephew *Memifces*. No, no, *replied I*, embracing her, I know what you are, and I affure you, that if I loved you as *Memifces*, I love you ftill more as my dear Niece. I fee, *faid fhe*, that my Father has difcovered my Sex, and truly, I was furprized why he feemed to keep it a Myftery from you; but is it not rather you your felf, my dear Uncle, who have concealed what you knew, no doubt, from our Arrival here. We continued our Conference in the fame Pofture, till the Marquis entered the Parlour, where we were, and advancing foftly behind *Memifces*, he made a Sign to me not to difcover him, which I the more readily complied with, being willing to fee how my Niece would take his little Freedoms, after what had paffed betwixt her and me before he came in. The Marquis without any Ceremony, put his Hands about her Neck, and kiffed her Cheeks, till they were red as Fire. *Memifces*,(which Name I fhall ftill continue to give her) made fome Efforts to get herfelf difingaged, and artfully feigning that he had hurt her, defired him, with a Short of pettifh Air, to let her alone. The Marquis, who was not accuftomed to hear her fpeak fo ferioufly, made a thoufand fubmiffive Excufes, and fancying that he might have really hurt her, wanted to fee if there was any

Mark upon her Neck, and this was a new Scene that diverted me much. All this while, I had not opened my Mouth, but at laſt I took *Memiſces*'s Part, and told the Marquis, that ſuch Careſſes were not handſom, and could only be allowed in Children. Good God how rigid you are, *anſwered he*, when People love one another, may they not without Offence, give ſome innocent Marks of their Affection. *Memiſces* told him with a Sincerity, which I believe ſpoke the Sentiments of her Heart. You fancy then, Sir, that I am without Friendſhip for you, becauſe I am not for ſuch little Fooleries; be my Friend as much as I am yours, but be no more waggiſh than I am, and you will doubly oblige me.

Amulem had as yet told me nothing of the State of his Affairs at *Amaſia*. I put him one Day upon that Subject, by aſking News of *Oſcina*, and ſome other Perſons that I formerly knew there. Till now I believed that *Muleid* and *Memiſces*, were that beautiful *Greek* Lady's Children, but I learned with Surprize, from *Amulem*, that notwithſtanding the Love he had for her, none of the Freedoms of the married State had paſt between them, and that ſhe had remained but a ſhort Time in his Seraglio; but here is the Particular Account he gave me of the whole Affair.

YOU remember, ſaid he, that *Oſcina*'s Heart was engaged when we had the good Fortune to deliver her from her Captivity; and that what induced her to comply with my Propoſal, was not any Inclination ſhe had for me, but to be rid of the *Sultan*; ſo that Hatred and Grief were her two ſtrongeſt Paſſions, which I ſoon perceived, and that ſhe had no Sentiments for me, but ſuch as Gratitude without Love can inſpire. I wanted more than this, my Paſſion being violent, but the moſt ardent Flame extinguiſhes when it is not nouriſhed with a ſuitable

Return

Return. I viſited *Oſcina* aſſiduouſly every Day, and gave her a thouſand Proofs of my Reſpect and Love; ſo that my whole Family were perſuaded, particularly after my Father's Death, that ſhe would always hold the firſt Rank in my Heart. She then did, indeed, poſſeſs it, and might have ſtill done ſo; but her Indifference was ſo obſtinate, that by Degrees her Charms leſſened in my Eyes. It is true, ſhe offered herſelf to my Embraces. I am your Purchaſe, *ſaid ſhe*, and have coſt you too dear to refuſe you the Poſſeſſion of my Perſon; but all this without the leaſt Mark of Tenderneſs, and conſtant Sighs for an abſent Object, a continual Melancholy in her Eyes and Countenance, even in the Moments when I was giving her the moſt paſſionate Proofs of my Love. But what contributed moſt to make me forget her, was, a new Acquiſition which I made of a beautiful *Circaſſian* named *Agelona*, for whom I felt my Heart more ſenſibly touched than ever it had been for *Oſcina*. I bought her from a Slave-Merchant who was carrying her to *Conſtantinople*. She was not ſo handſom as *Oſcina*, but poſſeſſed thoſe inexpreſſible Charms that make a ſurer Conqueſt than the moſt perfect Beauty, and it is certain that ſhe at once made one of my Heart, which ſhe preſerved till the Moment of her Death. She was the Mother of my two Children, and if you find *Memiſces* lovely, her Mother would have appeared ſo too, for ſhe reſembles her as much as poſſibly two Perſons can do, with this only Difference, that *Memiſces* has finer Eyes, and more delicate Features. While my Heart was thus agreeably engaged, I abandoned *Oſcina* to her Indifference, and paid her only ceremonial Viſits as I did to the other Women of my Seraglio. One Day ſhe deſired to have a private Interview with me, which I readily granted. The firſt Thing ſhe did, was to throw herſelf at my Feet, ſhedding Tears. I immediately raiſed

her from the Ground, and having made her ſit down, aſked, with ſeeming Concern, the Cauſe of her Grief. She began a very moving Diſcourſe upon the Misfortunes of her Deſtiny, and the unhappy State in which ſhe had lived, ſince ſhe had been taken and carried from her native Country by *Mezzo Morto*. I have thrown myſelf into your Power, *continued ſhe*, and I have no Reaſon to repent my ſo doing; my Life has been much more comfortable, and if I continued to be afflicted, it is rather the Conſequence of an adverſe Fate that does not allow me to be happy, than the Uſage I have received from you, of which I cannot too much extol the Generoſity and Goodneſs. Why did it not depend upon me to prove more tender? I ſhould have made a ſuitable Return to your Love, and my Sentiments would have pleaſed you. But I have not been able to ſurmount the Melancholy that depreſſes me. My Indifference has cooled you, and you have abandoned me for another. But I do not complain, what my Tears demand of you now, in the Name of that Love you once bore me, is, to grant me Liberty to return to *Smyrna*, ſince I am not here of any Uſe to your Happineſs? Reſtore me to my native Country, to my Father, Mother, and Family, who, to this Hour, I preſume, are ſhedding Tears for my Loſs. My Father is rich, and will, I know, ſacrifice even his whole Eſtate for my Ranſom, conſequently you will draw two Advantages from my Liberty, that of granting to an unfortunate Creature the only Happineſs that ſhe can now hope for, and that of augmenting your Treaſure, by exacting for my Ranſom much more than I am worth, or than you eſteem me.

She threw herſelf at my Feet a ſecond Time, and in ſpite of me, claſped my Legs in her Arms. I anſwered, after having raiſed her up, that it had *intirely* depended upon her, to have made herſelf

one of the happieſt Perſons in *Aſia*; that in Reality, my Heart had not been able to bear the Coldneſs with which ſhe treated it, and had therefore ſought to render itſelf more happy; but that in ceaſing to be bound by the Chains of Love, I had not ceaſed to eſteem her, and was ſorry that ſhe had delayed ſo long to ask me a Favour, which I would have been always ready to grant her, and that ſhe might therefore look upon her Slavery as near it's End; that being reſolved to go myſelf upon ſome Affairs to the *Mediterranean* Coaſt, I would take that Opportunity of ſending her back to *Smyrna*; and as for her Ranſom, I promiſed never to demand a Farthing from her Father or Family, that ſhe might have ſome Senſe of my Generoſity, ſince I had not been ſo happy as to make any Impreſſion upon her Heart. *Oſcina* appeared to be ſenſibly touched with my Diſcourſe, and the civil Manner in which I treated her. About two Months after I performed my Promiſe, and I believe ſhe is now happy with her Family at *Smyrna*.

As for me, *continued* Amulem, my Deſign was to go to ſome Port in the *Mediterranean*, to find out a *French* Ship that would carry Letters to you. Contrary to the common Effect of Abſence, Anxiety and Melancholy increaſed in Proportion to the Diſtance of Time ſince we parted. I ſought you in every Place where I was accuſtomed to ſee you in my Infancy and Youth, every Thing put me in mind of your Frienſhip and Services. My Siſter's Image was forever in my Thoughts, you know how dear ſhe was to me. Shall I never ſee them? *ſaid I to my ſelf, almoſt every Day*; or ſhall I never have, at leaſt, the Satisfaction to let them know that they are continually in my Thoughts, and that I would rather ceaſe to live than to love them? I found upon the Coaſt ſome *Marſeilles* and *Genoa* Ships, I gave Letters to every one of the

Captains, hoping, that at leaſt, ſome one or other of them would come to your Hands, and ſince you tell me that you never received any, I find they have all deceived me. In ſhort, ſeveral Years having paſſed, and my Children being of an Age to ſupport the Fatigues of travelling, I reſolved that they ſhould go along with me to *France*.

I had been informed that *Mehemet Lebi*, who is my Relation, had been made *Capitan Pacha*, and I hoped that by the Intereſt which his Poſt gave him, he could be ſerviceable to me in my Deſign of going to the Chriſtian Countries; accordingly I ſet out for *Conſtantinople* with my Children, but had the Misfortune not to find him there, he being gone by Order of the *Grand Seignor* to viſit the Iſlands of the *Archipelago* that are ſubject to our Empire. This Diſappointment did not make me drop my Deſign. I left my Children at *Genap*'s (whom you formerly knew at *Conſtantinople*) and going aboard a Veſſel ready to ſet ſail; I went to *Scio*, where I was aſſured I ſhould find *Mehemet Lebi*, which accordingly happened, and, knowing me again, he offered to ſerve me in any Thing that was in his Power. I told him ingenuouſly the Motive of my going there. You could not come more opportunely, *ſaid he*, I was looking out for a proper Perſon to ſend to *Holland* to negotiate ſome Affairs of our Grand Emperor with that Republick. Do you undertake that Commiſſion, you may eaſily return by the Way of *France*. *Mehemet Lebi*'s Propoſal was extremely agreeable, and I only aſked him ſo much Time as to return to *Conſtantinople* to take my Children along with me. But he anſwered, that the Affairs of our Sovereign Monarch could admit of no Delay. I choſe rather, *added the good* Amulem, to deprive myſelf of the Satisfaction of having them with me, than to loſe ſuch a favourable Opportunity, and therefore I wrote to them

to

to take the firſt Occaſion of a Ship bound for *Europe*, I was under no Appehenſions for them; having intire Confidence in the Zeal and Prudence of the Domeſticks whom I had left with them. In ſhort, I am arrived happily here, and every Thing ſince has ſucceeded beyond Expectation, only the Death of *Selima* has imbittered the Satisfaction of finding you in ſo extraordinary a Manner, and of ſeeing my Children arrive with you.

Amulem's Affairs retained him longer than we could have wiſhed, having, beſides his Buſineſs with the *States of Holland*, ſomething to negotiate with the Marquis *de Chaſteauneuf*, the *French* Ambaſſador, during which Time we employed ourſelves in viſiting the principal Towns in *Holland*. *Amulem* committed to my Care his two Children, who went along with us. At laſt, we all ſet out for *France* with an equal Satisfaction, and took the Road to the Count of —— *s* to whom I had wrote from *Holland* of our coming. He received us with ſuch Magnificence and Grandeur, that I complained of it, being uneaſy at the exceſſive Expence which he put himſelf to upon my Account. The Duke of —— was not unmindful of the Promiſe he had made to come and ſee us. All the neigbouring Nobility and Gentry came to pay him their Reſpects, and formed a very gay and brilliant little Court. The Marquis *de* —— my Son-in-law and my Daughter were among the firſt, and I leave the Reader to imagine how they careſſed *Amulem* and his Children, and what Returns they made them. *Agade* had almoſt died with Joy upon the Sight of her dear Patron, the Brother of her beloved Miſtreſs, to whom ſhe had been conſtantly attached.

THE Beauty and good Grace of *Memiſces* were admired by every Body. The Duke of —— who took Notice of the tender Friendſhip which the Marquis bore him, commended his good Taſte

in ſuch an Attachment, of which the Sequel will be ſeen in the laſt Part of our Travels, if the particular Facts with which it will be filled, permit me to render it publick. I ſhall end this with the unlucky Accident that came to imbitter all our Comfort, the Moment we leaſt thought of it, and which forced me once more to acknowledge, that it is not in this wretched World we are to expect pure and ſolid Pleaſures. Alas! had I occaſion for this new Proof, after the fatal Experience which I had made during the whole Courſe of my Life? We had paſſed three Weeks with all imaginable Satisfaction at the Count of ——s, and were coming to my Daughter's, notwithſtanding his Efforts to keep us longer. He had promiſed to join us a few Days after our Departure; and four Days being paſt we grew impatient to ſee him. Alas! we were never to have that Happineſs again, one of his Servants brought us the fifth Day the melancholy News of his Death. The moſt amiable and moſt generous of all Uncles had been attacked the Day before with an apoplectick Fit, which in a few Hours deprived him of Life. We were thunder-ſtruck with this terrible and unforeſeen Blow. But I drop my Pen to dry up the Tears which the Remembrance of this cruel Misfortune draws to this Hour from my Eyes.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, *&c.*

BOOK X.

I Underſtand that the former Parts of my Hiſtory have met with a favourable Reception from the Public, and that a new Edition of them has been publiſhed in *Holland*; whether this Succeſs ought to give me any Vanity, I ſhall not pretend to determine; but my Friends would have me look upon it as a Motive of taking up the Pen again, and continuing the Work. I would perhaps come into their Sentiments, did I know upon what Foundation the Eſteem of thoſe, who think favourably of it, is grounded. I ſhould, for Inſtance, eſteem myſelf happy, that what pleaſes me beſt in it, may be the Motive of their Approbation; that is to ſay, the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue, which I have taken Care to diffuſe through the whole Work, and I own that, notwithſtanding the Coldneſs with which old Age begins to chill my Blood, I ſhould again enter the Liſt with new Ardour. But who can aſſure me that the Eſteem with which my Performance is honoured, is not perhaps given to Things

which I cannot hinder myſelf from condemning, though I have had the Weakneſs to write them? I mean ſome ſoft and moving Deſcriptions, and certain Liberties in Sentiments and Expreſſions, which, though they do not directly claſh with Decency and Virtue, may nevertheleſs be of dangerous Conſequence to an inconſiderate Reader, who is too much affected by them. This Thought has made ſuch an Impreſſion on me, that I have, more than once, been tempted to throw the Journal of my laſt Travels into the Fire, and, by that Means, free myſelf, at once, from being farther ſolicited to publiſh them. And yet, ſhall I own it, at laſt my Scruples yielded to Solicitations, which is entirely owing to an eaſy complying Temper, and an unbounded Complaiſance in Friendſhip as in Love; a Weakneſs chargeable upon my Character, and of which I am, with no ſmall Concern, but too ſenſible. At the Age of Sixty I am juſt what I was at Twenty, a Lover of ſtrict Virtue; but ſometimes weak and ſlow in the Practice of it, though conſtantly an Enemy to Vice, ſo far as to avoid it with Horror, not only in my Writings, but alſo in the Courſe of all my Actions.

I thought my ſelf under an Obligation to give the Public this ſhort Account of the Diſpoſition in which I find myſelf, when I enter upon this laſt Part of my Memoirs, and at the ſame Time, to plead the Continuance of their Indulgence for the Remainder of my Adventures, which, if I am not deceived, will excite their Curioſity and Compaſſion, as much as the firſt did; becauſe my Stars ſtill continue their former Influence, and I am obliged now to acquaint my Readers, as I did formerly, that they ſhould take Care not to look into my Book, if they are liable to be too much affected with almoſt an uninterrupted Series of Misfortunes. Now this premiſed, I return to the Thread of my Story.

My Uncle's Death having put a Stop to all the Joy which we were beginning to tafte at my Daughter's Houfe, we altered our Refolution of remaining there fome Weeks. *Amulem* told me that he would be obliged to return to *Afia*, to make a Report of his Commiffion. We deliberated upon the Time of his Departure, and, as we were fully refolved not to feparate for ever, we confidered of the propereft Means to bring us again together. The firft Propofal I made to him, was to leave his two Children with my Daughter, to which he confented, and engaged himfelf to return to *France* as foon as his Affairs were finifhed. His Abfence could not be lefs than three or four Months; I thought in that Time the Marquis and I might vifit *England*, and return to *France* Time enough to rejoin *Amulem*, and remain with him fome Time at my Daughters; and, afterwards, accompany him to *Vienna*, in his Way to *Amafia* with his two Children. He approved very much of this Project. I wrote to the Duke about it, who readily confented, and it was without Delay put in Execution. The Adieus were tender and moving, particularly thofe of the Marquis and *Memifces*. I did not however obferve any Thing more particular than ufual, they had both of them the Cunning to deceive me, but we fhall foon fee them appearing in their true Colours, and acting a quite different Part.

We failed from *Calis* to *Dover* with a very favourable Wind; we took but little Notice of any Thing on the Road 'till we came to *Gravefend*, where we left off going Poft, and embarked upon the River *Thames*, but our Indifference was foon forced to yield to the Magnificence and Variety of Objects, that prefented themfelves to our View, and I have feen nothing in all my Travels that comes up to the Beauty of this Sight. The *Thames* from *London* to the Sea, is not only one of the largeft

and Navigation. In Places where the S
be extended farther, a great Number of
in the Plains and upon little rising Grou
sent themselves, as also beautiful Gardens,
Towns and well built: In short, one can
his Eyes in this happy Island without h
Idea of the Plenty in it, and the Happine
Inhabitants.

We passed through a Forest of Ships
seemed to multiply as we advanced, and
being favourable, in a few Hours we arrive
Foot of *London* Tower; but I shall afterwa
of this famous Place, and of what we saw
curious the first Day. As nothing is wa
London for the Conveniency of Strangers,
ourselves and our Baggage easily transporte
Quarter of the Town where we designed
We chose that of the Court as the most a
and most convenient for the Purpose of ou
into *England*, and accordingly we hired a
ment in *Suffolk-Street*. Though the House

Stones larger and higher than the reſt, which are placed at ſmall Diſtances the one from the other, and which they are obliged to clean ſeveral Times every Day. Beſides the great Streets that traverſe the whole City upon all Sides, there are infinite Number of ſmall ones that ſerve for Communication, and theſe they call Courts or Alleys. The greateſt Part of which are paved with Marble or large ſquare Stones, and are always very neat and clean, becauſe no Coaches or Wheel-Carriages are allowed to paſs through them. Nothing gives a grander Air to the Streets of *London* than the Signs at every Houſe. The *Engliſh* ſpare no Coſt to have them magnificent. And I have ſeen ſome that have ſtood them in five hundred Crowns *French* Money; they are gilded over, and embelliſhed by divers Ornaments of Sculpture and Painting, and the greateſt Part of them ſo large and weighty, that they muſt be ſupported by Pillars, which render the Streets narrow in ſeveral Places. The Churches alſo make a very fine Figure in *London*, having all, excepting a very few, being rebuilt ſince the Fire which conſumed the greateſt Part of this City. They are all in the modern Taſte, and there is not one of them that does not Honour to the Architect. The Church of St. *Paul*, which is the Cathedral, would very well deſerve a particular Deſcription. It is one of the moſt ſtately Edifices in the World. But the Deſign of theſe Memoirs is not to draw the Plan of a Church, or a particular Building. I only mention theſe Things, by the by, and to give a ſlight Idea of a Country, not ſo much eſteemed by the reſt of *Europe* as it ought, becauſe they do not ſufficiently know it. I ſhall take Care, in the Sequel of theſe Memoirs, to remark, by Degrees, what is moſt worthy of Notice at *London*, and in other Parts of *England*. The Duke of——— had wrote a Letter to our Embaſ-*dor, before* we left *France*, of his Son's coming to

London, where we thought ourselves obliged not to appear, but after paying his Excellency a Visit; he received the Marquis with great Marks of Distinction, and wanted that he should make Use of one of his Coaches; but we thanked him, having already hired one. By good Luck he had demanded an Audience of his *Britannick* Majesty for next Day, and offered to take that Opprtunity of presenting the Marquis. Accordingly we went with him about Ten o' Clock to the Palace of St. *James*, and having stopped a While in an Anti-chamber, while he was in secret Conference with the King, he came himself and desired us to advance, conducting the Marquis towards his Majesty, who was already apprised by the Embassador of his being there. The King was sitting in an Arm-chair, but he rose up on the Marquis's coming in, took off his Hat, and having immediately put it on again, advanced to the Middle of the Room, where we had the Honour to walk with him about a Quarter of an Hour. He gave the Marquis Assurances of his Esteem, and promised to contribute all that was in his Power to make his Stay in *England* agreeable. We were admitted the same Day to an Audience of the Prince and Princess, and were most graciously received.

THE Court of *England* and the City of *London* were then in a terrible Agitation, being still apprehensive of the Consequences of the *Scotish* Revolt, and the *Pretender*'s Enterprise. For though the Hopes of that unfortunate Prince had miscarried at *Preston*, and that his Party was intirely dispersed, since the five principal Chiefs were fallen into the King's Hands, and detained Prisoners in the *Tower*; yet it was not doubted but that there were not only in *Scotland*, but even in *London*, and in all the Counties of *England*, many Persons disaffected to the Government. This Opinion kept the King and Parliament under Apprehensions of Danger;

there

there was no End of Sufpicions and Examinations, and upon the leaft Umbrage, People, whofe Fidelity was in the leaft fufpected, were without Diftinction ordered to be taken into Cuftody.

THE five Ring-leaders of the Rebels, who had the Misfortune to be made Prifoners at *Prefton*, were fentenced to die the very Day of our Arrival. The King, moved with the Tears of their Wives, fufpended the Execution for fome Days, under Pretence of a more ample Difcovery of their Crime, and of the fecret Springs of the Confpiracy; but he had Occafion to repent of his Condefcenfion, which made him lofe one of his Victims. Namely the Earl of *Nithifdale*, whofe Life was faved, in an extraordinary Manner, by the Generofity of his Wife. This Lady had an uncommon Affection for her Lord. The firft News of his Condemnation made her fall into a fainting Fit, which continued fo long that it was like to have proved fatal, but having at laft recovered by the Affiftance fhe received, fhe did not take up her Time with weeping, but thought of Means to bring about his Efcape, at the Expence of her own Life. The Earl was a Nobleman of great Merit, and had gained a great Number of Partizans, even among the Populace; it was to thefe that my Lady firft addreffed herfelf, and threw away Gold and Money in Profufion, to ingage them to join and refcue her Lord, when he was carried to Execution. But, how great foever their Affection was for the Earl, fhe found few that were willing to undertake fo bold an Attempt; and therefore, not finding any Certainty that way, of Succefs, fhe changed her Scheme; went and threw herfelf at the King's Feet, whom fhe endeavoured to foften with her Tears, and the moft moving Expreffions that Grief and Love are capable of. She folicited the Prince, the Courtiers, and all the *foreign Minifters.* I happened to fee her at the

French Embaſſador's, and muſt own that I could not refrain from Tears upon ſeeing the Floods that ran from her Eyes, and ſo many viſible Marks of real Anguiſh and Deſpair. In fine, this ſecond Expedient proving unſucceſsful, Love inſpired her with a happy Invention. She returned once more to his Majeſty's Feet (who had the Goodneſs never to deny her Acceſs) and appearing to have given over Hopes of Pardon for her Husband, only begged of him that ſhe might be allowed to go and bid a laſt Adieu to him, which was readily granted, and ſhe left alone with him in the Chamber, by the King's Order. She took this Opportunity of changing Clothes with him, and preſſed him to walk out while ſhe remained in his Place. He was ſo lucky as to paſs all the Guards without being diſcovered; whether this was owing to the Handkerchief with which he covered his Face, under Pretence of wiping off the Tears, or that the Captain (which is more likely) had been ſeduced by the Lady's Liberality, I ſhall not pretend to determine. This Event was in a Moment known all over *London*, but all the Meaſures taken by the Miniſtry to find him out, were to no Purpoſe; and it was known, a few Days after, that he had got ſafely over to *France*, and at the ſame Time that the *Pretender* had left *Scotland*, and had landed at *Graveline*, with an Intention to retire to *Avignon*. This laſt News made the Court a little more eaſy, but did not hinder the Execution of the Sentence pronounced againſt the Rebels. My Lord *Derwentwater* and my Lord *Kenmure* were beheaded, and the reſt were ſhot or hanged. We had the Curioſity to be preſent at the Execution of the two former, their Tranquillity and Conſtancy were heroical. Heaven is to judge of the Juſtice of their Cauſe. The Poets exerciſed their Veins upon my Lord *Nithiſdale*'s Eſcape, and his Lady's Greatneſs of Soul. I remember ſome

Verses of a *French* Ode made upon this Occasion, which, though very indifferent, and even irregular, I shall here put down such of them as my Memory furnishes me with.

Dans un Cœur tendre & magnanime
L' Amour & la Vertu d' Accord
Arrachent sa Conquete au Crime
Malgré la Trahison du Sort, &c.

Fui, dit elle, chere moitié
Fui la crua tè dùn Tiran,
Dont le Cœur Sourd à la Pitiè
Se montre alterè de ton Sang :
Mon bras levé pour ta defense
S' est soutenu par l' Esperance,
D' arracher ta tête au Peril ;
Ne crains pas que je me demente.
Victorieuse & trop contente
Si mon trepas peut t'etre util.

Va conter à toute la France,
Et mon Courage & ton bonheur :
Pour prix de ma noble Assurance
Je ne veux de toi que ton cœur :
Et que tu graves dans ton ame
Que si par le bras d'une femme
Tu te vis conserver le Jour,
La Vie qu'elle t'a donnée,
Est moins un Fruit de l' Himenée,
Que l'Ouvrage de son amour, &c.

Thus Paraphrased.

The Heart where Love and Virtue dwell
In Unity and Peace,
Will ev'ry fulsom Crime compel,
To yield to them the Place, *&c.*

Fly from this Iſland, quickly fly,
  From thoſe who thirſt for Blood;
Let me my better half convey
  To diſtant Climes abroad.

If for thy Life my own muſt pay,
  I'll freely give Conſent;
My Glory will ſhine bright that Day,
  And I ſhall die content.

Go publiſh on the *Gallick* Shore,
  How I have done my Part;
And tell them too, I aſk no more,
  But ſtill to keep thy Heart.

Let this engraven on it be,
  While thou ſhalt wand'ring rove;
That what thy Spouſe has done for thee,
  Was leſs from Vows than Love.

THE very Day on which the Lord *Derwentwater* was beheaded, we were at the Aſſembly which was kept thrice a Week at my Lady *R——s*. I was ſurprized to find a certain Air of Melancholy in that Houſe, which I had not obſerved two Days before, and was told, by Way of a Secret, that the Lady had been paſſionately in Love with that unfortunate Nobleman; but that out of Regard to the King, as much as her Husband, ſhe had not only abſtained from giving any publick Marks of Grief, but likewiſe ſo far gained upon herſelf, as not to interrupt the Courſe of the Aſſemblies held at her Houſe. I curiouſly examined her Countenance, that I might, by it, endeavour to diſcover the Situation of her Mind. She took Notice of my attentive Looks, and when the Company was preparing *to be gone*, a Footman came and told me that his

Lady

Lady desired to speak with me in private. I was much at a Loss what to make of this Assignation, however, I begged of the Marquis to go Home, and that I would be with him at Supper. In a little Time after I was carried to the Lady's Closet, where, after she had carefully shut the Door, she spoke to me in the following Manner: I know, Sir, that you are a Man of Birth, and, which is more valuable, a Man of Honour, so that I make no Difficulty to lay my Heart open to you; you see in me, the most unfortunate Woman in the World. I have lost, this Day, every Thing that could make Life agreeable, and if I have Resolution enough to survive the poor Lord *Derwentwater*, I have not that of remaining longer with the Barbarians who have snatched him away from me. I must abandon *England*, should I perish in the Attempt. I know that the Sea-Ports are guarded, and that none are allowed to go abroad without great Formalities. In one Word, that I must deceive the King's and my Husband's Vigilance. But were the Difficulties still greater, I am resolved to surmount them. I have communicated my Design, upon a Promise of Secrecy, to your Embassador, who excused himself, for Fear of offending the Duke of *Orleans*, Regent, who had Measures to keep with the King of *England*, but advised me to address myself to you, as a Person very capable of rendring me this good Office: See, Sir, what you think can be done for an unfortunate Woman, and depend upon Acknowledgments more than you can desire. I so little expected such a Proposal, that I was, for a considerable Time, uncertain what Answer to make. Your Confidence in me, Madam, *said I*, does me great Honour, but truly I cannot but admire how the Embassador imagines that I can undertake a Thing which he refuses to do himself. At least did he tell *you by what* Means he pretends that I may accom-

plifh it? Or rather, Madam, confider with yourfelf that, being an abfolute Stranger in this Country, where I have not been above eight Days, and without any other Character but that of a Companion to the Duke of ——*s* Son, I am no Ways in a Capacity to obey your Commands. You are, Sir, *interrupted fhe*, and I would have not propofed the Thing to you, had I not known that it was in your Power to execute it. In two Words, I fhall explain myfelf, You may fend one of your Domefticks to *France*, on a Pretence of Bufinefs, and obtain from Court a Pafs for two. I fhall difguife myfelf, and if neceffary take the Livery of the young Nobleman who is under your Care, and in this Manner I fhall get eafily away. I only beg of you to give me a prudent Companion, and whofe Fidelity is to be depended upon. Truly, Madam, *faid I*, here is an Expedient that I never fhould have thought of. I only ask you a Day to confider of it, do not make a wrong Conftruction of this Delay, and be affured of my Refpect and Difcretion. I then took my Leave of her, and retired with my Head full of this Adventure. I refolved next Morning to go to the Embaffador's, and to talk with him upon all that had been told me.

But another Scene was preparing the fame Evening, which was to add to the Afflictions of the Day. The Marquis not expecting my Return home fo foon, had taken the Opportunity of my Abfence to write a Letter, which he certainly had no Defign to communicate to me. He was in this Occupation, when I entered the Chamber, and, finding him fo wrapt up in what he was about, that he did not mind my coming in, I advanced foftly to the Back of his Chair. He wrote on, and though I had no Reafon to be curious about the Subject of his Letter, yet fomething, I don't well know what, prompted me to look at it, which I no fooner did,

than

than I discovered that it was a Love Letter, and the Reader may judge of my Surprize. I immediately retired as softly as I came in, and having called for *Briſſant*, who was ſtill his Confident, I put ſeveral Queſtions to him relating to his Maſter, and by his Anſwers, I could eaſily perceive, that he knew nothing of this Intrigue. He told me, without any ſeeming Reluctancy, that all the Service he had rendered to the Marquis, ſince our Arrival in *London*, was to carry a Letter to the Poſt Office. I asked to whom it was addreſſed, he aſſured me, that he had not read the Direction, and that he only remembred it was for *France*. I ordered him for the future to bring me all the Letters which his Maſter gave him, threatning to diſmiſs him if he did not obey. I then went out to paſs an Hour in a Coffee-Houſe, till the Marquis had finiſhed his Diſpatches.

At my Return, I found *Briſſant*, who waited for me at the Door, and who put the Letter into my Hands, which I put in my Pocket, reſerving the Reading of it, 'till I went to Bed. We ſupped with our uſual Tranquillity, and our Converſation ran on the Cuſtoms of the Country, with which the Marquis was charmed: I cannot forgive *Guy Patin, ſaid he*, his odious Character of the *Engliſh*: He pretends that they are among Men, what Wolves are among other Beaſts: Can there be any Thing more falſe and unjuſt! On the contrary, I have never ſeen any Thing more humane and polite, than the Gentlemen that we are acquainted with, nor any Thing more ſoft and lovely, than the Ladies at *London*: Their Manner of dreſſing, the Method of their Aſſemblies, their open and eaſy Behaviour: In ſhort, every Thing that I have hitherto remarked, fills me with Eſteem for this Nation. I meet here, *added he*, with juſt the *very Reverſe of* what happened to me in Spain. I *was diſguſted* at the *Spaniards* from the Moment I

first

firſt converſed with them, and I ſee nothing upon my Arrival in *England*, but what gives me a favourable Opinion of the *Engliſh*. You are not deceived, *anſwered I*, in your Judgment of them. I had Occaſion a long Time ago, having come to *England* in my Youth, to know and eſteem them. And yet Diſtinctions muſt be made. *Guy Patin*'s Cenſure is unjuſt and falſe, *as you ſay*, if it includes the whole Body of the Nation, for there is no Country under the Sun, where we can find ſo much Integrity, Humanity, or ſo juſt Ideas of Honour, Wiſdom, and of Happineſs, as among the *Engliſh*. The Love of their Country, and the publick Good, a Taſte for ſolid Learning, a Deteſtation of Slavery and Flattery, are Virtues almoſt natural to this happy People, and are tranſmitted from Father to Son, as an Inheritance: But we muſt not look for ſuch *Engliſhmen* as I have now mentioned, neither among the Populace, too rude and ſavage to be capable of ſuch Sentiments, nor among the Youth generally too much given up to Debauchery. Conſequently the true *Engliſh* Character is only to be found in Perſons of a certain Age, and of a Rank above the Common, and if you make ſuch (If I may be allowed the Expreſſion) the preciſe Point on which you fix your View, I dare anſwer the more you know them, the more you will eſteem them, as the moſt deſerving People upon Earth. Therefore *(continued I) Guy Patin*'s Opinion is abſolutely falſe, if he pretended to apply it indifferently, and without Diſtinction, to all the *Engliſh*; but if he only meant the loweſt Claſs, it may paſs for an over-ſtretched Thought, not altogether unjuſt. Shall I tell you, *replied the Marquis*, what Idea I form to myſelf of the three principal Nations that I have ſeen? The *Spaniards* are a People that neither pleaſe when we firſt ſee them, nor when we are perfectly acquainted with them: At the firſt Glance they give

is a Difguft, and, upon a nearer Acquaintance, we find nothing in them that is capable to remove it.

In the *French*, on the contrary, the Exterior is attractive and wrefts, as it were, our Efteem, before we have Time to examine whether they deferve it or not. But then they are not capable of preferving it long, for the greateft Part of them difcover fo much Levity, Arrogance, Inconftancy, and in one Word fo many real Failings, with fo fmall a Number of good Qualities, that at laft we quite lofe the firft Idea which we had framed of them, and confequently, it is a Lofs to them to be well known: They may be compared to thofe Works of Art, whofe Beauty foon fades, becaufe they want that inward nurfing Juice with which Nature fupports her Productions in a conftant Vigour.

As to the *Englifh*, though their Exterior, fimple and modeft, has nothing brilliant in it, yet to penetrating Eyes, it has a promifing Afpect, and may be compared to a frefh Rind, from which the firft Thought that naturally occurs, is, that under Bark fo found and frefh no hidden Putrefaction can be concealed. Do we lay it open, we fee nothing but folid and entire Parts, as agreeable to the Sight, as they are proper for Ufe. The more we penetrate, the more Satisfaction we have upon the Difcovery of new Beauties, which feem to increafe and multiply, as we advance towards the Root, from whence, as from their Source, fpring all the Effects that have raifed our Admiration. In one Word, the *Englifh* Virtues are permanent, becaufe they are founded upon Principles, which are the Works of a happy natural Difpofition, and a pure unbiaffed Judgment.

I could not but very much approve of the Marquis's Opinion, and affured him that it perfectly *agreed with* mine. I was extremely well pleafed, to

to see that he had already got clear of certain childish Prejudices so common among Men, especially the *French*, who arrogantly assume to themselves the Preference over all the Nations in the Universe. This silly Disposition of the Mind is an Obstacle to the Benefit that a young Man may reap from his Travels, because it shuts his Eyes from observing the good Qualities of Strangers, and disguises all the Failings which he has brought along with him from his native Country.

THE Moment I retired, and was alone in my Chamber, I pulled out the Letter, which I had got from *Brissant*. It was directed to the *Bailiff** of my Daughter's Estate, an Address that puzzled me not a little, not being able to conceive what Business the Marquis could have with that Man. I considered again and again, but all to no Purpose; I therefore resolved to break open the Letter, and found under a Cover another directed thus, *For M. Memisces*, upon which I thought it was only a Letter of Friendship to my Niece, and was upon the Point of giving it a new Cover, and sending the Packet to the Post-Office without any farther Inquiry. But a sudden Thought, from what Cause I cannot tell, made me curious to see what he wrote, and therefore, I broke the second Seal. The very first Words surprized me to such a Degree, that the Letter was ready to drop out of my Hands. It began with the true Name of my Niece, whom he called his dear and charming *Nadina*, and I saw by what followed, that he knew but too well, she was a Girl (a Thing I could have swore he was ignorant of) and in that Quality, loved her much better, than when he thought her of another Sex. But what augmented my Trouble, was to find certain Expressions, which did not allow me to make the

* *A Sort of Magistrate.*

leaſt Doubt, but that it was to herſelf he owed the Diſcovery, and conſequently, that ſhe was but too ſenſible of his Paſſion. In this Perplexity, I formed a thouſand Projects, but could fix upon nothing. I was afraid, that the Marquis, who was capable of concealing a Thing of this Importance, would perhaps take in ill part, the Remedies which I ſhould make uſe of to bring about his Cure. His Years advanced, his Travels began to give him more Aſſurance and Experience, ſo that I made no doubt but in the Sequel, he would not be ſo eaſily governed; in ſhort, I looked upon this Adventure, as the Source of new Troubles prepared for me. After many Reflections, which kept me awake the beſt Part of the Night, I determined not to let him know, that I had any Suſpicion of his Intrigue. Next Morning early, I wrote a long Letter to my Daughter, informing her of what I had diſcovered, and begged, that ſhe would aſk her *Bailiff*, how he came to have a Correſpondence with the Marquis, and to inſiſt poſitively on his giving her all the Letters which he ſhould receive from *London:* I alſo recommended to her, to have a ſtrict Eye over my Niece, to afford her Variety of Diverſions, to divert her Mind from the Thoughts of Love, while I would obſerve the ſame Conduct with the Marquis. When I had ended my Diſpatches, I called for *Briſſant*, to whom I gave my Letter to carry to the Poſt-Office, with a Preſent of a few Guineas to engage him not to mention any Thing of the Matter to his Maſter. Having thus ſettled this Affair, my next Buſineſs was to go to the *French* Embaſſador's, in order to confer with him upon that of my Lady *R*——, and whatever Reſpect I might have for his Excellency, I let him know very freely a Part of the Chagrin which he had occaſioned to me, in putting that Lady upon making Application to me. He *fell a laughing*, what could I do, *ſaid he*; ſhe is

a charming

a charming Lady, ſhe preſſed me in an extraordinary Manner, and I was very ſorry that my Employment did not allow me to render her this Service myſelf: On the other Hand, is it not true, that you can do what ſhe deſires without any Riſk? And don't I know, *added he ſmiling*, that you are ſtill gallant enough to undertake it? *I anſwered*, that I could not think he ſpoke ſeriouſly: He proteſted that he was in earneſt, and ſaw no Difficulty in the Thing. If this be the Caſe, *replied I*, I do not refuſe to ſerve my Lady *R*——, but it is upon Condition that if any Diſaſter ſhould happen, I ſhall be allowed to attribute my being concerned in it to your Solicitations and Advice. I conſent to every Thing, *ſaid he*, provided I really have no Hand in the Matter.

As in Effect I ſaw nothing (after mature Conſideration) that I had to fear, except her Lord's Hatred, with whom I was not in ſuch Intimacy as to look upon that as a great Misfortune; I reſolved to comply with his Wife's Requeſt, and only to obſerve ſome prudent Precautions to avoid Noiſe. The firſt was to write a Note to the Lady, by an unknown Bearer, and to demand a Meeting in a remote Place. The Anſwer was brought me immediately, and I went directly to the Place of Aſſignation, which was the *Bagnio* in *Chancery-Lane*. My Lady *R*—— arrived in a Chair very little after I was got there, and was overjoyed that I conſented to what ſhe had propoſed. We agreed upon the Meaſures neceſſary to be taken, and reſolved, in order to render them more certain, to meet ſometimes in the ſame Place again.

Before I finiſh this odd Story, I ought to inform the Reader of ſome Circumſtances that will probably ſurpriſe him; I do not doubt but my Character, which has hitherto been tolerably well ſupported in theſe Memoirs, will appear in the

Sequel, by ſome of my Actions, to be a little inconſiſtent with it ſelf. But as, in acknowledging my Weakneſs, I ſhall with the ſame Sincerity repreſent my Reſiſtance and Remorſe, I hope for ſome Indulgence, even from People of the moſt rigid Morals, who may obſerve, at leaſt, that I ſtill preſerved ſo much Power over myſelf as to remain inviolably atached to the Rules of Honour and Virtue.

Being thus engaged, as I have already ſaid, with my Lady *R*——, I made it a Point of Honour to conduct this Affair to a happy Concluſion. I had no Difficulty of obtaining a Paſs for two Footmen. I ſhewed it to the Lady next Day. I took the Meaſure myſelf of her Body, in order to provide a Livery for her. I reſolved that *Scoti* ſhould accompany her, and required the Aſſurance of her Silence, even after her Eſcape, by many reiterated Oaths. For ſome Days we continued to meet in *Chancery-Lane*, but ſhe propoſed ſome other Place for putting on her Livery for the ſake of Secrecy, and to prevent all Manner of Suſpicion; which I thought was a neceſſary Precaution, and therefore hired a furniſhed Room in *Moorfields*, to which Place ſhe brought all her Jewels, and what Money ſhe could ſcrape together. In ſhort, her Livery was ready, *Scoti* prepared, and this ſecret Negotiation on the Point of being happily terminated, when, on the Eve of the Day fixed upon for her Departure, my Lady took hold of my Arm as I was going away, after bidding her a laſt Adieu. Her Countenance and Eyes plainly diſcovered an inward Concern, ſhe begged of me to ſit down again, after which ſhe ſpoke to me in this Manner. Alas! Sir, I am aſhamed to let you know my preſent Trouble. Never Woman was ſo unfortunate as I am. You know how far I was affected at the Death of the poor Lord *Derwentwater*. The

Tears that I shed for him were sincere, since I was capable of taking the desperate Resolution which I am now ready to execute: And yet my Heart is so changed that I cannot tell what to think of it. He is no more the Subject of my Tears, since five or six Days I have quite forgot him, and you now possess my whole Thoughts. Stay Sir, *said she, (on perceiving that I was going to interrupt her)* and hear me to an End. I know that this must very much surprize you, after having seen me so sensibly touched, but what other Reason can I assign for it; than the Influence of my Stars and your Merit! I shall nevertheless inform you how this Change has been brought about.

As I was reflecting some Days since, on my going to *France*, I considered the Disadvantage of being alone in a strange Country, and that it was necessary to have a Man of Honour to go along with me as my Conductor. You was the Man I wished. Your handsom Carriage, your generous Assistance, and obliging Zeal in rendring me Service: All this made a strange Impression upon me, and I have often said to myself, that you are the only Person from whom I can expect Assistance and Comfort. I know very well, that you are not rich, and therefore have resolved to share my Fortune with you. My Jewels alone are, at least, worth a hundred thousand Crowns. In short, I find that you have taken *Derwentwater*'s Place in my Heart, and it depends upon you to possess it while I live. Answer me, Sir, *added she*, with gently squeezing my Hand, will you reject the Offers of a Woman, such as I am? And will you render me more miserable by your Cruelty, than I am by all my other Misfortunes?

She here left off speaking, cast down her Eyes, and shed some Tears in Expectation of my Answer. I take Heaven to Witness, that in all my Life I never was under such Confusion: Nevertheless, that

I

I might not appear to be at a Lofs, I endeavoured to recover myfelf as foon as poffible. What you tell me, Madam, is, no Doubt, very furprizing, and whatever Opinion I may have of your Sincerity, yet I can fcarce allow myfelf to think that a Man of fixty Years, oppreffed with the Cares and Croffes of Life, can have, all at once, infpired you with Sentiments fo tender and paffionate. I never flattered myfelf, and much lefs now, that Death advances and affords me no other Profpect but that of dropping foon into my Grave; therefore allow me to attribute all the kind Things you have faid, as an extraordinary Effect of Gratitude, for the trifling Services that I have rendered you; but fuppofing it were true, that your Heart and your Tongue went Hand in Hand in the flattering Things you have been pleafed to tell me; let me beg of you to confider, that my Age, my Reputation, and the Engagements I lie under with the Duke of —— for the Education of his Son, are fo many infuperable Obftacles againft imbarking in any Amour, or making a fuitable Return to your Inclination. No, Madam, you are too juft and reafonable to prefs me any longer upon that Topic. But I will endeavour to render myfelf worthy of your Efteem, by giving you the beft Advice which I think you can receive; which is to give over Thoughts of going to *France*, fince the only Motive, I mean your Love to the Lord *Derwentwater*, fubfifts no longer. Go back to your Husband who can have no Sufpicion of what has happened, where I wifh you all the Happinefs and Tranquillity that you deferve. My Difcourfe had not at all the Effect that I could have defired. This unfortunate Lady fhed a Flood of Tears, and accufed Heaven for her unhappy Fate. As I did not now fee in what I could be further ufeful to her, I got up with a Defign *to take my* Leave of her. Ah! Sir, faid fhe, will

you be so barbarous as to abandon me in my present Condition? At least, stay a little to be a Witness of my Death, for, in short, *continued she, after a Moment's Pause*, what other Hopes have I now remaining, since all the Gates of Life are shut against me! You propose my returning to my Husband; alas! Sir, you know not that he is my most cruel Enemy. I will perish a thousand Times, rather than to have any farther Commerce with him. She then told me, that my Lord *Derwentwater*'s Death had been the Consequence of her Husband's Jealousy; that how much soever the King was irritated against this Nobleman, he would not have treated him with more Severity than he did the Lords *Widrington*, *Winton*, *Nairn*, and several other Chiefs of the Rebels, whom he pardoned; had not the Accusations and constant Clamours of my Lord *R*—— put a Stop to any favourable Intentions that the Prince might have had; that she had been most inhumanly treated by this cruel Husband, who would have forced her to be present at *Derwentwater*'s Execution, and upon her Refusal, had brutally given her several Strokes with Hands and Feet. In short, that she looked upon him as the most odious and despicable Man alive, and whom she would shun at the Peril of her Life. Besides, supposing she had not such Sentiments for him, it was too late now to think of returning, or of a Reconciliation, having, before she left the House, committed some Disorders, which would certainly augment his Hatred; such as laying violent Hands upon, and breaking every Thing that she knew he had any Value for, in his Closet. In one Word, Sir, I have irreparably broke the Chains that tied me to *England*. I detest this ungrateful Country; I abhor my Husband, and *London* is now my Aversion. You must either take me speedily out of it, or I must end my Life with my own Hands.

Would it not be better, *added ſhe, looking at me with a tender Glance*, that you ſhould cleave to my Fortune? Is it agreeable to the Character of a Man of Honour, to be inſenſible of the Advances made by a Perſon of my Sex; or am I ſo ugly, that I inſpire nothing but Averſion and Diſguſt? Though I could have anſwered a thouſand Things, I was reſolved to break off this Converſation, and to make her loſe all Hopes of engaging me to follow her; and therefore, I told her very plainly that, whatever Sympathy I might have with her Pains, and whatever Admiration of her Charms, nothing ſhould be able to make me deviate from my Duty; that I had, perhaps, but engaged myſelf too far already in her Service, yet, in the State that Things ſtood at preſent, I would not relax, but finiſh what I had begun, and if ſhe would follow my Advice, ſhe ſhould leave *London* this very Day, all being prepared for her Departure; and that ſhe, no Doubt, muſt run a great Riſk to make any longer Stay, if it was true, as ſhe had told me, that her Husband might come to know of her Flight before Night. With that I roſe up to leave her, promiſing that I would ſend my Servant that Moment, who was a diſcreet Fellow, and in whom ſhe might put an intire Confidence. She made many Efforts to ſtop me, but all to no Purpoſe.

I went directly to *Suffolk-Street*, where I gave *Scoti* Directions how he was to behave, and diſpatched him without loſs of Time. The Day was far gone, and I made no Doubt, but that they would make the beſt of their Way in the Night-time. I was impatient to hear of their Arrival at *Dover*, from whence I had ordered *Scoti* to write to me, before they embarked. I went to Bed under all theſe Inquietudes, and had ſcarce been in it *two Hours, when I* was awaked to receive a Letter, *which was juſt* then brought. I read it, and found

it was from *Scoti*, who wrote to me that he durst not return Home without my Orders, for Fear that this sudden Return might occasion Suspicion; but that there was no Appearance of his going to *France*, since the Lady absolutely refused to go, and ordered him to acquaint me, that she had Business of Importance to communicate to me next Morning, for which Reason there was a Necessity of my coming to the Place where she was, were it for no other Reason but to prevent her committing some Extravagancy. It was then my Eyes were opened, and that I clearly saw the Fault I had committed, in engaging myself so inconsiderately in an Affair of that Nature; and yet foreseeing more Danger in leaving it imperfect, than in having undertaken it, I set all my Wits to work how to extricate myself out of this Scrape. If I had been less a Slave to the Rules of Honour than I am, I might have abandoned my Lady *R*—— to her own bad Conduct, there having nothing passed between us that could expose me in the least, and she could have brought no Proof that I had dipt in the Design of her Elopement; but I thought such a base Procedure was beneath me, and therefore I resolved to continue my Service out of Generosity, without incroaching upon my Reputation. There was, indeed, something more in my Sentiments than meer Generosity and Pity: Ought I to confess it, and the Reader, will he pardon so much Weakness? I had been extremely moved with the Tears of this charming Person: It was not Love, the very Thoughts would have given me Horror, but it was something more than bare Compassion; what I felt cannot be defined. I ought however to confess, that perhaps I would have done much less for another equally unfortunate, but less amiable. At break of Day I went to her Lodging, and found her in a Chair, where she had passed the Night. You are then resolved

resolved, Sir, *said she*, to let me perish. Is it thus you please your Humour, and answer to my Esteem? Did you know my Heart, perhaps you might think it worthy of yours; But, in short, if your Resolution is fixed on refusing my Offers, I solemnly declare, that mine is as fully fixed in bidding adieu to Life, and I charge you with the Crime of my Death, since it depends upon you to prevent it. Why, *answered I*, would you renounce Life, who hinders you, Madam, to lead a quiet and happy one? Go over to *France*, since you incline that Way. If you be afraid to go into a strange Country, I offer you Recommendations which will procure you a favourable Reception; and more than that, I will procure you a Retreat where you can live with all the Tranquillity that you could desire, I mean the Country-seat of my Daughter, in whom I hope you will find Merit deserving your Friendship. I shall have the Honour to wait upon you there when I return from this Country, and shall contribute all that is in my Power to your Happiness. I only ask of you to conceal your Name and your Misfortune, while you are at her House. She alone shall be let into the Secret, and she will have no other Advantage in this Confidence, but that of rendring you the Respect due to your Quality and Merit.

THIS Project pleased my Lady wonderfully, and she thanked me in the strongest Terms, protesting that she was ready to execute it: But could not you, *said she*, compleat the Favour by taking the Trouble yourself of conducting me to *France*? I shewed her the Impossibility of that Proposal. *Scoti*, *said I*, is an honest Fellow, trust to him without Reserve; I will answer for his Discretion, and that he will conduct you safely to my Daughter's House, and give up his Charge to her. I am more charmed with your Civilities than I can express, replied

this poor Lady, with a Transport of Joy. I long to be with your Daughter. I ſhall love her becauſe ſhe belongs to you, and ſhall impatiently wait for your Return, that I may expreſs, without Conſtraint, the Sentiments which I have for you; perhaps you have been ſuſpicious of ſome Artifice, and have attributed them to the Neceſſity of my Condition, but you will then know if they were ſincere. Finding her determined to be gone, I called in *Scoti*, and, in her Preſence, gave him full Directions. She ſtript herſelf of her Clothes, and put on the Marquis's Livery, and ſhe appeared ſo charming in this Dreſs, that one muſt have been more or leſs than Man not to be moved. We blackened her a little to conceal the Brightneſs of her Complexion, and I could not, for my Life, hinder myſelf from kiſſing her fair Hands, which ſhe immediately threw about my Neck to embrace me, calling me the Author of her Life and her dear Deliverer. I conducted her in a Hackney-Coach to the River-ſide, where I got a Barge for her and *Scoti*, which was to carry them to *Graveſend*. She whiſpered in my Ear at parting, I go, my dear Sir, but it is with Hopes of ſeeing you again. I here declare before God, that if I am ſo happy as to ſurvive my Monſter of a Huſband, I ſhall be your Wife, whenever you think fit to accept of me. Do not ſpeak to me of the Difference of Ages; Love and Gratitude will make all equal. A profound Bow was all the Anſwer I made; but I muſt own that I was far from being eaſy when ſhe left me.

I had given her no Letter for my Daughter, for fear of being expoſed, in Caſe unluckily ſhe was diſcovered, but I wrote by Poſt.

THE Embaſſador whom I ſaw the very Day of her Departure, was curious to know all the Circumſtances of this Story: I told him frankly every Thing, except the Place of her Retreat, which he

preſſed

pressed me to discover, in a manner to make me easily conceive not only that this fair Lady was by no Means indifferent to him, but that he had some Jealousy of the important Service that I had done her. We agreed to wait in Silence, the Effect of her Flight, and always to speak of it as Persons unconcerned. The News of it soon became publick, and my Lord *R* —— gave Marks of extreme Grief, which was not thought to be sincere. The Conduct, which he had all along held with Respect to his charming Spouse, had given a bad Idea of his Character, and of his Sentiments. The Sequel of this Adventure will be unfolded before these Memoirs are finished.

I had passed the first eight Days after the Lady's Departure with so much Disquiet, that I was not capable of taking much Notice of what passed at *London*, where great Changes had happened. The Court, intirely *Whiggish*, persecuted the *Tories* with great Animosity. The Earl of *Nottingham* was stript of all his Employments, and ordered to retire to the Country with the Earl of *Ailesford* his Brother, my Lord *Finch* and my Lord *Guernsey*, his two Sons (who had likewise considerable Posts) upon the bare Accusation of being *Tories*, and for having made Speeches in Parliament too favourable to the Lords under Sentence of Death. My Lord *Portmore*, the Earl of *Orkney*, and Lord *Windsor*, had the same Fate. Sir *Roger Mostings*, who commanded the fourth Troop of *Scotch* Life-Guards, was involved in the same Disgrace. This Knight was one of the handsomest and most agreeable Men in *Europe*. We had contracted a particular Acquaintance with him at the Duke of *Devonshire's*, where we happened to meet at Dinner, and he having after that made us a Visit, we had ever since cultivated his Acquaintance. He was passionately in Love with a famous Actress called Mrs. *Oldfield*,

and, notwithstanding her Indifferency, and even bad Usage, could not be cured; so that being at Supper with us when his Disgrace and Banishment were notified to him, his greatest Concern was for his Mistress, whom he must abandon. Grief and Love made him shed Tears. His Order bore, that he should retire to his Estate next Day, and therefore finding the only Remedy now left, was to propose Marriage to Mrs. *Oldfield*, he took that strange Resolution in our Presence, and left us to go and execute it, which produced no other Effect but the Shame of a mortifying Refusal, of which, some Days after, we learned the Cause. Brigadier *Churchill*, Brother or Nephew to the late Duke of *Marlborough*, and Governor of *Plymouth*, was in Love with this Actress: She lived with him as his Wife, and bore him some Children, which he had caused to be baptized by his own Name. But what is most surprising, notwithstanding her disorderly Conduct, she was admitted, with Pleasure, into the best Company. The Ladies of the first Rank thought it an Honour to have her Conversation, and I have often seen Dutchesses, and other Ladies of the first Distinction call her into their Boxes after the Play, and converse familiarly with her; and indeed it must be owned that she is an incomparable Girl. She reconciled me to the *English* Stage, of which I had at first no great Opinion. Her Voice, her Shape, all her Action so charmed me, that I made Haste to learn so much *English* as to understand her, and seldom missed to be present when she was to act. The Marquis, in a very little Time, made himself capable of having the same Pleasure. We used to read the Piece that was to be acted before we went to the Play-house; so that by this Method, and the small Knowledge we had of the Language, scarce any Thing of the Declamation escaped us. The *English* are passionately fond of *Plays*, and I doubt whether France can produce so

many

many Works of this Kind as *England*. It is true they are not at all of equal Merit. But I have seen some of their theatrical Pieces, which, in my Opinion, were neither inferior to the *Greek* nor the *French*, and I will venture to say, that they would even surpass them, did their Poets but observe a little more Regularity: As for the Beauty of Sentiments, whether tender or sublime, the tragical Force of moving the Heart, and exciting the Passions even in the most stupid, the Energy of Expressions, the Art of conducting Events, and managing Circumstances, I have never read any Thing in *Greek* nor *French*, that exceeds the *English* Theatre. *Shakespear's* *Hamlet*, *Dryden's* *Don Sebastian*, *Otway's* *Orphan*, and *Venice preserved*. Several Pieces of *Congreve*, &c. are excellent Tragedies, in which we find a thousand Beauties.

THERE are indeed some that are somewhat disfigured with Buffoonries unworthy of the Buskin, but it is a Fault which the *English* themselves have perceived, and are beginning to amend. They have not made a less Progress in Comedy, for, laying aside Regularity, I doubt much if we can find in any Country any Thing more agreeable or ingenious, than the *Constant Couple*, *Provok'd Husband*, the *Recruiting Officer*, the *Careless Husband*, the *Way of the World*, &c. which are Works of their best Authors, and have given me Pleasure to see them acted. The Declamation of the Actors appears at first a little odd to Strangers, but they are not long before Custom reconciles them to it, and at last, forces them to acknowledge that they attain to the true and natural.

As to what regards the other Sorts of Poetry, there are few Nations that produce so great a Number, and such Variety. I do not speak of *Milton* and *Spencer*, whose Fame is known in every Place where the *Belles Lettres* have reached. These two illus-

trious Poets have been imitated by many others nothing inferior to the best Poets of any Age. A *Prior*, an *Addison*, a *Thompson*, Names in high Favour with the Muses, and admired by those who know the Merit of their Works.

THERE is such a general Taste for Poetry in *England*, that nothing is more common as writing to one another in Verse, and I have known several Ladies, who without affecting to be Wits, or pretending to Learning, have now and then composed very pretty Things with great Facility. This happy Turn of Imagination, joined to other Accomplishments of those charming Islanders, renders them the most lovely, or rather, if I may so say without Offence, the most dangerous Persons in the World. But as I shall not want Occasions in the Sequel to treat more at large of the *English* Ladies, I solemnly protest that I shall do them Justice with the same Sincerity that I have all along followed in these Memoirs.

I now return to the State of publick Affairs which obliged us to be very circumspect in our Behaviour. Though there was no likelihood that the Marquis or I could be suspected by the Government, the *French* Embassador insinuated that it would be Prudence to avoid a particular Correspondence with declared *Tories*. The King was not ignorant of our Familiarity with Sir *Roger Mostings*, and one Day that we had the Honour to be in the Royal Presence, he asked the Marquis with a Smile, whether he was *Whig* or *Tory*, I am, *answered he*, your Majesty's most obedient Servant, and ready to take any Name that will best agree with that glorious Title. I am obliged to you, *replied the King*, and could wish that your Friend Sir *Roger* were as well disposed. We saw that Day at Court the Duke of *Argyle*, who brought to his Majesty the Submission of the Earls *Martial* and *Sutherl*..., and several other

Chiefs of the Rebels, who had ſent it to him in Writing. It was reported that there was ſtill in *Scotland* ſeveral thouſand Men in Arms for the Service of the *Pretender*, under the Command of the Marquis of *Tillebardin* the Duke of *Athol*'s eldeſt Son, but as the greateſt Part of theſe Troops were compoſed of *Highlanders*, without Order or Diſcipline, it was thought that they would be eaſily diſperſed, and the Court was more taken up with the Earl of *Oxford*'s Trial, which was carried on with Vigour in the Houſe of Lords. His Friends nevertheleſs publiſhed, that it was nothing but a Feint; and in Order to affect the King upon the Point of Honour and Gratitude, they made it their Buſineſs Night and Day to repeat, in all Companies and Places, that it was highly improbable his Majeſty would throw away a Nobleman who had done ſo conſiderable Services to the Houſe of *Hanover*. The Duke of *Buckingham* appeared to be the moſt zealous Solicitor in his Favour; and yet it was all Grimace and Artifice. I cannot pretend to know what his Views were, but being at Dinner in his Houſe with the Marquis, I heard him ſay, that too much Favour was ſhewn to Rebels, in allowing their Trial to laſt ſo long; that the Puniſhment ought not to be uncertain for a Crime that was proved; and that his Majeſty, by a ſpeedy Execution, would have been exempted from the Importunity of Solicitations, and a great many People from the Trouble of ſuch a diſagreeable Employment. Good God! *ſaid I to the Marquis when we were by ourſelves at Home*, what a ſtrange Place is a Court!

Qu'avec peu de regret on y trahit ſa foi!
Quel ſejour etranger & pour vous & pour moi.

Or,

Or,

Where Treachery is a-la-mode,
For you and me, what ſtrange Abode.

Do you believe, my dear Marquis, *added I laughing*, that you will ever come into this pretty Scheme of Treachery and Villainy? Do you find yourſelf diſpoſed to flatter in Publick and to hurt in Private, to pretend to ſerve thoſe whom you would willingly deſtroy? This muſt be the conſtant Practice of an able Courtier, and this is the Life to which you are deſigned. When you ſhall come, ſome Time or other, to act in the Sphere of refined Politicks, you will, I dare ſay, laugh heartily at the Simplicity of my Advices, whoſe conſtant Tendency was to inſpire you with Love of Truth, Horror to Falſhood; that antique Taſte of Honour and Virtue, which neither Hopes nor Fears can have any Influence upon. Thoſe grand Qualities of the Mind which formerly diſtinguiſhed the Man of Honour and the Hero, are now called romantick Virtues. Who would dare, for Inſtance, to pretend Fidelity to a Friend, if his Fortune was in Danger by ſo doing? It is the Buſineſs of a Courtier, they ſay, to bend, approve, flatter and diſſemble, as it is of a Merchant, who traverſes Seas in Search of Riches, to ſubmit and accuſtom himſelf to the Agitations and Inconſtancy of that Element. Why ſhould we have more Probity, more Generoſity and Fidelity than thoſe with whom we live? We ſhould be conſtantly expoſed to be their Dupes, have our Breaſt open to all their Strokes, and never be able to defend ourſelves with equal Arms. Such are, my dear Marquis, the Principles of the Generality of Courtiers; and such perhaps, one Day, will be yours. I pray Heaven, *anſwered he*, that your Prediction may prove falſe.

I think I am ſo well acquainted with the very Bottom of my Heart, to be aſſured that it will be ſo.

It is no eaſy Matter to bring a Man to reliſh a Thing which he abhors to a certain Degree. Nevertheleſs, I conceive, *added he*, that the greateſt Part of Courtiers having theſe wretched Principles, a Man of Honour, who is obliged to live with them, and would follow other Rules of Conduct, has a very troubleſom Part to act. How is it poſſible to be conſtantly in Commerce with the ſame Perſons, and to ſupport one's ſelf in a perpetual Oppoſition to their Maxims? This is the very Point upon which I have Occaſion for your Advice, and for a conſtant Rule which may direct me through the whole Courſe of my Life. That which I have to propoſe to you, *replied I*, may be eaſily practiſed: It conſiſts in declaring yourſelf the firſt Day, ſuch as you reſolve to be ever after. Your Character being once eſtabliſhed, the Shame of changing will be a Barrier againſt the Contagion of Example. The corrupt Courtiers, who are by much the Majority, will at firſt look upon you with Aſtoniſhment. They will be ſurprized to ſee among them Virtues to which they are Strangers, and will, perhaps, laugh at the Prodigy; but if they find you firm in the Practice, they will get another Way of thinking, and their Surprize will be converted into Admiration. They will begin to reſpect you, and the next Step is to dread you; for ſuch is the Power of Virtue, that it renders itſelf formidable to Vice. You will by this Means, naturally, and without any ſeeming Pretenſions, acquire that Superiority which will make you deſpiſe Envy and all the feeble Attacks of Artifice, and you may be aſſured that, at laſt, Eſteem and Confidence will be the Fruit of your Behaviour. Your Caſe will be much the ſame with the Duke of *Montauſieur's* in the laſt Reign, who, in the Midſt of the moſt corrupted Court that

ever was, arrived at Honours and Preferment by the Road of Virtue, and to have Homage paid him by the Vicious themſelves, at the ſame Time that he openly condemned them by his Conduct and Maxims. After a long Converſation upon this Subject, the Marquis aſked if I had received any Letters from *France* by the laſt Poſt? *I anſwered drily*, No. He ſaid he was ſurprized that my Daughter, who ſeemed to love me ſo tenderly, was ſo dilatory in writing. She will no Doubt write me, *ſaid I*, an Anſwer to the Letter in which I gave her our Addreſs. I expected that this was by Way of Preamble to ſomething he had to ſay about *Memiſces*, but not one Word ſpoke he of him. He became penſive, and perceived by his Manner of looking at me now and then, that he was afraid I ſhould find out the Cauſe of his Thoughtfulneſs. You are very melancholy, *ſaid I*, what is become of that gay Temper, that I thought ſo natural to you? Is it the Remembrance of *Donna Diana* that ſtill afflicts you? No, *replied he*, I am a little eaſier on that Side, and though I never can think of her without Love and Grief, I have ſo far gained upon myſelf, as to diminiſh ſomething of the Uneaſineſs in which I was upon her Account. We live too philoſophically, *replied I*, and do not take what Diverſions we ought, my Advice is, that we go this Evening to the Maſquerade in the *Hay-Market*, where we ſhall ſee the fineſt Ladies of *England*. He conſented. We ſent to ask my Lord *Clifton*, a young Nobleman of our Acquaintance, if he would make one with us. He returned for Anſwer, that he was already engaged with Ladies to go there, but that if we would join their Company, we ſhould be very welcome, and told us, that my Lady *Portmore*'s Houſe was the Place where they had appointed to meet, and dreſs themſelves in their Habits. We did not fail to go to the Place of Rendezvous at ten o'Clock, where-

where we found a numerous and fine Aſſembly. A great many Habits were ordered to be brought, and every one dreſſed according to their Fancy. As we had pulled off our Coats, and had thrown them upon Chairs, the Sight of the Marquis's, which was near mine, gave me a Deſire, which would not have been civil in any other but myſelf, nor even in me, had it not been for the very Thing that moved me to ſuch a Piece of Curioſity, *viz.* to ſee if in his Pockets I ſhould not find ſome Paper that would give me ſome farther Knowledge of his Intrigue with my Niece. I make no Difficulty to accuſe myſelf now of this Action, becauſe I have confeſſed it to himſelf ſince, and he was ſo good as to approve of it. My Hopes were not fruſtrated, for I found two Letters, and could eaſily perceive by the Writing, that they were from my Niece. I put them in my Pocket, with a Reſolution to read them when I came to the Maſquerade Hall. We were all carried in Chairs, of which there are a greater Number in *London* than in any other Place of the World. The Sight was raviſhing. I do not ſpeak of the Number of Masks, and of the Genteelneſs of their Habits. Our Aſſemblies at *Paris*, in that Reſpect, are nothing inferior to thoſe in *England*; but the Diſpoſition of the Hall is one of the fineſt Things in the World, and owes it's Perfection to the Contrivance of the famous Mr. *Heydegger*, a Man extremely ugly, but who has an extraordinary Talent, and I may ſay is without an Equal, in the Art of contriving and making People pay for their Diverſions. This rare Quality has procured him the Name of Super-Intendant of the Diverſions of *England*, a Title of which he is very proud, and fond to ſee on the Letters that are directed for him. He has ſcraped together a conſiderable Fortune in this whimſical Sort of Trade which will not appear incredible, if we con-

that, besides the *Italian* Opera, of which he is Director, and from which he draws considerable Profits; there is no extraordinary Entertainment at *London*, of which he is not the Undertaker: And it is well known how liberal the *English* Quality are in every Thing that regards their Pleasures. I have been told that one Masquerade brings Mr. *Heydegger* above two thousand Guineas; for each Person pays one Guinea, and there seldom are less than two thousand Persons. It is true, all Sorts of Wines, Fruits, Confections, *&c.* are in abundance, and given gratis, but that Expence is small compared to the Profit. There are several other Halls for Gaming, and Chambers where People may retire and breathe in quiet, when they are wearied with Dancing, and with the Noise of the Multitude. In short, every Thing is in great Order, and admirably contrived.

My Lord *Lincoln*, who made one in our Company, had the Complaisance to keep close by us, in order to explain every Thing that seemed to deserve our Curiosity. The greatest Part of the Court passed in Review before us, particularly the Ladies that were most famous for their Beauty, and for their Adventures; to relate them all would be endless Work, but the following is too diverting to be omitted. My Lord *Lincoln* having perceived near to us a Lady unmasked, which almost every body does at last, he desired us softly to take Notice of her, and after he had given us sufficient Time to admire her, we sat down upon a Bench a few Paces distant. Listen, *said he*, to the Story of that pretty little Face that you have now been admiring, her Name is my Lady *Dar*—— Daughter of a rich Brewer, who educated her with all possible Care, with a View to marry her to some Lord at Court. This Design succeeded, but in a different Way from what the Father proposed. Sir Richard Walterney,

terney, a Man immenſely rich, happened to get a Sight of this Beauty, then called Miſs *Sally*, and having fallen paſſionately in Love, reſolved at any Rate to poſſeſs her, but the Difficulty was how to ſucceed. She had been brought up under the Direction of a very devout Mother, who, by continually talking to her of the other World, and the Torments of Hell, had ſo filled her Head with theſe Ideas, that her greateſt Satisfaction was to be alone, and to meditate upon all theſe Things. She frequented the Churches, and read nothing but Books of Devotion, admitting none of the Male Sex into her Company but Churchmen. Such Obſtacles did not diſcourage the Knight, as he was a Man of Experience, he had not ſeen the fair Lady twice, till he found out that her Conſtitution did not at all agree with her Maxims, and taking the Advantage of his Knowledge in the Moments that Decorum obliged her ſometimes to paſs in his Company, he at laſt was made happy, to the great Surprize of Miſs *Sally* herſelf, who could not conceive how ſhe had been brought to yield. However, after the Ice was once broke, which had perhaps coſt the Knight very dear, he had free Acceſs to her Favours, as oft as he pleaſed; and, his Paſſion ſtill augmenting, he engaged her to leave her Father's Houſe, under Pretence of concealing her big Belly, and avoiding the Effects of his Wrath; he kept her very handſomly in a remote Corner of the Town. His Happineſs was much envied, for the Charms of Miſs *Sally* increaſed daily, and *Walterney* had not the Diſcretion to conceal the Place of her Retreat from his Friends, of which Number was my Lord *D*——; he ſaw this fair Lady, and was infected with that long and fatal Paſſion which forced him at laſt to marry her, at the Expence of his Honour and Fortune, *but I* muſt let you know by what Steps he has *made himſelf* infamous.

Sir *Richard Walterney*, the moſt voluptuous Man in *England*, ſacrificed every Thing to his Paſſion, and made Miſs *Sally* lead a delicious Life. She had no more that Horror for Hell, and ſhe was ſo well reconciled with the Demons, that ſhe was poſſeſſed by a Dozen of the largeſt, particularly by him who had the Direction of ſenſual Pleaſures. Sir *Richard*, who was pretty far advanced in Years, and beſides, almoſt wore out with Debauchery, could not perhaps afford her ſuch as ſhe deſired. Whether upon this Account, or for the ſake of Variety, ſhe let ſome of *Walterney*'s Friends know that ſhe was gentle and eaſy to be intreated: My Lord was the firſt who found it was ſo, and diſcovered ſo many Charms, that, being naturally jealous, he could not bear the Thoughts of a Partner, and accordingly propoſed that ſhe ſhould leave her firſt Lover; but ſhe rejected the Propoſal, and begged of him to be ſatisfied with what favours he received: But he, the moſt violent Man alive, eaſily found Means to pick a Quarrel with the poor *Walterney*, and having carried him to a private Place, ran him twice or thrice through the Body with his Sword. The Heirs of the deceaſed thought of nothing but the Succeſſion, and to get hold of his Riches without troubling themſelves much about revenging his Death; ſo that my Lord *D*——— thought himſelf ſole and peaceable Poſſeſſor of the beautiful Miſs *Sally*. But he had reckoned without his Hoſt. This fickle Girl had no ſooner found that he pretended to act the Tyrant, than ſhe excluded him from her Favours and Preſence; not that ſhe intended to lead a more regular Life, having admitted two or three Lovers ſucceſſively to comfort her for the Loſs. My Lord *D*—— was during that Time conſuming himſelf with Grief and Love. He made a thouſand fruitleſs Attempts ... Pardon of his Ingrate, but he rejected all his

his Submissions, and his very Name was become odious to her; however as he could not live without her, he resolved at last to wed her, if that would do. The Proposal was made in due Form, and all *London* soon heard of it, and at the same Time that this whimsical Jade had refused him with Haughtiness and Disdain. My Lord *D*—— was not so much affected upon the Account of Shame, as the Baulk that his Love met with, and I have heard him say, that he was fully resolved to go and stab her at Noon-day, and thereafter to plunge the same Dagger in his own Breast. I am persuaded, *continued the Earl of* Lincoln, that he would have done it, had not one of the most fantastical Adventures in the World at once brought about a Change in his Condition.

He had a *Valet de Chambre*, who was an ingenious witty Fellow, and who, as it often happens, was become his Master's Confident. This young Fellow had heard how Miss *Sally* had been educated, and of her former Inclination to Devotion. Upon this he formed a very ridiculous Plan, which nevertheless succeeded. In the first Place he bought from Sir *Richard Walterney*'s Heirs one of his Pictures drawn to the Life, and caused a Vizard to be made exactly resembling it, which I have seen, said my Lord, and it was so well done, that one would have swore it was Sir *Richard*'s very Face. He then prevailed with his Master to advance a considerable Sum, with which he proposed to gain Miss *Sally*'s Maid, a Thing not very difficult; he learned from her who was the Favourite Lover, and contrived a Scheme to have him out of the Way, the Night that was proposed for this Project. A counterfeit Letter was sent to him in the Evening, from the Secretary of State's Office, ordering him to go to *Windsor*, where the Court then was. His next Step was to provide a large dark Lanthorn, with a

large and bright Glaſs; having thus got all Things neceſſary, he went to Miſs *Sally*'s Houſe, and required of the Maid that ſhe ſhould place him in ſome dark Corner, till her Miſtreſs was gone to Bed. Miſs *Sally*, after having in vain waited long for her Lover, at laſt went to Bed; for I forgot to tell you, that though he had wrote a Billet to acquaint her that he could not paſs that Night with her; yet my Lord *D*——'s Valet had found Means to intercept the Letter, and to ſend Word only, that it would be late before he could come.

WHEN Madam was got to Bed, and half aſleep, this cunning Dog opened the Door, and came to the Bed-ſide in the Dark. The Noiſe he had made awaked her, and ſhe, not doubting but that it was her Lover, told him, that his ſtaying out ſo late was a Sign of Indifference and Coldneſs. No, Madam, *replied he*, I am far from being more indifferent or colder in my Affection to you, and I now come to give you a certain Proof. The dreadful Diſorder of your Life moves my Compaſſion. Alas! why did I ſeduce you! it is I that am guilty of all your Crimes. I am terribly puniſhed, and my Puniſhment will have no End. Hell is open under your Feet, and the Devils look upon you as their ſure Prey. Tremble, miſerable Woman, you are ready to periſh, or, rather, make amends for what is paſt by a more regular Life. Take the Advantage of my Lord *Dar*—'s Weakneſs, who is Fool enough to marry you, it is the only Means to eſcape the Torments that I ſuffer. When this terrible Lecture was finiſhed, which Miſs *Sally* at firſt took for Raillery from her Lover, he ſhewed her, of a ſudden, by the Means of his Lanthorn, the natural Figure of Sir *Richard*, or rather the Vizard, which repreſented him, and which he had put on: He ſtared her in the Face for ſome Time, with fiery ſparkling Eyes, and ſhe was ſo terrified, that ſhe had not even the Force to

cry out, but fell into a Swoon, during which the Ghoſt made the beſt of his Way Home, to acquaint his Maſter with the Succeſs of his Expedition. Miſs *Sally* became ſo tractable, that in leſs than twenty four Hours, ſhe ſent a Meſſage to my Lord *Dar*— acquainting his Lordſhip, that if he ſtill retained any favourable Sentiments of her, he might expect all the Marks of Gratitude in her Power. In ſhort, he married her without any more ado, and they live pretty well together. The Earl related this Story in a much more agreeable Manner than it is here inſerted, and when he had ended it, we mixed with the Crowd of Masks, where he made us take Notice of the King and Prince, who were juſt come in. Their Dreſs was of a Piece with many others, but the Behaviour of thoſe who accompanied them, diſcovered who they were. There happened a little Sort of Adventure, which did Honour to the King's Goodneſs and Preſence of Mind. A Lady in a Mask, whoſe Name we could not learn, came up to him, affecting not to know who he was, ſhe invited him to drink a Glaſs with her at the Side-board, which he frankly accepted. When he had the Glaſs in his Hand, the Lady ſaid, come, Mask, here's to the Pretender's Health. He anſwered immediately, in a moſt affable Manner, I drink, with all my Heart, to the Health of all unfortunate Princes, and then turning his Face to prevent being ſeen, he drank his Glaſs. As every Body knew him, this Anſwer was ſpread about in a Moment, and the Hall reſounded with Applauſes; neither he nor the Prince danced, but ſeemed to be much pleaſed with it, and indeed the *Engliſh* Manner of dancing is very agreeable. They begin their Balls with Minuets, and then come the Country-Dances. Fifteen or twenty Men, with as many Ladies, are ranked on two oppoſite Lines. They *turn, skip,* and croſs, in a thouſand different Man-

ners,

ners, without the leaſt Confuſion. The Tunes are lively and briſk, and puts them all alive, particularly the Ladies, who are the ſtouteſt Dancers I every ſaw in my Life, and never ſeem to be wearied with a continual Motion for four or five Hours without Intermiſſion; it is there where all their Charms are diſplayed, their Shape has ſomething ſo remarkable, that a Stranger is ſtruck with Admiration, and this Advantage is ſo common among them, that one cannot diſtinguiſh which of them has the Superiority. Their Complexion and Eyes are raviſhing; ſo that a Woman who paſſes for a Beauty in *England*, is an earthly Divinity; and were I not a *French* Man, I would ſpeak with more reſerve, leſt I ſhould be ſuſpected of Flattery; but it is well known how far we are prejudiced in Favour of our own Ladies; ſo that my Encomiums can lye under no Suſpicion.

It was about four o' Clock in the Morning before the Ladies, with whom we had come, propoſed going away; I had Difficulty enough to get an Opportunity of reading my Niece's Letters, but I at laſt got a Glance of them before we left the Maſquerade, and found that they were tender enough for a Girl of her Age. The Stile was a little upon the *Turkiſh*, that is to ſay, not confined to Grammar Rules; but excepting that Fault, it was cautiouſly enough writ, and one could eaſily diſcover that Modeſty in it, which is the Effect of a good Education. She had even the Precaution to ſign by the Name of *Memiſces*, in order, no doubt, to deceive the Curious, for whom her Letters were by no Means intended. One of them was addreſſed to the Marquis at *Calis*, in anſwer to one he had wrote her upon the Road, four Hours after he had left her, and the other he had received at *London*. I put both Letters into the Place from whence I had taken them, being unwilling that he

ſhou'

ſhould have a Suſpicion of my knowing any Thing of his Intrigue.

We employed the following Days in viſiting the Curioſities of *London*, and took the Trouble to go up to the Top of the *Cupōla* of St. *Paul's* Church; from that Place we had a View of the whole City, which is prodigiouſly great; it's Length along the Banks of the River *Thames* ſurpaſſes, without diſpute, any known City in the World. It is narrow in ſeveral Places, which makes the *French* imagine that it is not ſo big as *Paris* in the whole. For my part, who have no Reaſon that ſhould make me partial, I ſcarce think *Paris* is ſo big, unleſs the Height of the Houſes, moſtly ſix or ſeven Stories, be included, and that by cutting them in the Middle, the Extent of the City might be doubled. The Places which they call *Squares*, are magnificent, and in great Number at *London*. *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, *St. James's Square*, *Soho Square*, and many others nothing inferior to our *Places de Vendôme*, *des Victoires*, and *la Place Royale*; excepting only that the Houſes are not ſo magnificent at *London* as at *Paris*. The Palace of *St. James's*, where the King and Royal Family uſually reſide, is but an indifferent Houſe, and does not at all anſwer to the Majeſty of ſo great a Prince. The Garden, or rather the Park, is a large regular Square ſurrounded with ſhady Walks, without any other Ornament but what Nature has beſtowed upon it. It is divided by a large and long Canal, in which you at all Times ſee great Numbers of Geeſe and Ducks, of which Mr. *St. Evremont* had formerly the Superintendency by the Title of Governor of *St. James's* Ducks. This comical Employment, which he had aſked by Way of Jeſt, was worth, I have been told, a hundred Guineas yearly. I had the Curioſity to go and ſee the Houſe where this great Man ſtaid, which was in *Pall-Mall*, a large fine Street in the

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Neighbourhood of the Palace. It is reported that he was a very great Sloven, which occasioned frequent Quarrels betwixt his Landlady and him; and becaufe he would not allow her to wafh and clean his Apartment fo often as the *Englifh* chufe to do it. He was not rich, the principal Part of his Revenue confifted in the Prefents from fome Lords, and particularly the Duke of *Montague*, who gave him a Penfion of near two hundred Guineas. He was not liable to any great Expence, being very welcome whenever he pleafed, to the beft Tables in *England*, where I have been told he played an exceeding good Knife and Fork. He was always very well looked on at Court, but near the End of his Days he was lefs efteemed for what he was, than for what he had been. His Death was calm and peaceable, and it was not perceived that he was in the leaft affected with the Terrors that often attend dying Perfons; fome Moments before he breathed his laft, he caufed a famous Minifter to be brought to his Bedfide, whom he intreated, in a very ferious Manner, to repeat one of his Sermons, or to talk upon fome pious Subject, in order *(faid he)* to make me fall afleep, the Want of which is a great Part of my Diftemper. It is thus the greateft Men are unfortunately blinded in the Affair of the greateft Importance, and after having given many Proofs of a fuperior Genius and an extraordinary Knowledge in indifferent Things, they are wanting it what alone is folid and neceffary, I mean the eternal Concern of their Soul.

ST. *James's* Park is the publick Walk at *London*, and every Body is at Liberty to go into it. So that nothing is fo fantaftical as to fee, in a fine Day, the Flower of the Nobility, and the firft Ladies of the Court, promifcuoufly mixed with the Populace. Such is the Tafte of the *Englifh*, and it is in this that confifts a Part of what they call their Liberty. The Mob affects to fhow their Independency with

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Respect to the Great, and the Persons of Distinction take a Pleasure of being confounded, in many different Ways, with the Populace. This Disposition of Mind would be commendable, were it not carried to Excess; but it often occasions great Disorders, because it authoriseth People to commit many insolent Things. Who could ever imagine, for Instance, that the meanest Porter would dispute for Precedency in the Street with a Lord, whose Quality he knows, and that if either one or the other is obstinate not to yield, they will strip and box it fairly, 'till the strongest is Master of the Street; which is a Thing that happens very often at *London*, and I myself heard my Lord *H*—— boast that he had banged a Chair-man, though he confessed at the same Time, that he was a sturdy stout Fellow, and had made him feel the Weight of his Arm in more than one Place.

In several Coffee-houses some of my Friends have made me take Notice of one or two Lords, a Knight-Baronet, a Shoe-maker, a Taylor, and some others of the same Kidney, all sitting at the same Table with Pipes in their Mouths, and talking familiarly of the Court and City News. State-Affairs are canvassed by the Tradesmen as well as the Courtier, and every one has a Right to speak his Sentiments freely. They condemn, approve, criticise, tear to Pieces, run into Invectives by Word and Writing, without the Government's daring to oppose it; Nay, even the King himself is not exempted from Censure. The Coffee-houses and other publick Places are, if I may so say, the Seat of *English* Liberty. All the Libels either for or against the Government, are to be found there. At the Expence of two Pence you have a Right to read them all, and to get a Dish of Tea or Coffee into the Bargain; and besides these, *you have five* or six different Papers which contain *the News of Europe*, and particularly of *London*;

that is to ſay, under this Article is comprehended the moſt trifling Thing that happens in the City; not diſguiſing the Names of the Perſons concerned, of whatever Rank they may be; and thus theſe News Papers diſcloſe equally the good and the bad. Comedies, Balls, Conſorts, Books publiſhed, Quack Doctor's Remedies, Houſes and Lands to be let or ſold, Bankruptcies, Price of Stocks, the Arrival and Departure of Ships, in one Word, every Thing that may intereſt the Publick. The Eagerneſs of the *Engliſh* for all ſuch News is more than can be imagined, and not only the Capital, but even the remoteſt Provinces have a terrible Itching after News; ſo that there is ſcarce a Taylor who does not lay out two Pence every Day to ſatisfy his Curioſity.

Besides *St. James's* Park, there are ſeveral other publick Gardens at *London*, and in the Evenings you will ſee very good Company in *Gray's-Inn* and *Lincoln's-Inn-Walks*, where the *Ladies of the Town* are in great Plenty. It is a moſt melancholy Thing to ſee the moſt charming Creatures in the World abandoned to that infamous Commerce, and impudently offer themſelves to thoſe who will pay them.

I have been told that there is an incredible Number of them at *London*, and that ſome Streets are intirely inhabited by them, where one cannot paſs without Invitations by Signs or laſcivious Looks. The greateſt Part of the Quality and young People of Eſtates entertain Miſtreſſes in private Lodgings, but when their Lovers are cloyed, they are obliged to throw themſelves upon the Publick.

There are among theſe unhappy Victims a great many Girls of good Families, who have been debauched, and afterwards abandoned by their Lovers. But what is ſingular is, that if they have been kept by Men of Quality, they have the Inſolence to aſſume their Names as if they were their lawful

lawful Wives, ſo that nothing is more common than Counteſſes and Marchioneſſes of this Species. It may be eaſily imagined, that a young Man of the Marquis's Figure could not eſcape being attacked by theſe impudent Females upon many Occaſions, but I ſhall only mention one which I cannot to this Hour think of without laughing. As we were coming out of the Play-houſe, the Crowd of Coaches hindring ours from advancing, we were obliged to ſtop under the Arch that forms the Entry to the Play-houſe, and ſeveral others were in the ſame Caſe. The Marquis overheard two Ladies that ſtood by him, complaining in *French* of their being ſtoped ſo long, and the Crowd ſtill augmenting, we reſolved to go into one of the Coffee-houſes under the Arch, and the Marquis propoſed the ſame Thing to the two Ladies, who made no Difficulty. We were obliged to ſtay a quarter of an Hour, during which I diverted myſelf with reading the News-Papers, and the Marquis with entertaining the two Ladies, one of which was extremely pretty; at laſt, our Footman came and told us, that the Coach waited at the Door, and we took leave of the Ladies; this Adventure having nothing extraordinary in it, we ſoon forgot it. However, three Days after, when we were reading the *London* News together, we met with the following Article: "If the *French* Gentleman, who had ſome Diſ-" courſe *Monday* laſt with a Lady at the Coffee-" houſe, in the Entry to the Play-houſe, was ſerious " in what he ſpoke, and has honourable Intentions, " let him come to-morrow to the Play-houſe, where " he will hear of her." We looked at one another, and fell a laughing. Can it be poſſible, *ſaid the Marquis*, that I am the Perſon meant here? I make no Doubt of it, *anſwered I*, and I imagine that you have been waggiſh enough to tell that pretty Girl, *that you was deſperately* in Love with her. I do

not very well remember, *replied he*, what I faid to her, but to tell you the Truth, I believe you guefs right. Let us go, if you think fit, to the Play to-morrow, and we will fee what this Adventure will turn to. As I intended to divert him as much as poffible, I made no Objection to our going, which we accordingly did, and had fcarce been half an Hour in our Box, when a Footman came and told him, Sir, the Lady that you know of, waits for you with great Impatience; here is her Direction, giving him a Card, upon which was wrote *Mrs.* Oldftead *at Mr.* Derbridge's, *a Jeweller in* Southampton-ftreet, *two Pair of Stairs.* Having read this Direction, I was very far from confenting that the Marquis fhould go alone to find this Lady, or to offer to accompany him. I told him to acquaint the Footman, that we could not leave the Play, but that if Mrs. *Oldftead* would come to it, we would keep a Place for her in our Box.

The fecond Act was not over, when fhe and her Companion arrived. We received her with Civility, becaufe I had imagined that fhe might be fome Girl of an honeft Family, who had fallen in Love with the Marquis. But I had no Occafion to talk with her long to know my Error; not that fhe propofed any Thing that was indecent, but one muft have lefs Experience than I, not to difcover the Artifice of fuch Creatures; and yet I fhould not have interrupted their Converfation while the Play lafted, had it not been difturbed very comically. The greateft Pare of the Spectators had, as well as we, read the Article of the News Papers that mentioned this Girl's Invitation to the Marquis, and the Place of Affignation being the Play-houfe, the Hopes of difcovering fomething of this Myftery had brought a great many curious young Folks there, and he being dreffed in the lateft *French* Fafhion, they eafily judged by his Clothes and Air, that he was the Man. But when the young

Girl

Girl arrived, who was pretty enough to be the Heroine of the Romance. all Eyes were turned towards her, and Whifpers went from one to the other. The clofe Converfation that fhe was engaged in with the Marquis hindred her, at firft, from obferving what paffed; but having by Chance turned her Eyes upon the Spectators, and perceiving that every Body looked at her, all her Impudence could not ftand it. Her blufhing confirmed the greateft part of the Affembly in their Sufpicions, and fhe was the Subject of the whole Company's Laughter. In fhort, not being able to ftand it out any longer, fhe begged of the Marquis to come and fee her at the Houfe to which he had a Direction, and got up to be gone. But then it was that the *Englifh*, the moft unmerciful People in the World in the Play-houfe, began to hifs and fhout in a moft intolerable Manner. The Confufion which fhe was under hindered her from opening readily the Door of the Box, fo that fhe had Time enough to hear all the Noife that was made to her Honour, and the Pit that of increafing it.

I was at a ftand whether it was not fit for us to be gone too, but the Hiffing having ceafed, after the Lady difappeared, I thought it was better not to ftir. My Lord *Scarborough* was in a neighbouring Box, and, perceiving the Marquis, came immediately into ours, to inform himfelf if we knew that Lady, we told him the whole Adventure; and after the Play he invited us to Supper, where we paffed a Part of the Night with him and fome other Noblemen.

As I have not undertaken to give a Defcription of *London*, I am not at all exact in relating what we faw in the different Parts of that great City. I fhould however have mentioned the Monument, which was built in Commemoration of the great Fire. It is a hollow round Pillar about four hundred Feet high, and has a winding Stair, by which People can go up to the very Top. It is fupported by a

Square-base, upon the four Faces whereof we read the different Inscriptions that certify the Misfortune which happened to *London*, and explain the Circumstances. &c. What surprised me, was to understand that the *English* attribute this Misfortune to the Malice of the *Papists*, which 'till then I believed had only happened by Accident. I ought as little to omit the ingenious Machine by which the *Thames* Water is carried to all the Quarters of the Town. It is a high Tower, where, by the Help of Smoke from a constant Coal-fire, the Water is raised to a certain Height, and then is received into Pipes, and by them conveyed, under the Streets and Houses, through the whole Town, for the Use of it's Inhabitants. *London* Bridge is curious for it's Length but does not exceed, even in that, the *Pont Neuf* at *Paris*; and as for it's Breadth, it does not equal our *St. Michael* Bridge, or others that have Houses built on them, but in all other Respects perfectly resembling. The other Beauties of this Metropolis of *England* consist in the publick Edifices, such as the Hospitals, Churches, Houses of the trading Companies, Colleges of Advocates, and of all those whom the *English* comprehend under the Name of Lawyers. All these Buildings are the Work of a wise and prudent People, who, endeavouring to enrich themselves by Trade abroad, neglect nothing that may serve for Conveniency, Plenty, Security, and even Ornament and Magnificence at Home.

WHILE we were thus taken up with the Diversions and Curiosities of *London*, I received a Packet of Letters by *Scoti*, who was returned from discharging his Commission in *France*. He told me that my Lady *R*—— had behaved with so much Circumspection all along, that no Mortal had the least Suspicion of her Disguise; that she had been received by my Daughter with so much Civility and Kindness, that she proposed to herself infinite

Satisfaction

Satisfaction in her Retirement; that all the Family, except *Memisces*, who had the Small Pox, enjoyed perfect Health. The Marquis was present at this News, and it was on this Occasion that I had again an Opportunity of discovering the Vivacity of his Temper. Scarce had he heard *Scoti*'s last Words when he threw himself in my Arms. Ah, Sir, *said he*, with Transport, let us return quickly to *France*. Would you let *Memisces* die without seeing him? Alas! he is perhaps dead since *Scoti*'s Departure, were I certain of it, I would not survive him one Moment. Though I was not without Uneasiness for my Niece, I answered the Marquis smiling that he was a bad Comforter, and, instead of offering me Reasons of Hope and Tranquillity, it would seem that he intended to alarm me by his own Fears, but that I judged better of Events than he, that I saw nothing in the Distemper of *Memisces* but a common Accident, and most commonly without Danger, nevertheless that I was obliged to him for the Concern he expressed for my Family, and begged he would not be more afflicted than I was. He appeared to be a little dashed with having so visibly betrayed himself, though I affected not to understand him. He spoke little the rest of the Evening. I understood however that he asked *Scoti* a great many Questions about my Niece's Distemper; and wrote a long Letter before he went to Bed, but did not send it to the Post. For my Part, I retired to my Chamber to read my Dispatches from *France*. My Daughter informed me of my Niece's Distemper, but did not seem to be afraid of any bad Consequences. She enlarged much upon the Subject of my Lady *R*—— and thanked me for sending her so agreeable a Companion; at last I opened my Lady's Letter, which I could easily see had been dictated by a grateful and generous Heart. She pressed me to shorten my Stay in England, and her

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Of what are not our feeble Hearts capable, if we ceaſe, ever ſo little, to keep them under Reſtraint, by an exact and conſtant Vigilance! At ſixty Years a Man may be ſilly this Way. I am aſhamed to ſay it. but I have found it by Experience.

The reading of my Lady *R*——'s Letter made a ſtrange Impreſſion upon me. My Heart ſeemed all of a ſudden to be oppreſſed with ſomething extraordinary that gave me Terror. I leaned upon the Table and fell into a Fit of Thoughtfulneſs, or rather a Dream, during which this charming Lady, me-thought, was preſent to my Sight. I ſaw her, and my Imagination repreſented to me all her Charms; but though I felt ſomething very agreeable and ſweet in her Looks, neither her Preſence nor the Aſſurances I thought ſhe gave me of her Gratitude, could make me content or eaſy. Inſtead of ſmiling, I viewed her with languiſhing Eyes. In ſhort, upon recovering myſelf out of this Sort of Trance, I found my Eyes dim with Tears, and my Heart ſunk in Grief. So that I became as penſive and melancholy as the Marquis. We ſupped however together. He ſcarce ſpoke four Words, and I had no Inclination to interrupt his Silence. We retired with a melancholy Adieu, and went to our Beds where neither of us, I dare ſay, found much Reſt.

O God! muſt the Paſſions have ſuch Dominion over our frail Hearts! I undreſt without knowing what I was doing, or ſo much as hearing what my Servant ſaid, whom I ordered to leave me. What! *cried I when I was alone*, ſhall I not have Courage to maſter the Commotions of my Mind? I feel the ſhameful Poiſon creeping into my Veins, and ſhall I want Reſolution to repel it! But what *have I ſaid*—— What Poiſon—— Good God! am

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I speaking of myself! of me whom every Body takes for a Man of Prudence and Virtue; of me whose Thoughts and Actions ought to be as Patterns! This is then, *added I with Tears in my Eyes*, the Benefit which I reap from Age, Experience, and Piety; this the fruit of sixty Years, which I have passed in the Ways of Honour and Virtue! Alas! let me rather die with Shame and Grief than lose my Innocence and Reputation. No, no, I am not capable of a Weakness that can either bring Guilt or Dishonour upon me; my Heart assures me of it. I put myself in a needless Fright. It is not Passion that I feel for my Lady *R*——, only a tender Regard, which is justly due to her Misfortunes, and the Esteem with which she honours me. Upon that I called to Mind my Spouse's Perfections, and what I owed to her Memory. My Imagination represented to me her dear Ghost, attentive to every Step I took, and requiring a just Account of my Sentiments. My better half is in Heaven, *continued I with a little more Composure*, she shall never have Ground to reproach me with Engagements unworthy of her. She shall find me such as she left me, tender, constant, faithful, her Virtues still fresh in my Mind, and her Image in full Possession of my Heart.

These last Thoughts gave me some Ease, and towards the Morning I had some comfortable Hours of Sleep, and yet upon awaking some Sighs broke forth. My heart murmured at the rigorous Constraint under which Duty kept it. I was in Hopes that my continual Reflection would subject it intirely; but whatever might happen as to that, I resolved at least, that the Marquis should know nothing of the Matter. As for him, who was by no Means capable of Dissimulation, I could easily perceive the true State of his Mind. I took Notice *next Morning* of the Dejection and Heaviness that

appeared in his Eyes, for which he made no other Excuse than frankly telling me that his Concern for *Memisces* had disturbed his Rest, and I ought not to be surprised, knowing how much he loved him. That Day I answered the Letters I had received, and the Marquis begged of me to put a Billet from him to *Memisces* in the Packet, which he gave me open, and though it contained nothing but Terms of Friendship, yet I found Means to put it secretly aside; he imagined however that it was gone with my Letters, and I saw that it gave him Joy, because this seemed to convince him that I had no Suspicion of his Intrigue.

THE same Day we went to see a Diversion very extraordinary and no where known but in *England*, I mean Combats of Gladiators which they call Prize-fighting, a *Roman* Custom kept up in this Island for near two thousand Years. We found assembled in the Place of Combat a Crowd of Persons of all Ranks. The Theatre where the Combatants fight is in the Middle of a large Hall, and surrounded on all Sides by the Spectators, seated upon Benches raised one above the other to the very Roof. The first Trial of skill was with Sticks, which the *English* call Cudgels. They use them after the Manner of Hangers, and the Strokes are given with so good Will, that I cannot conceive how they can give each other so many without breaking Arms or Heads, for they fight quite naked. Whoever draws Blood from his Antagonist's Head first, is Conqueror. After cudgelling, comes boxing. The two Combatants strip, and are naked to the Belt, and the Strokes they give to one another are so violent, that they make the Blood sometimes spout out from the Mouth. I have seen some of them fall, and remain some Moments immoveable, but they soon recovered by the help of *Vinegar* put to their Nose. Upon which they get

up, embrace their Adverſary, and fall to Blows, till one or other has quite loſt Strength, and ſometimes Life itſelf. This Exerciſe ſeemed to me the moſt violent and dangerous; to which ſucceeds that of wreſtling. You ſee two luſty well made Fellows approach one another ſoftly, and with Precaution obſerving one another carefully for a few Minutes, turning round, as it were to diſcover the weak Part; touching Hough to Hough, and at laſt grapling, they ſqueeze and ſhake one another with a ſurprizing Force and Agility; and ſometimes it is a conſiderable Time before any Inequality is obſerved; at length, when Victory has declared itſelf in Favour of one, he lends a helping Hand to raiſe the vanquiſhed, and then they fall to it anew, 'till one or other is quite ſpent The laſt Combat is with the Sword, which is commonly undertaken by *Iriſhmen*, who, by a publick Challenge, by Way of Advertiſement in the News Papers, with a Rodomontade that makes People laugh, engage themſelves to fight with all who dare expoſe themſelves to the cruel Edge of their terrible Sword; and then they give you a Liſt of the raſh Fools that have loſt their Lives or been wounded by them; ſo that, take their own Word for it, they are ſo many *Cæſars* and *Alexanders*, and yet they are almoſt conſtantly beat by the *Engliſh*, particularly by a certain Prize-fighter called *Figg*, who handles a broad Sword with the greateſt Dexterity of any Man alive. I have been aſſured that he has fought publickly more than a hundred Times, without having received any conſiderable Wound. We were Witneſſes that if he received none, he knew how to give. His Antagoniſt was an Iriſh Serjeant, lately come from *Gibraltar*. They both appeared upon the Stage in their Shirts, and their Heads bare, and had a red Ribbon tied about their Arm to hold up the Sleeve of their Shirt. Boldneſs and Courage,

with

with a Mixture of Calmnefs appeared in their Looks. *Figg* offered the Serjeant the Choice of Swords, of feveral that were brought upon the Stage, about two Inches in breadth, and the Points ground off. I had the Curiofity to take one of them in my Hand, and found that it was fharp edged enough to cut off an Arm or a Leg. The Combatants, after fhaking Hands, as a Mark of Friendfhip and Efteem, put themfelves in a Pofture of Defence, croffed their Weapons, and began a furious Attack. We muft not imagine that there was any foul Play in the Cafe, or that they were not ferious, they let fly at one another fo heartily, and with fuch Vigour and Rapidity, that the Spectacle became terrible, and the whole Affembly was in a profound Silence. The Serjeant made a Blow at *Figg*, which cut a pretty large Piece of his Stocking, without touching the Leg. *Figg*, whofe Coolnefs and Judgment were furprizing, felt the Stroke; ho, ho! *faid he*, I fee thou haft a Mind to my Leg, but take Care of thy own, and with the fame Breath whipped off a large Piece of the Calf of his Adverfary's Leg, which fell upon the Stage; the general Applaufe was given to this clean Slafh by clapping of Hands, and crying *bravo*, *bravo*, *encora*, *encora*, which is a fort of Approbation that they have learned from the *Italians*. The Serjeant, not able to fupport himfelf, fat down and looked at his Blood, which ran in Streams. I was told that they had Powders whofe Effect operates a fpeedy Cure. We faw feveral others fight afterwards, who gave and received feveral Wounds. This Diverfion gave us an Opportunity to make feveral Reflections; it is certain that it has it's Utility, being a fort of School where Youth are formed to Intrepidity, and to the Contempt of Death and Wounds; but, on the other Hand, we agreed, that there was fomething cruel and barbarous in it. If the Effufion of human Blood is to looked upon as

an Evil, even when it is juſt and neceſſary, it would ſeem contradictory to the Laws of Humanity and Nature to make a Diverſion of ſpilling it. Nevertheleſs this Cuſtom is authoriſed in *England*, and probably not without ſtrong Reaſons in ſo wiſe a Government, where every Thing is calculated for the publick Good. The Seaſon for drinking the mineral Waters at *Tunbridge* being come, our Friends adviſed us to go and paſs ſome Days there, and ſpoke of that Place as of one of the moſt agreeable Things in the World.

ALL Perſons who love Diverſions are ſure to go there, becauſe they find of all Sorts, and we were made to hope that we ſhould ſee in Minature all that was rare and curious in *England*. Such vaſt Hopes made us take the Road to *Tunbridge* with Pleaſure, which is but a Day's Journey from *London*. The firſt Proſpect pleaſed us extremely. It is neither a Town nor a Village, but a Multitude of pretty Houſes ſcattered up and down without Order, and almoſt all ſeparated, though by very ſmall Diſtances. There are of great and ſmall, magnificent and indifferent, ſome upon the Deſcent of riſing Grounds, others in the Bottom near the Wells. The greateſt Part have no Gardens, and ſome have very neat ones, with little Woods that ſerve for Shades. Of the whole is formed a charming Landskip, which is the more ſurpriſing, as the Country thereabouts is barren and wild. This Place is uninhabited, except during the Seaſons for the Waters, which renders the Rent of the Houſes extremely dear. We hired an Apartment of only three Chambers, for which we paid four Guineas a Week. There was already a great Number of Perſons of Diſtinction arrived at *Tunbridge*. Upon our entring the Place, we heard a confuſed Noiſe of Coaches, Muſick and Acclamations of Joy from all Quarters, and I had very good Hopes that the Marquis's Melancholy as we

well as mine would meet with a terrible Check in this delightful Place. We were conducted to the publick Walk near the Wells, which is a long Street into which we enter, by going up some Steps; it is paved with large smooth Stones, such as we see in Churches. All along the Houses upon the right is an Arch supported by Pillars, under which People walk and are sheltered when it rains. There are no other Houses but Coffee-houses, large Gaming-rooms, Shops full of Jewels and Trinkets, and other Places of Diversion, where you see Crowds going in and out with a Continuance. In the middle of this Street, which they call the Walk, there is an Orchester pretty high above the Walk, where half a Dozen Fiddles and some Hautbois are heard from Morning to Night.

THE Order observed by People of Quality is this. In the Morning about seven o' Clock they come in an undress to drink the Waters, and walk an Hour or two after; they then breakfast in the Coffee-houses, on Tea or Chocolate. It is the Custom for the Gentlemen to treat the Ladies of their Acquaintance every one in their Turns, and the Expence is only six Pence a Head, a settled Price. There are sometimes fifty or sixty at Breakfast in a Company together, for in two Days Time one knows every one there. After Breakfast some walk again, and some go to the Gaming-tables. They ring for Prayers about Twelve, and those that are disposed for Devotion go to Church, which stands at the End of the Walk, and after this every Body retires to Dinner and to dress. About four o' Clock you see all the Company returning in Crowds, but in a very different Dress from the Morning. The Ladies are dressed out to the greatest Advantage, and the Men in their richest Clothes. They walk up and down some Time to see and be seen, 'till the Hour of Tea-drinking, which is done in the same Man-

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ner as at Breakfaſt, to which ſucceeds Gaming of all Kinds, Cards, Dice, *&c.* All the Rooms are filled with Tables, and other Conveniencies. They who have not Taſte for Gaming go from Room to Room, and have the Pleaſure of ſeeing others hard at it. A good many go to the Play-houſe and other Entertainments, of which the Variety affords an Opportunity of chuſing. There is thrice a Week a publick Ball in a great Hall built for that Purpoſe, where all Ranks are mixed without Diſtinction; you ſee the Dutcheſs, and the Tradeſman's Wife or Daughter go Cheek-by-joll, without any Body's having a Right to inform themſelves what you are, nor whence you come, and here they continue dancing 'till Day-light. I know not if this hinders, or is aſſiſting to the Effect of the Waters, but they drink them no leſs regularly next Day, and it is not remarked that any Body gets Harm by paſſing the Night in this Manner. I ſhould never come to a Cloſe, were I to relate all the Love-adventures that happen daily at *Tunbridge*. Had this charming Place ſubſiſted in the Time of the Ancients, they would not have ſaid that *Venus* and the *Graces* kept their Reſidence at *Cytherea*. We remained fifteen Days, during which not one paſſed without ſome new Scene that diverſified our Pleaſure. I would not adviſe People whoſe Hearts are liable to be ſmitten, to go to *Tunbridge*, unleſs they are guarded, as in my Caſe, with the Coldneſs of old Age. The beautiful Women are in ſuch Crowds there, that they are hurtful to one another, and one deſtroys the Impreſſion which the other has made. If one can but make his Eſcape from this dangerous Place, I would be apt to think that he needs fear nothing, after having reſiſted what is moſt bewitching and enſnaring upon Earth.

I have often been aſtoniſhed at the Notion which *Strangers* form of *England*, and have endeavoured to

to find out a Caufe to which it may be reafonably attributed. The *Englifh* are commonly looked upon as a People ftiff, haughty, cruel and barbarous, only fit for War or Trade, and who cultivate Arts lefs from Tafte than Advantage, who think and reafon folidly, but ftill with Views of Intereft: They reprefent them in their own Imaginations as void of natural Sweetnefs, Delicacy, and but very little capable of the Sentiments of Friendfhip, or the Softnefs of Love. This is what I am furprifed to have heard from many Perfons of Merit in foreign Courts, and in all the Countries where I have travelled; and I verily believe that this Idea is conceived upon reading the Hiftory, in which we may obferve that *England* is a Medley of feveral different Nations, who originally were *Barbarians*, *Danes*, *Saxons* and *Normans*; That the Nation has been often agitated with furious Commotions, Rebellions, Seditions, and inteftine Wars. We read of the bloody Difputes between the Houfes of *York* and *Lancafter*, the Troubles that have happened upon the Account of Religion; the *Cataftrophe* of *Charles* I. the Overthrow of the Royal Family of *Stuarts*, the Cabals of *Whigs* and *Tories*. From all thefe Events are formed an Idea of the Character of the Nation; and as few Strangers travel in *England* to know it otherwife than by thefe Outfides, one is apt to judge of the Interior of *England* by hiftorical Appearances; and yet methinks that this Rule is very unjuft: For, in the firft Place, there is no Nation at this Day, in *Europe* which derives not it's Original from *Barbarians*, the *French* and *Italians* not excepted, which none that has the leaft Knowledge of Hiftory can be ignorant of. The Barbarity of the *Goths*, *Alains*, *Heruleans*, *Franks* and *Normans*, does not hinder *France* and *Italy* from having the Reputation of polite Countries: In the fecond Place, were inteftine Troubles and fatal Events certain Proofs that could

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eſtabliſh the bad Character of a Nation, I would beg Leave to aſk, if there is a People in the Univerſe of whom we may form a worſe Idea than of the *French*. Let us go back to the Source of our Annals, and run them over to our own Times, what ſhall we find but Kings maſſacred, poiſoned, and depoſed; Sons armed againſt their Fathers, and Subjects againſt their Sovereigns; bloody Wars occaſioned by Religion, Ambition, Jealouſy, Hatred, and ſupported by Injuſtice, Cruelty and Treachery. We may read that for Concerns of much leſs Importance than thoſe that divide the *Whigs* and *Tories*, viz. for School Queſtions, and philoſophical and grammatical Diſputes, Fire and Sword have ravaged a whole Country. In ſhort, without mentioning the Diviſions occaſioned by *Janſeniſm*, which are like to be of long Duration, we have ſeen what is without a Parallel in any Age. Citizens of the ſame Kingdom deliberately cutting one another's Throats at the Sound of a Bell as a Signal, and a barbarous King animating perſonally, and with great Pleaſure, his Subjects to murder their Friends, Parents, Countrymen, and thoſe who lived under the ſame Roof with them, and even their Bedfellows. Such Actions would, no doubt, be a Reproach to a Nation were it juſt to charge every particular Perſon with them. But in thoſe grand Commotions that imbroil and overturn the moſt flouriſhing States how many Perſons are juſtly to be accuſed of it? One bold and undertaking Villain is enough; a Duke of *Guiſe* in *France*, and a *Cromwell* in *England*. The Mob is always blindly led. The Crime of popular Commotions only falls upon him who is the Author; and in thoſe Sort of publick Convulſions (if I may be allowed the Expreſſion) the moſt honeſt People are often through Fear, engaged, or by other unavoidable Neceſſities, ſo that they may be forced *to commit* Crimes, and yet preſerve their Innocence

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BUT if it is true (will it be anfwered) that the Injuftice done to the Character of the *Englifh*, is to be afcribed to the wrong Idea conceived of them by Hiftory; why do not People judge equally amifs of the *French*, who, in my Opinion, are not much cried up by Hiftorians? If it be a *Frenchman* that puts this Queftion to me, I fhall anfwer him at once, that perhaps his Vanity flatters him too far, if it makes him imagine that all Strangers have as favourable an Opinion of him as he has of himfelf. But it is no difficult Thing to anfwer this Objection otherways, and my Anfwer may fuffice to confirm my Opinion.

I confefs then that whatever Prejudice may be conceived againft the *French* upon reading their Hiftory, People do not give wholly into the difagreeable Ideas which fuch reading may infpire, and this is, I fuppofe, owing to a full Knowledge that Strangers have of their Character.

THEY are placed in the Middle of *Europe*, and that Situation expofes them to frequent Vifits of Travellers. They fee and frequent them, and, making proper Allowance for Levity and Vanity, are fatisfied that their Character is amiable, and confequently do them Juftice. The *Englifh* have not the fame Advantage. A dangerous Sea feparates them from the Continent. Travellers feldom go there; fo that they are not fufficiently known, and therefore Strangers are ftill kept in the hiftorical Prejudice with Regard to them, and, from a deceitful Appearance, daw a Picture which does not all refemble them. But to give my Sentiments in one Word, it is in *England* only where we can rightly judge of the *Englifh*. It is there where I have difcovered that they are humane, affable, generous, and endowed with all the Sentiments that render Men worthy of Efteem; fo that the better Part of the *Englifh* are fuch as I could wifh my Children

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and Perſons deareſt to me were. As for the Ladies I find that thoſe who are pretty, and great is the Number of ſuch, are infinitely more ſo than in any other Place of the World; and did I not know from whence I had brought my dear *Selima*, I ſhould have imagined that ſhe had been born in *England*.

BUT I perceive that my Digreſſions become tedious. It is the Effect of Age, however I will endeavour to deſerve the Reader's Pardon by the Narration of an Adventure which I hope will be agreeable.

BEING deſigned to leave *Tunbridge* next Day, we went to the Ball in the Evening, with a *Swediſh* Gentleman of great worth, called Baron *Spalding*, with whom the Marquis had made Acquaintance at *London*. While they were both in the Heat of Dancing, a Meſſenger came to acquaint the Baron that a Lady wanted to ſpeak with him at the Door. He went out as ſoon as poſſible, and returned no more. About half an Hour after, he ſent his Footman with a Billet for the Marquis, in which he begged that if we were ſtill reſolved on going next Day, we would take his Lodging in our way Home that Night. Accordingly we called about Midnight, but, inſtead of him found a ſecond Billet, with an Excuſe for deſiring our Viſit when Buſineſs obliged him to be abſent, and begging earneſtly that we would not leave *Tunbridge* 'till he had the Honour to ſee us. Though the myſterious Way was never much to my liking, yet, knowing this Gentleman's Prudence, I ſuſpended my Judgment. The next Morning produced a new Billet from him which was a preſſing Invitation to dine with him. When we went we found him waiting for us, with a Gentleman whom we did not know, and a young Lady of eighteen or nineteen Years old, beautiful as an Angel. He was in a *Tranſport* of Joy that was very legible in his Eyes

You see me now the happiest Man alive, *said he.* Yesterday I was the most unfortunate; Here, *continued he, pointing to the young Lady*, was the Cause of my Trouble Yesterday, and is now about making me the most happy Man alive; as we shewed some Anxiety to be better informed, here follows what he told us.

When I was making the Tour of *France*, *said he*, I arrived at *Marseilles*, and was indetermined whether I should not imbark there for *Italy*. As I was in my Inn a Lady was introduced to me with a Purse in her Hand, into which she modestly desired that I would put something by Way of Charity. I asked for what Use it was designed; she answered that it was to defray the Journey of a poor *English* young Lady, who found herself at *Marseilles* without Money or Credit, and who was positively resolved to return to her native Country. This Story moved my Curiosity. I begged of the Lady to inform me a little farther of this *English* Girl, and how, being so young, she came to be here. She told me that she had been in *Marseilles* for several Years, that an *English* Ship, in which she and her Mother were, being taken by a *French* Privateer, the Mother and Daughter had fallen to the Captain's Share, who lived at *Marseilles*, and who had taken such Care of them that they did not much feel the Loss of their Liberty: But that this good Patron happening to die, and having left them wherewithal to live decently, they had met with Opposition from the principal Heir, who pretended that the deceased could not dispose of what he had given them; and his Credit being, as may be easy supposed, superior to that of two poor Strangers, he had got Possession of what belonged to them, and had reduced them to the Extremity of Misery, the Thoughts whereof had lately killed the Mother, and the Daughter finding herself deprived of all Assist-

ance, had refolved to return to *England*, to facilitate which, all the better Sort at *Marfeilles* were united in the Defign of making up fuch a Sum as would defray the Expence of her Journey, under the Conduct of fome Perfons that were to have Charge of her. This Story moved me enough to make me curious to fee and be acquainted with this unhappy Stranger. I put two Crowns into the Purfe, and thus affected not to be too liberal to prevent all Sufpicion of my Defign. I informed myfelf where fhe lived, and was told, that fince the Death of her Mother, a Lady, out of Charity, had taken her Home to her Houfe. I confidered that I could not eafily have Accefs to that Houfe. Neverthelefs, as I am pretty much Mafter of the *Englifh* Tongue, I refolved to prefent myfelf in the Quality of an *Englifhman*, who interefted himfelf in the Misfortunes of a Country-woman. With this Title I was gracioufly received, and faw the Charming Perfon now by me, for it is fhe herfelf whom you now fee, *added the Baron*, and whom I adored the very firft Moment I faw her. I begged of her to tell me her Troubles, and how I could in any Shape be ferviceable to her. Her generous Anfwer gave me the finifhing Stroke, and in the Bottom of my Heart I made Vows to be her eternal Slave; but at the fame Time refolved to let her know nothing of it, only promifed my Endeavours to ferve her; and to begin with fomething real, I informed myfelf fully about the Rogue who had dealt fo unjuftly by her; his Credit did not at all frighten me: I took Advice how he was to be attacked, and commenced a Lawfuit with him in Form, fully refolved to pufh it to the King's Counfel, if he was happier than I in the inferior Judicatures. Heaven favoured the juft Caufe, for we obtained a compleat Victory, and Mifs *Perry* was put again into Poffeffion of what fhe had unjuftly loft. I then afked her, if fhe ftill continued

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in the Resolution of returning to *England.* She answered, that her Intention was such; upon which I offered to be her Conductor, on Pretence that I was designed to visit that Country (for I had not long concealed that I was a *Swede*) and to give her Modesty no Cause of Umbrage, I begged of the Lady who had taken her Home to her House, that she would honour us with her Company; she had contracted such a Friendship for Miss *Perry*, that she readily consented. We left *Marseilles*, crossed *France*, and arrived safely at *London*. I had not, during the whole Time, made the least Insinuation of my Sentiments to the young Lady; my Respect and constant Attendance were my only Interpreters. I had not so much as asked the State of her Affairs at *London*. I only took the liberty to ask her, to what Place of the Town she inclined to be conducted, and if I might be allowed the Happiness of visiting her sometimes. She told me, with a charming Frankness, that her Fortune was at a low Ebb, that her Father, formerly one of the richest Traders of *Bristol*, had been forced, by considerable Losses, to give over Commerce, and to retire with the Remains of his Effects: That he had embarked with his Family for the *Levant*, in hopes to retrieve his Affairs there; but that having been attacked by a Privateer of *Marseilles*, he had lost his Life in the Engagement, so that this unlucky Voyage had cost her the Loss of her Father, Mother, and of all her Hopes: That she had an Aunt at *London*, with whom she hoped to find an Asylum, and that it was to her House where she inclined to go, and to which I waited upon her myself: But how terrible was her Surprize and Concern, when we were told that this Aunt was dead two Years ago; and, that consequently, she had less Protection to expect in *England* than she might have found at Marseilles. I thought in this unhappy Conjecture, I might venture

to offer her my Purſe, which I had not dared hitherto to do, until ſhe could write to her Friends at *Briſtol*, and ſettle her Affairs. She ſeemed not to reliſh my Propoſal. Rather ſay, Sir, *interrupted ſhe*, that I but too readily accepted it, and do not leſſen the Merit of your Generoſity, as you have already done, by concealing the exceſſive Expence in which the *Marſeilles* Law-ſuit engaged you, and that of bearing, in ſpite of us, all our travelling Charges. I will, *continued ſhe*, with your Leave, finiſh the Narration of our Adventure, foreſeeing that your Modeſty will relinquiſh the Character of a faithful Hiſtorian.

Miss *Perry* then began to ſpeak in Place of the *Baron*, and thus went on in her Story. It is true, I made ſome Difficulty at firſt to accept of the *Baron's* Offers, being already under too much Confuſion, for the Trouble and Expence that his Compaſſion for my Misfortunes had engaged him in. But his conſtant and preſſing Solicitations, with the Advice of Madam *Doublet* (the *Marſeilles* Lady that had come along with them) made me at laſt condeſcend to lay myſelf under this new Obligation to him. He hired a very handſom Apartment for this Lady and me, and furniſhed it more magnificently than was ſuitable to my preſent Fortune: He gave me a Waiting-woman and two Domeſticks: In ſhort I enjoyed ſuch Plenty, as I had not known but in the firſt Years of my Life. Madam *Doublet*, who was a virtuous diſcreet Woman, did not approve of this exceſſive Liberality. What are his Views, would ſhe ſay to me, what does he mean by this Expence? If his Deſign be only to render you Service, a little more Moderation would be properer, and we might live decently enough at leſs Expence. I wiſh from my Heart, *added ſhe*, that there may not be Poiſon hid under this fair Outſide, *and that* Mr. *Spalding* may have no bad Deſign up-

on your Innocence. This Discourse did not at all please me. I had all along remarked so much Honour and Modesty in his Behaviour and Sentiments, that I could not allow myself to think him capable of any base Design. And yet, I could not account to myself for the Excesses of his Generosity. Is it Compassion, *said I?* Is it Love? The Motives are a Mystery, which he has not thought fit to explain. He treats me in the same Manner as he would a Sister whom he loves; but it is impossible for me to penetrate into the Cause of so much Kindness. Madam *Doublet* carefully observed his least Actions. He loves you, *would she sometimes say*, I am sure of it. Do but take Notice of his timorous Looks, his tender and respectful Behaviour, his Dread of being thought too familiar: No, no, this is not the Language of Indifference. Did not Love keep him under Restraint, he would be franker, and use more Freedom with you. But what Likelihood is there, *answered I*, that he should have such Sentiments for me as you imagine, since he never opened his Mouth upon any such Subject? This is just what makes me fear him, *replied she*, and suspect his Intentions; for one does not usually conceal, with so much Care, what they may reveal without Shame or Reproach.

MEAN-TIME the *Baron* was constantly giving me new Proofs of his Generosity; sometimes it was a considerable Present, which he had the Dexterity of presenting, in such a Manner, that I could not civilly refuse it. At other Times, it was Parties of Pleasure and Diversions, and all with a very disinterested Air, and without Affectation. His very Visits, though pretty frequent, were made in such a Manner, that there was no Room for Detraction, and he always took Care to pay them at Hours when he was assured Madam *Doublet* would be with me. Manners so charming and so noble could not

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miſs of reaching the very Bottom of my Heart, and I could not but think of him with Admiration. A hundred Times I wiſhed, not to be ſo happy as to touch his Heart, knowing but too well the Diſtance from him to me, but to be born with all that was neceſſary to pleaſe him, to raiſe his Fortune, and, in ſhort, to make him perfectly happy. I could by no means reliſh Madam *Doublet*'s Diſtruſt; my Heart would admit of nothing but Sentiments of Eſteem and Gratitude, and often more Trouble and Melancholy than I would let appear. In the Interim, I had wrote to *Briſtol* to be informed what Relations I had remaining; there were ſtill ſome, but ſo remote that I could expect no Aſſiſtance from that Quarter. Madam *Doublet*, perceiving the Concern I was under, offered to re-conduct me to *Marſeilles*, and there to live with her as long as I pleaſed. I perhaps ſhould have accepted of this kind Offer, had I been under no other Concern but that of my Fortune; other Ties linked me to *England*. My Heart was wholly taken up with the Thoughts of Mr. *Spalding*'s Favours, and my Inability of acknowledging them was a conſtant Weight upon my Spirits: Sometimes I even flattered myſelf, that my Abſence had given him ſome Uneaſineſs, and though I durſt not dwell long upon that Thought, yet I felt that it was the only agreeable Moment of my Life. It happened that a young Man in the Neighbourhood, who had ſeen me often paſſing, took it in his Head to fall ſo much in Love with me, that he reſolved to make me his Wife. He had a tolerable Fortune, with the entire Diſpoſal of it and of himſelf. He ſpoke to Madam *Doublet*, whom every Body took to be my Mother, and, having told her, without going about the Buſh, his Sentiments of me, asked Permiſſion to viſit me. She brought me this News with Joy, and did not doubt, but that it *muſt be very* agreeable to one who lived by the

Charity of others; but it was far from having the Effect on me that ſhe imagined. The *Baron* coming in as we were upon this Subject, I was afraid that ſhe would mention it to him, and felt myſelf under great Diſorder, without knowing for what. My Fears were but too well grounded, for he was ſcarce ſeated, when ſhe began to tell him the Affair, which ſhe thought was not to be kept a Secret from a Perſon to whom we had ſo many Obligations. While ſhe ſpoke, I was like one condemned to die; he liſtened to her Diſcourſe without the leaſt Interruption, and when ſhe had finiſhed what ſhe had to ſay upon the Advantages of ſuch a Match, he anſwered, with an Air of Coldneſs and Reſerve, that as none wiſhed my Happineſs more earneſtly than himſelf, he could not but ſincerely congratulate me upon this extraordinary Effect of my Merit: That I was to conſult myſelf upon this Occaſion, and whatever Reſolution I ſhould take, he would always eſteem him very happy on whom I beſtowed my Heart and Perſon. He then turned the Diſcourſe upon ſomething elſe, and it was but ſhort as well as his Viſit, on Pretence of preſſing Buſineſs.

I will not conceal, added Miſs *Perry*, addreſſing herſelf to the *Baron*, what I have not before now had an Opportunity to tell you. Your abrupt Departure, and what you had ſaid to Madam *Doublet*, were a mortal Blow to my Heart. I ſhut myſelf up in my Cloſet, and abandoned myſelf to Tears and bitter Complaints. Oh! Heavens, *cried I*, what a Fortune is mine! in what have I deſerved, that Fate ſhould treat me with ſo much Rigour. I was unfortunate before I knew what it was to be criminal. I loſt my Father, Mother, and all that I had in the World with my Liberty; the Time has been, when my Honour and Life, both in the Hands of a Pirate, were in conſtant Danger. In

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ſhort, I have undergone more Troubles and Miſfortunes than I can reckon Days in all my Life, and all my paſt Diſaſters were nothing in Compariſon to what I now ſuffer. What? to be acquainted with the moſt lovely Man in the World, to have been treated by him with a Tenderneſs and Generoſity without Example, to have flattered myſelf that Love had ſome Share in the Motive of his Services, and in that View made him Maſter of my Heart, and he to ſee me paſs into the Arms of another, without ſo much as ſeeming to perceive my Trouble; hard Fate! Alas! did I deſire a Return of Love? My Merit gives me no Title to ſuch Pretenſions, and I am ſenſible of it; but if Compaſſion has been able formerly to make him my Friend, why ſhould he want it now in my greateſt Diſtreſs? Could he think me ſo ſtupid, as not to be ſenſible of ſo many Favours? If he is generous, why thinks he me incapable of being ſo too? Or, if he has of my Heart the Opinion which with too much Juſtice he may, why does he not, at leaſt, pity me, when he is the Occaſion of worſe Pains than thoſe from which he delivered me? I remained four Days in this unhappy Condition, which, I muſt own, received a conſiderable Addition by my neither ſeeing nor hearing from the *Baron* during that Time. At laſt, on the fifth Day, he appeared with the ſame indifferent Air which he ſeemed to have when he laſt left me. Finding Madam *Doublet* with me, he deſired the Liberty of entertaining me for a few Minutes in private; and ſhe was no ſooner gone, than he threw himſelf at my Feet, and taking hold of one of my Hands, kiſſed it for ſome Time without ſaying one Word, and I forgot to retire it, ſo much was I ſurprized at this uncommon Behaviour. I ſee, Madam, *ſaid he*, that it is now Time to break Silence. I have, with no ſmall Difficulty, laid myſelf under this Reſtraint ſince the firſt Mo-

ment I saw you at *Marseilles*, and more still since we came to *England*, but all my Respect yields to the Fears you have given me of losing you; here he began to paint out, in most lively Colours, all the Torments which Silence had made him suffer, and which he had observed upon two Accounts, *viz.* the Fear he had lest his Services might appear to be selfish; and the Respect he owed to an Uncle who was as a Father to him, because, never having any Views but what were honourable, he durst not have proposed to marry me without his Consent; that as he was actually at *Paris*, in the Quality of Resident from the King of *Sweden*, he had been endeavouring, for two Months past, to obtain his Consent, but having only received civil Letters that concluded nothing, he durst not make me the Offer of his Heart and Person. However, Madam *Doublet's* Project of providing me a Husband had so alarmed him, that he had taken Post the Moment he left me for *Paris*, where he had seen his Uncle, and obtained, if not the entire Liberty of offering me his Hand, at least, that of communicating his Sentiments, and of endeavouring to gain my Esteem; that his Uncle had been so well pleased with his submissive Conduct, that he made no Doubt of obtaining a more ample Consent; that therefore the Success of his Love depended upon me, and that he expected with trembling the Decision of his Fate from my Mouth. I was so struck, continued Miss *Perry*, with what I had heard, that it was long before I was in a Condition to make any Answer. I found so much Nobleness and true Grandeur in all Mr. *Spalding's* Procedure, that wholly wrapt up in Admiration I forgot, for some Moments, the Concern of my Heart. That excellent Disposition which shewed itself in the Respect he bore his Uncle. That Disinterestedness in conceiving Sentiments of Love for a Girl in my Condition, and that frank

and fincere Manner of letting me know his Situation; all this, I fay, joined to the Remembrance, always prefent, of other Favours, made an Impreffion upon me which I could not bear, fo that I fhed Tears in Abundance. Too generous Friend, *faid I at laft*, moderate this Excefs of good Will to an unfortunate Creature who does not deferve it. You forget what I am; remember the poor unfortunate Woman, whofe Chains you loofed at *Marfeilles*, and preferved at *London* from falling into extreme Mifery, and who ought not to look upon herfelf but as your Servant or Slave. My whole Dependance is upon you, and I am, no Doubt, far from difputing the leaft Right to what fo juftly belongs to you: But it is my Duty to put a Stop to this prodigal Effufion of Favours, when you fet no Bounds to them. Be fatisfied to have made me what I am, in doing more, you will be too great a Lofer. I will not pretend to difown, that I am pleafed, and vain of what you have told me. Yes, I wifhed to have fome Place in your Heart, and your feeming Indifference, when Madam *Doublet* fpoke to you of my Marriage, gave me the moft fenfible Grief that ever I felt; but I am now too happy to think of former Troubles. I am more fo than I could have wifhed, and what I have now heard will make me eafy all my Life. The *Baron* feemed to be uneafy at what I faid, and pretended that the Word *Excefs* was lefs applicable to his Favours, than to my Gratitude, and would I have believed him, I muft have agreed that he was the Perfon moft obliged, for my furnifhing him with an Opportunity of exercifing his Generofity. He anfwered to the Objection of Inequality, by Reafons which his Love made him think very ftrong, and mine (for now it is no more a Myftery) hindered me from endeavouring to fhow their Weaknefs. A Heart which had long ago been his Conqueft wanted no fuch preffing Arguments, as he made Ufe of t

make it yield. I therefore received the first Vows of his Love, and made mine without any other Restriction but what the Commands of his Uncle might put. I begged that Madam *Doublet*, who was a second Mother to me by her Tenderness and Care, might be admitted into our Confidence, which I the rather wished, because it would remove the Suspicion she had of my generous Benefactor.

ALL the Days that have succeeded this happy Discovery have been Days of Joy and Pleasure to me. The *Baron* loaded me with Kindness, while he wrote Letter upon Letter to his Uncle to grant his final Consent to our Happiness. When the Season of the Waters came on, he advised me to go and drink them at *Tunbridge*, where he hired a convenient House for me at some Distance from the Place where he lodged himself. I went but little out, but he came often and saw me, which was all I wanted. Yester-night about ten o' Clock a Stranger knocked at my Gate, and told the Servant who opened the Door, that having Business with Baron *Spalding*, and not finding him at Home, his Servant had desired him to call here, where probably he might find him. I heard this Discourse from my Chamber, and being very certain that the *Baron* would come here before he went Home, I ordered them to tell this Stranger that he might stay 'till he came, because I expected him. He accordingly came in, and I easily discovered that he was a *Swede*. I asked him if he lived in *England*, and he answered that he was but just come to it, that he was Steward to Mr. *D*——, Uncle to the *Baron*, to whom he wanted to speak upon Affairs of Consequence. Madam *Doublet* had some Surmise of this Commission, and such Impatience to acquaint the *Baron*, that she went herself to the Ball-house, where she imagined he might be, and brought him along with her. He knew his Uncle's Steward, and drew him a little

aside

aside to talk with him. He returned in a little Time after, with his Eyes drowned in Tears. I am undone, *said he to me*, my Uncle has intirely changed his Mind with Regard to our Marriage, and he has absolutely forbid me to think more of it. His Grief was so violent, that far from afflicting myself, as I had but too good Reason, I used all my Endeavours to comfort him. I answered that nothing, at least, could deprive me of his Heart, the only thing I was ambitious of: That his Uncle was in the right, to oppose so unequal a Match; that I was even too happy in having had for some Time so agreeable a Prospect, and many other Things, which rather augmented than diminished his Affliction. He called for Pen and Ink to write you, *said Miss* Perry *to us*, a Billet, begging that you would call upon him at his own House, before you went Home, in order to inform you of his Misfortune, and to ask your Advice as his best Friends. Mean Time, the Steward, who went along with him, thought it was very cruel to keep him long under such a terrible Agitation, and therefore, when they were got to his Lodgings, discovered that all he had said by his Uncle's Orders was nothing but a Feint and a Piece of Diversion which he had a Mind to give himself; that the Resident was come over himself to *England*, and that he would be To-morrow at *Tunbridge*, and that he had sent him before to notify that he could not consent to our Marriage; but that the Manner of giving this Commission, and his Design of coming unexpectedly, made it almost certain that his Intentions did not agree with his Orders. This News, and particularly the Arrival of his Uncle in *England*, gave Mr. *Spalding* a better Opinion of our Affair; so that he came back to our House after having left a second Billet of Excuse to be given you when you called. He found me under a terrible Dejection, but you

will easily imagine that it was soon otherwise after he had told me how Matters stood. We admired this unexpected Change of our Fortune, and I began to think that I was not abandoned by Heaven, since it gave me Hopes of so much Felicity. The Resident arrived this Morning, and we no sooner knew it than we went to wait of him. I did not think that there was any ill Construction to be put upon my going there, under the Conduct of one whom I already look upon as my Husband. He went first into the Uncle's Chamber, and left me in an Antichamber, and he, no doubt, had pleaded our Cause with great Eloquence, for in a Quarter of an Hour the Resident came towards me, and embraced me with Marks of Tenderness. We shall soon be linked with stricter Ties than those of Friendship, and I wish, Madam, that my Nephew may contribute to your Happiness, as he has persuaded me, that in you alone is placed all his. He desired, however, *added Miss* Perry, that, to prevent all Reproaches of Imprudence and Precipitation, we would give him Proofs of our *Marseilles* Adventure, of my good Behaviour, and the Advantage I have of being of a Family related to several Persons of Distinction. It is so easy to satisfy him upon all this, that the Delay cannot be very long, and therefore I think our Troubles, *said she agreeably*, are near a Close; and if the *Baron* is as content as I, he was in the right to say that he was very much so, with which she ended her Story. We expressed the Part we took in the Happiness of two such accomplished Lovers, with whom we dined, and delayed our leaving *Tunbridge* 'till next Day. We set out in the Morning, but soon returned again contrary to my Intentions. We stopped at a Market-Town, about half Way, to dine: As we were alighting at the Inn, we perceived a Coach and Six attended by several Horsemen. As we were still standing at the Door, and perceiving

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that there were only Ladies in that Coach without any Men, we advanced to aſſiſt them in getting out. The one, pretty far advanced in Years, we underſtood to be the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, and the other Lady *Diana Spencer*, her Grand-child; having conducted them to the Chamber where they were to dine, we retired, but the Dutcheſs having attentively conſidered the Marquis, found ſomething in his Countenance and Air that moved her Curioſity to know who he was, and our Servants having no Orders to conceal him, told, without any Ceremony, his Name and Quality; upon which we received a Meſſage from the Ladies inviting us to dine with them, which we immediately obeyed. The Dutcheſs was extremely civil to the Marquis. She told him that ſhe had ſeen his Father in *England*, that ſhe admired his Merit, and was glad to find ſuch a lively Picture of him in the Son. She asked if we were going to *Tunbridge*, or come from it, and appeared to be ſorry when ſhe heard we were returning to *London*. The Marquis, who was of a ſoft eaſy Temper, thought all her Flatteries ſincere, and ſeemed to be a little too fond of them; which the artful Lady ſoon perceiving, managed ſo dexterouſly that ſhe engaged him to return to *Tunbridge* with her. I was not at all pleaſed with this Reſolution, however, I took Care not to give him the Diſpleaſure of a publick Contradiction. We placed ourſelves with the Ladies in their Coach, and People were ſurpriſed to ſee us appear on the Walk in the Evening. I could not hinder myſelf from expreſſing my Diſſatisfaction at this inconſiderate Step of Youth, and he endeavoured to excuſe himſelf from the earneſt Intreaties of the Dutcheſs, whom he was loth to diſoblige by an uncivil Refuſal. Such are the Ideas, *ſaid I*, of moſt young Men; they fancy that their Honour is concerned not to refuſe the Ladies any Thing, and from this Notion proceed

an infinite Number of Faults, into which they throw themſelves upon their Accounts. I do not pretend, *continued I*, to condemn a reaſonable Complaiſance, which their Charms naturally intitle them to from our Sex, without which, we ſhould be guilty of bad Manners, and be looked upon as unpolite and brutal; but to give blindly into every Thing that a Woman deſires, for no other Reaſon but that ſhe is of a lovely Sex, which we are afaid to diſpleaſe, is a Weakneſs that diſhonours ours. There is a Method of refuſing, which takes off what is rude or offenſive in the Refuſal. Politeneſs conſiſts principally in the Art of granting or refuſing with a good Grace; for in human Society Words and Actions are reducible to theſe two Things. The greateſt Part are deceived in the Idea that they form of a polite Man, who is characteriſed by the Graçefulneſs of his Actions, and the Exterior of the Body and Manners: But this is an Error, for the Eſſence of Politeneſs conſiſts in the Sentiments of the Mind, and in the Terms in which it expreſſes itſelf. A Paralytick may be extremely polite, while a Dancing-maſter is nothing but a rude brutiſh Fellow. Be aſſured then, my dear Marquis, *added I*, that with a civil and free Turn of Expreſſion you will reſiſt the greateſt Importunities, without offending the Perſon who teazes you with them. The Dutcheſs of *Marlborough* did not force you to return with her to *Tunbridge*, ſhe only uſed Intreaties. It was your Buſineſs to make her perceive, in the moſt civil Manner, that the Reaſons you had for not complying were ſtronger than thoſe ſhe urged for your doing what ſhe deſired.

We would have been at no great Loſs for returning to *Tunbridge*, had not our Rencounter with the Dutcheſs been attended with other Inconveniencies. As ſhe was paſſionately fond of Gaming, I foreſaw that the Marquis, whom ſhe did not allow

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to be a Moment out of her Sight, would infallibly be hooked in, though I had never perceived that he had any great Inclination to it. I had endeavoured to inſpire him with an Averſion to Gaming, and he thought himſelf ſufficiently guarded againſt the Danger, and yet he was caught as I had foreſeen.

FORTUNE at firſt favoured him and continued his conſtant Friend for three Days following. He durſt not communicate his firſt Succeſs to me, having endeavoured to give him the ſame Indifference for winning at Play as loſing. I underſtood that he had brought away that Evening about a hundred Guineas; but next day having gained above five hundred, his Joy was too ſtrong to be concealed. He came into my Chamber about Midnight with his Hat full of Guineas; which he ſpread upon the Floor with an Air of Satisfaction. Five hundred and fifteen Pieces to day, and yeſterday a hundred and twelve, make, if I am not deceived, *ſaid he laughing*, ſix hundred and twenty ſeven. He then looked at me in Expectation of my Anſwer. I was reading in my Chair, and did not lift my Eyes off the Book but to tell him very coldly, You laugh Sir, and are in Extaſy of Joy, while perhaps the Wretch, whom you have ſtripped, is juſt now in Deſpair and uttering Blaſphemies; few Men of Honour would envy you for ſuch a Happineſs.

THIS ſhort Moral rendered him at once ſerious, however he gathered up his Money, and drawing near to me ſaid, that he could not avoid playing, that the Dutcheſs and all the Company had deſired he would, and that he thought himſelf in Honour as well as Complaiſance, obliged to comply. I know, *ſaid I*, that there are Occaſions in which a young Man, ſuch as you, cannot excuſe himſelf from Play, Cuſtom requires it, and it is ſometimes the Tyrant of Wiſdom; but methinks there are *Rules in* Gaming, from which a Man of Honour

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cannot deviate. The firſt and moſt neceſſary is, to bear good and bad Fortune in Play with equal Moderation, it being equally contrary to our Duty to gain or loſe too much. An exceſſive Loſs impairs both Fortune and Humour; an immoderate Gain does the ſame Injury to the Perſon whoſe Money you have gained. Gaming is a cruel Exerciſe, equally hurtful to the Vanquiſher and the Vanquiſhed; to the former by the Evil that it does, and to the other by that which he receives. A ſecond Rule, no leſs agreeable to the Character of an honeſt Man, is, an Equality of Temper under the Smiles and Frowns of Fortune. A Gameſter who is tranſported with the Gain or Loſs of five hundred Guineas, is deſpicable in my Eyes, and I pity his Meanneſs; he puts a greater Value on Money, than on his Peace and Reputation, and it ſeems that he loved it with all the Violence of Avarice, ſince he turns furious upon the Loſs of it; or that he deſired it with a criminal Anxiety, ſince he feels ſuch an immoderate Joy in it's Poſſeſſion. The next Day the Marquis gained a conſiderable Sum, and ſpoke of it with more Coolneſs than the Day before, but his good Luck ended with that Day; for the following Days he loſt all that he had got. Though he did not appear to be much concerned at his Loſs, yet I perceived that he grew more indifferent about Gaming, and he even propoſed, that we ſhould leave *Tunbridge* to avoid loſing more. From which I took Occaſion to remark, that it ſeemed Profit was the only Motive that induced him to play, ſince he loſt Courage when Fortune abandoned him. No, Sir, *ſaid I*, you muſt remain ſome Days longer at *Tunbridge*, and continue to play as you have done hitherto; but you muſt remember, at the ſame Time, the two Rules that I have laid down to you, with reſpect to Gaming, and endeavour to put them in Practice; and thus your very Faults may turn

out to your Advantage. Fortune was as little favourable to him the following Days; he lost about one hundred and fifty Guineas, but I thought he had greatly gained by the Impressions that this bad Turn of Luck made upon him. We had not an Opportunity to be much with Baron *Spalding* and Miss *Perry*, who went for *London* two Days after our Return to *Tunbridge*. We had the Pleasure to meet with them at *London*, and to find them married, six Weeks after, upon our Return from a little Tour that I thought proper to cause the Marquis to make. We found them happier than ever, by new Advantages with which Heaven recompensed their Virtue.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

BOOK XI.

TO acquire a perfect Knowledge of the *English*, it is not enough to be acquainted only with those who live in the Metropolis, and therefore, I resolved that we should visit all the Southern Parts of the Island, beginning at *Rye*, which is a small Sea-port Town of no great Consequence, but that it lies commodiously for Persons who pass over to *Dieppe* in *France*. From this we went to visit the Ruins of *Winchelsea*, about two Leagues distant. That City, which is now but a Heap of Rubbish, appears to have been considerable formerly. The Pavement of the ancient Streets, regular and very long, is still entire. From thence we went the same Day to *Battel*, a Place famous in *England* for the Victory which secured the Possession of this Island to *William the Conqueror*, who built a famous Abbey in that Place, which subsists to this Day, and serves for a Lodging to a Country Gentleman. Such was the Fate of all the Monasteries after the Reformation. From this we travelled along the Coast

of *Suſſex*, which is a charming Country. *Haſtings*, *Born*, *Lewis*, are agreeable little Towns, and populous.

THE *Downs of Suſſex* are famous for feeding Sheep, of which we ſaw great Flocks, and are reckoned the beſt in *England*. There is alſo a Bird taken here, which the *Engliſh* call *Whitear*, nothing inferior to our *Ortolans*; the Manner of catching them is particular. Theſe Birds, that flutter about in great Flocks, cannot bear the Sight of Clouds, particularly in fair Days, and when they perceive the leaſt Diminution of Light by Clouds paſſing over their Heads, they creep into the firſt Holes they meet with. The Shepherds take Care to make a great many on purpoſe, and, by the Means of a Nooſe or Gin, which they place in the Entry, great Numbers are caught. *Chicheſter* is a Biſhoprick. The Cathedral is beautiful, and full of ancient Tombs, ſuch as we ſaw afterwards in great Plenty, at *Saliſbury*, *Wells*, *Briſtol*, and in moſt of the Towns where we paſt; but a Deſcription of them would be too tireſom, and conſequently very unſeaſonable in theſe Memoirs, which I am not even to ſwell with a particular Deſcription of the Towns that we viſited; that may be the Matter of a particular Work, if the ſmall Time I have to live permits me to undertake it.

AT *Chicheſter*, we ſaw the Biſhop's fine Palace, this Prelate, named Mr. *Edward Wadington*, having perceived us in his Court, haſtened to come down himſelf, and to deſire us to walk in and ſee the Houſe and Gardens, and when we were taking Leave to be gone, he very civilly engaged us to dine with him. We had at Table with us his Lady and Daughters, who behaved with that Diſcretion and Modeſty, worthy of the Epiſcopal Blood. As for him, his Merit alone had raiſed him to that *Dignity*; and I have been told, that it is the ſame with

with Regard to all the Bishops in *England*, in whose Elections Favour and Cabal have but a small Share; the King making it a Point of Honour to chuse the most worthy Subjects, without Regard to Birth: So that Ecclesiastical Dignities are constantly the Recompence of Learning and Virtue; a Conduct in the *English*, which all it's Neighbours are far from imitating.

STANDSTED and *Goodwood* are two fine Houses situate betwixt *Chichester* and *Portsmouth*: The first belongs to my Lord *Scarborough*, and the other to the Duke of *Richmond*. The *English* Nobility have less Magnificence in their *London* Houses, than in what they call their Country-seats, which are commonly situated in their principal Estate, and they spare no Cost to embellish them. We met with a great many in our Journey, such as my Lord *Pembroke*'s at *Wilton* near to *Salisbury*, that of my Lord *Limington* at *Down-Hasband*; those of the Duke of *Bolton* at *Hackwood* near to *Basingstoke*, my Lord *Weymouth*'s at *Longlate*, the Duke of *Beaufort*'s at *Badminton* near to *Bath*, and a vast Number more in the Neighbourhood of *London*, and in the remote Counties. It is to those Seats that they retire during the fine Season, or when they are fatigued or discontented with the Court. Private Persons, when they are rich, (as nothing is more common in *England*) endeavour to purchase a Piece of Ground, upon which they build a House, and call it their Country-house, or Seat. Their principal Revenue consists in the Shares they have in the trading Stocks; so that you may see here an infinite Number of Persons, who have five, six, and seven thousand Pounds *sterling* yearly Rent or more, and who possess not a single Foot of Ground but their Country-seat. The Parks at the Seats of the Nobility are commonly of a very large Circumference, but are neither enclosed by Brick

or other Stones as in *France*, only ſurrounded with a Fence of Pales ſcarce ſufficient to keep in the Game. The Fallow-Deer abound, which they take Care to fatten; and whether it be owing to the Climate of the Country, or to the Manner of feeding them, but they are excellent eating; and more commonly made uſe of than in *France*, where the Fleſh of thoſe Beaſts is inſipid, and requires high Seaſoning.

WE purſued our Rout to *Portſmouth*, one of the principal Sea-port Towns of *England*, ſeparated from the *Iſle of Wight* by a Frith of two Leagues, and the Space between the two is a large and good Retreat for Shipping. We proceeded to *Southampton*, and from thence to *Wincheſter* and *Salisbury*, where, I mean the two laſt, we ſtopped ſome Days. At *Wincheſter* there is a magnificent Caſtle which was begun by *Charles* II. but left unfiniſhed. We were ſhewed in a great Hall, near to the Caſtle, and where the Courts of Judicature are held, the famous Table which gave the Name to the ancient Knights of the round Table, of the Reality of which, I had no other Proof but popular Tradition. This Table is indeed round, as it's Name bears, it is nailed to the Wall, though large and heavy. On the Edges there are different Names in old Characters, which they pretend to be the Names of the firſt Knights. *Wincheſter* is a pretty Town, and though when one has been at *London* he can ſcarce expect to ſee ſuch charming Women elſewhere; yet he is very much ſurpriſed, when he can come to no Town, great or ſmall, but where he ſees a great many pretty Women, and that the Inhabitants of them are by no means Strangers to Politeneſs and good Taſte.

THEY have Aſſemblies for Dancing and Gaming on certain Days, where all People of Faſhion go; we went to one of them at *Wincheſter*, and were received with the greateſt Civility, and met with the ſame Politeneſs in all the Towns of any Note in

our Travels. We were ſhewed a great many curious Remains of Antiquity. *Wilton*, my Lord *Pembroke*'s Houſe, which I have already mentioned, might furniſh Matter for a large Volume, and I muſt own, that I have not ſeen ſuch a curious Collection of Marbles, antique Statues, and Paintings in all my Travels. *Blandford* and *Dorcheſter* are two good Towns. We ſaw, about two Miles from the laſt, an ancient *Roman* Amphitheatre, which is very well preſerved. A little farther, upon the Top of a Mountain, are the Remains of a *Roman* Camp, which the Country-People call *Maiden-Caſtle*, and many ſuch are to be ſeen in different Parts of *England*. It is pretended, that all the Towns, whoſe Names terminate in *Cheſter*, as *Dorcheſter*, *Wincheſter*, &c. draw from that their Origin, the Word *Cheſter* coming naturally enough from *Caſtrum*. We alſo ſee in the Neighbourhood of *Dorcheſter* ſeveral Tombs, about which People are not agreed; ſome pretending that they are *Roman*, and others *Saxon* or *Daniſh*. Theſe are large round Heaps of Earth, and not far diſtant from each other. Several of them have been opened at different Times, and in them have been found Bones, and ſometimes Armour. The *Engliſh* call them *Barrows*. As *England* has been in all Times the Theatre of bloody Wars, there are few large Plains where they have not Monuments of Camps and Battles. *Weymouth* is a ſmall Sea-port Town, only diſtant about four or five Miles; we went thither to embark for the Iſle of *Portland*, diſtant from the Coaſt about three Miles. This Iſland is very rocky upon all Sides, except that towards *England*, where it forms a little Plain; there we landed, at a little poor Place of about a hundred Houſes ill built. A little higher, on the Decline of a Hill, is a ſmall Village of about twenty Houſes; all the reſt of the Iſland is uninhabited: The whole Circumference of it may be about ſeven Miles, without

any

any Trees or Bushes, but plenty of such Grass as we see on *Sussex-Downs*. As the principal Property of this Island is, that it produces the finest Stone in *England*, there are a great many Quarries in it, where they have Men constantly at work, of which the Profits belong to the Proprietors, bating three Pence upon every Tun to the King, who has one properly belonging to the Crown, and is called *King's Quarry*; and in this, as well as the rest, they must penetrate through many Beds of bad Stone before they come at what is good. The Island abounds with petrified Shells, of which we saw great Quantities. On the West Part of it stands a House with two Towers, on which they keep Lights in the Night-time, for the Safety of Ships who cannot come near it without being in great Danger.

I am afraid I shall weary my Readers with a Relation of Things of so little Consequence. We returned from the Island, and took the Road to *Exeter* by *Abbotsbury*, *Bridport*, *Asminster* and *Hunnyton*. *Exeter* is one of the best Towns in *England*, being large, beautiful and populous, and though at some Distance from the Sea, has a flourishing Trade: The River that passes by it is capable of carrying large Barks to *Topsham*, distant about five Miles, and to which Ships can come. We visited all the Manufactures and Curiosities of *Topsham* and *Exeter*, and after wandring a little in the Country thereabouts, to see the Castle of *Poderam*, and some other fine Houses, we took the Road to *Plymouth*, by *Newton*, *Bushel*, and *Totness*, which last Place pleased us much, by the Cleanness of the Streets, and Neatness of the Houses, all covered with Slate: At last we arrived at *Plymouth*.

THIS famous Port is at the Extremity of *Devonshire*, and we could not, in less than eight Days, visit all the Curiosities that were to be seen in it. The *City in itself* has nothing extraordinary, but the three

Harbours

Harbours, the Citadel, the Store-houſes, Arſenals, the Dock, that is to ſay, the Place where they build Ships, the Barracks for Sea Officers, *&c.* which are all Things that deſerve the Curioſity of Strangers.

THERE is a Town near *Plymouth*, called *Stone-houſe*, wholly inhabited by poor *French* Refugees, who ſpin Life out in a quiet Manner, by the Generoſity of an *Engliſh* Gentleman, named Mr. *Edgecombe*, to whom this Place belongs, he exacts little or nothing for the Rent of the Houſes, and I was told, that, beſides this, he relieves them by his conſtant Liberalities. His Seat is not far from the Town, in one of the fineſt Situations of *England.* We went to the Aſſembly and Ball, as we had done in all the other Towns. We every where found the ſame Cuſtoms, for there is great Uniformity in the Manners of the *Engliſh.*

To compleat our Travels in the Weſtern Part of *England*, we had ſtill the County of *Cornwall* to viſit. The Marquis did not ſeem very fond of going farther, and even preſſed me often to return to *London*, and though he mentioned no Reaſon, I eaſily diſcovered what made him ſo earneſtly deſire it. Neither the Diverſions of *Tunbridge*, nor the Amuſements on our Travels, had any Influence; he was ſtill penſive and melanholy, and my Niece's Image haunted him like a Ghoſt. I only ſpeak of the Moments when he found himſelf alone, for he had ſuch a Command of his Humour, as not to appear ſad in Company; but to me, who from a long Habitude, knew him thoroughly, his Melancholy appeared even in the Violence that he did himſelf to conceal it; and yet, I affected to think him quite eaſy, and made it my Buſineſs to keep him conſtantly in Diverſions, Reading, or Converſation. I preſſed him ſo much to make the Tour of *Cornwall*, that he could not well refuſe his Conſent. We viſited every Part of it, beginning at Loo, and puſhing

as far as *Truro*, *Falmouth* and *Lands-End*: This Country has nothing of the Beauty of the other Provinces of *England*. The Tin and Copper Mines are the only Advantage that Nature has bestowed upon it, and it is well known, that they produce the best and finest Tin in *Europe*. We had the Curiosity to descend into several of the Mines, to view and admire their Richness. The Tin, to Appearance, has nothing that strikes; the Stones of which they are made are pretty, like those which are used for taking out Stains; but the Copper Mines, particularly those we saw near to *Taristok*, were surprizing. The Veins of the Metal were bright as Gold, and seemed to have no Occasion for being melted to become purer. We could not enough admire these Works of Nature, and, to make Use of *Fontenelle*'s Words, were charmed *to catch her thus in the Fact*. We took *Lestwithiel* and *Killington* in our Return, and from thence directed our March towards *Somerfetshire*, by *Tavistok*, *Lidford*, *Biddiford*, and *Barnestable*, which is one of the most agreeable Towns of the Country. We next proceeded to *Taunton*, *Bridgewater*, *Wells* and *Glassenbury*, and at last arrived at *Bristol*. The Reader will easily perceive, that I purposely omit the Remarks that we made in all the Towns just now mentioned. They would be only agreeable to Antiquaries. But I cannot hinder myself from taking Notice here, that it is surprizing, a Country so agreeable, and which affords so many curious Things, should be so neglected by Travellers.

The Marquis longed much to be at *Bristol*, because it was drawing us nearer *London*. His Impatience and Uneasiness affected me so much, that at length, notwithstanding the Resolution I had taken, not to mention his Melancholy, I told him one Day, What is the Matter with you? Why this *dull Humour*, that renders you so different from yourself?

yourſelf? To be ſure, you could not behave with more Coldneſs and Reſerve with me, were I an entire Stranger to you, or, at leaſt, a Perſon, about whom you were very indifferent. He anſwered directly, and in a Manner that gives me no room to doubt of his having premeditated what he was to ſay, Sir, your Aſtoniſhment is a greater Surprize to me than I can expreſs. You aſk, what makes me ſad, as if you could be ignorant of it; but I conſent to inform you, ſince you affect not to know it. I have two Reaſons for my Melancholy that are very juſt. The one is the Uncertainty that I am under with Regard to *Memiſces*'s Health, for whom you know I have the moſt tender Affection: The other, that afflicts me not much leſs, is your Indifference about him, in which I can ſee nothing of that tender ſympathizing Heart which you ſo often preached up to me, nor do I well ſee, what Streſs I can lay upon your Proteſtations of Friendſhip, while you beſtow not what is due to your own proper Nephew. The Marquis deſigned, no doubt, to put me to a nonplus by this Reproach, which, by his Air, I perceived plainly was the Caſe. And I muſt own, that I found it ſo ſolid, and ſo home at the ſame Time, that I could not hinder myſelf from claſping him in my Arms, and telling him, with a Smile, that how unjuſt and ill-grounded ſoever might be the two Cauſes of his Melancholy, I had neverthelеſs heard them with great Pleaſure; that they were to me a new Proof of his excellent natural Diſpoſition, and very well deſerved my taking the Trouble of a Juſtification, by repreſenting, that he ought to be under no Concern for *Memiſces*, becauſe, no doubt, he was out of Danger; that the Reaſon I had to think ſo, *viz.* (the Orders to my Daughter to write to me if he was in Danger, and to Scoti, when I left *London*, to forward my Letters) ſufficiently cleared me of

the Accuſation of Indifference, with which I ſtood charged; that I had taken Care, ſince we were upon our Tour, to give *Scoti*, from Time to Time, Directions to the Towns where we were to paſs, and certainly ſhould have heard from him, had he received any Letters from *France*, and his having got none from my Daughter is a very plain Proof that ſhe is under no Apprehenſions for my Nephew. You ſee then, *continued I*, that I am not guilty, and that you have unjuſtly accuſed me; upon which we made up the Peace, and I ſaw him, with Pleaſure, directly reſume his gay jovial Humour.

But by a ſtrange Caprice of my Stars, his Joy became the Cauſe of my Sadneſs, or, to ſpeak more juſtly, it made me perceive that I was not in ſo calm a Diſpoſition as I imagined, having till then judged of myſelf by Compariſon. The young Gentleman's Melancholy having appeared, ſince we left *London*, more viſibly than mine, I had flattered myſelf, that my Heart had now thrown off it's Chain, from no other Reaſon, but that I did not appear to be ſo much tormented as he was; but when he had recovered his gay and ſprightly Way, I began to draw a Parallel betwixt his Highneſs of Spirits and the low Ebb of mine, and the Shame of my Weakneſs added to my Affliction: I became dull and penſive to ſuch a Degree, that I quite loſt my Appetite, which the Marquis ſoon perceived, and jeſted me upon it; but finding me too ſerious for Raillery, he endeavoured with the moſt endearing Expreſſions to comfort me, and made many Attempts to know the Cauſe of my Grief. Had he been more advanced in Years, I ſhould not have ſcrupled to truſt him with my Secret; for nothing is more inſupportable than to be obliged to keep our Grief within our own Breaſts: His Youth, my Age, and, ſtill more, the Thought that perhaps I ſhould be obliged, *in the Sequel*, to thwart his Paſſion for my Niece,

made me stand my Ground, and not yield to his Solicitations: I had Recourse to my usual Defence, that is to say, to the Impression which the Remembrance of my Spouse made upon me, and to the common-place Topicks of Honour and Virtue.

We remained but a few Days at *Bristol*, during which I formed to my self a pretty distinct Idea of that City. It is esteemed the second Town after *London*, in *England*, and I found it was not much inferior in Bigness to *Rouen*. Commerce flourishes in it, though it wants the Advantage of a large River, that which it has, runs into the *Severn*, two or three Miles lower; and though it is capable of receiving Ships of five or six hundred Tons at high Water, yet when the Tide returns, they take Ground. The Streets of *Bristol* are beautiful, and the great Place, which they call *Queen*'s *Square*, is magnificent. The Merchants Hall is one of the finest Things that I have seen of the Kind: The Inscription upon the Front, *viz.* (*Indocilis pauperiem pati*, taken out of *Horace*'s first Ode) happily expresses the Source whence flows the indefatigable Industry of the Merchants.

There are in the Fields about *Bristol*, many fine Country-seats, which we took care to visit, not forgetting the hot mineral Well in one of the Suburbs, and which was then beginning to get a Name; though there is no great Appearance that ever it will have the Reputation of *Bath* Wells, to which we went on leaving *Bristol*, distant only about ten or twelve Miles. It is but a small Town, if we consider only the Circumference of it's Walls, but when we observe the Number of it's Inhabitants, and particularly that of Persons who come from other Places to drink the Waters in all the Seasons, we look upon it as one of the most agreeable and handsom Towns in England. When we went there, the Number of Strangers was com-

puts

puted to be about eight thousand. The Houses are hired here as at *Tunbridge*, that is to say, very dear, and the same Order is observed with Regard to the Walks, Gaming, Hours of Eating, Dressing, Balls and Plays. Several of our Acquaintances ask-ed whether we liked *Tunbridge* or *Bath* best, and I directly declared in Favour of the former. There is perhaps more Magnificence and Conveniency at *Bath*, but nothing, in my Judgment, equals the Gaity and Delightfulness of *Tunbridge*.

OUR Design being pretty well accomplished by the long Tour that we had made; we resolved to return to *London*, but kept no direct Road, turning to Right and Left, when we understood that there was any Thing curious to be seen. We did not fail to visit the famous University of *Oxford*, and, contrary to what commonly happens to Travellers, found that it surpassed the Idea which they had given us of it at *London*, though what we heard there was enough to excite our Curiosity. In effect, nothing can come up to the Beauty, the Order, and the Revenue of it's Colleges, and it is there, where the Muses have no Occasion to complain of Poverty; but I remarked, that this is, perhaps, no Advantage to *Oxford*, that they live in Clover; because Plenty makes them indolent and lazy; I mean, that, among so many Persons, who have rich Prebendaries in the Colleges, very few apply to their Studies. The good Books that appear in *England* come seldom from *Oxford*, but from *London*. And though the Authors have mostly some Degree in that University, they are not of the Number of those who are largely paid for their Residence there.

NEAR to *Oxford* is the fine Seat of the Duke of *Marlborough*, called *Blenheim*, which took it's Name from the Battle of *Hocstet*, or of *Blenheim*, where he acquired so much Glory. This is one of the finest Houses in *Europe*, and was built at the

publick Charge, by a particular Order of the Parliament, to perpetuate the Nation's Gratitude for the Services of this great General. From *Blenheim*, we came to *Windsor*, a royal Seat, not forgetting *Hampton-Court*, *Kensington*, and many other fine Houses, of which great Numbers present themselves upon all Sides. At last, we arrived at the Capital, after two Months travelling about. As we had all along made use of our Chaise, we were so little fatigued, that next Day we appeared in Publick. We made Visits to all our Friends, and informed ourselves of what had happened that was remarkable during our Absence. The publick Tranquillity was not as yet intirely settled. The Court, the Parliament, and the People, were all uneasy. The Court was still under Apprehensions from the *Scotch* Side. The Earls of *Marshall* and *Southesk*, by the Junction of their Troops, were become more formidable than ever; News were brought daily of their new Progresses, and that they had, partly by Force, and partly by Address, taken several Places from the King's Troops. The Parliament was divided upon a Point that seemed to be of general Importance to the Nation, *viz.* The Duration of their Assemblies; some would have them *septennial*, but others, the major Part, and by common Report, *Jacobites* in their Hearts, were for their continuing *Triennial*.

The Heats rose to such a Height between the two Parties, that it was feared they might be attended with dangerous Consequences; they took all Opportunites to expose one another without the least Reserve, and some Lords made such bold and rash Speeches in full House, that People were at a Loss what to judge of their secret Intentions. The Populace, for their Part, gave into strange Alarms, which never fail to attend the Divisions of the Great. The *Jacobite* Party was so strong at London.

don, that they aſſembled ſometimes in the Streets, and the Cry was *High Church, the Duke of* Ormonde, *and the lawful Heir to the Crown.* The Guards were ordered to diſſipate them, but to no purpoſe. The Mob perceived very well, that the Government did not care to puſh Things to Extremities, and this made them the more inſolent; and I make no doubt, but that if they had been headed by ſome reſolute Perſon, they might have given the Court Work enough. We were Witneſſes of their Boldneſs in a very difficult Undertaking. Brigadier *Mackentoſh* was Priſoner, with a great many others taken at *Preſton* and in *Scotland.* Their Friends, having underſtood that they were ſpeedily to be tried, reſolved to reſcue them at any Rate, and for that Purpoſe bribed two Centinels, who promiſed, for the Reward of five hundred Guineas, of which they received a part in Hand, to favour their Evaſion. But theſe Traitors the Day before made an Information to the Secretary of State; upon which the Guard was doubled, and, to be no more troubled with that Affair, it was reſolved next Day to give Sentence againſt the Criminals. *Mackentoſh*'s Friends, finding that there was no Time to be loſt, took a deſperate Reſolution. They gathered together in the Night-time, but how they found Means to communicate their Deſigns to the Priſoners, who were to act their Parts, remained a Secret; however about eleven o' Clock, when the Jailor went to Brigadier *Mackentoſh* and ſeveral others of the better Sort, who eat with him in a low Hall, to cauſe them to retire to their ſeparate Chambers; they ſecured him and his Servant, who had the Keys, whom they wounded, and then opened the Doors to forty other Perſons exhorting them to fight their Way out. The Brigadier then advanced to the great Gate of the Street, and with the Aſſiſtance of thoſe who were withou

to ſupport him, forced the Guard and got clear off with fourteen of his Accomplices. The others loſt this Opportunity of their Liberty, having had no Intelligence before-hand of what was to happen; the Uncertainty they were under what Reſolution to take, made them conſult a little, and while they were buſy, a Turnkey had the Preſence of Mind to lock the Door within, while *Mackintoſh* and his Companions were engaged with the Guard without. I ſay we were Witneſſes to this Event; for having been invited to Supper at a Friend's Houſe who lived near the Jail, we ſaw the Combat from the Windows of the Houſe. Another Chief of the Rebels, named Mr. *Foreſter*, had made his Eſcape ſome Days before. About three Weeks after, all theſe Troubles were appeaſed by the unexpected News that came from *Scotland*. Colonel *Chomley*, who had come from *Edinburgh*, aſſured that the Rebellion was drawing towards it's End, that a great Number of *Scotch* Gentlemen concerned in it, had embarked for *Swedeland*, and that even the Chiefs, finding themſelves without any Reſource, for want of Proviſions and Ammunition, had ſailed from the weſtern Iſlands for *France*, and in a few Days certain News came of the Earls of *Marſhall* and *Southeſk*, and about thirty more Chiefs of the Rebels, being landed in *France*. The City of *London* upon this News became as quiet and peaceable as ever, and there was not ſo much as the leaſt Diſturbance about Party-factions. We admired the Genius of the *Engliſh* Populace, whom the leaſt Event is capable of rendering tumultuous or pacifick. The King having communicated to the Parliament his Intentions, during this Tranquillity, to viſit his *German* Dominions, we reſolved alſo to leave *England* at the ſame Time his Majeſty did.

In the Viſits we made to our Friends upon our Return to *London*, it may very well be imagined

that

that Baron *Spalding* and his Lady were not forgot, their Nuptials had been solemnized after they had satisfied the Resident in what he required. As for him he had returned to *Paris* immediately after the Marriage, which had deprived him of being Witness to an Event extremely agreeable and advantageous to his Nephew, which he himself told us in Presence of his Lady, the Moment we entered the Room. It is the Custom in *London* to insert in the News Papers the Marriages of Persons above the common Rank, and the News Writers seldom consult the Parties concerned, being, as I have been told, informed by the Ministers of every Parish, of every Thing that is to be done in their Churches; so that the Baron's Marriage made an Article in the News Papers, and they not only added the Name of his Spouse, but also the Adventure of *Marseilles*, and many other Circumstances of her good Fortune. Mr. *Perry*, that Lady's Father, was not dead, as generally believed, but in *London*, where he had been for more than ten Years, that is to say, almost since his *Marseilles* Misfortune. Having been wounded and left for dead by the Privateer, one of the Sailors, by the prevailing Argument of some Guineas, hid him in a secret Place of the Ship 'till they entered the Port of *Marseilles*, where, having by the same Sailor's Assistance, got privately ashore, he had been cured of his Wounds. His Wife and Daughter were, in the mean Time, Prisoners at the Captain's House, who used them with great Civility and Generosity.

Mr. *Perry* found Means to see his Wife, but being stripped of every Thing, he could do nothing for her Liberty; and as her Situation was not altogether unhappy in the Captain's House, they agreed that she should remain there under the Protection of Providence, and that he should return to *England*, to try what he could do. His Daughter w[as] too young to be let into the Secret.

ACCORDINGLY he came to *London* (for he took Care not appear at *Bristol* in his present Condition) where he changed his Name; and having soon made himself known to some Merchants, by his great Skill in the Business of Commerce, he found Means to employ himself so successfully, as Factor and Broker, that in a few Years considerable Sums went through his Hands, and he made so good Use of this Beginning of Fortune, that in ten Years he acquired as much Riches as he had lost by all his Misfortunes. The only Reproach that could be brought against him was his being so long without inquiring about his Spouse: He excused himself from the Difficulty of doing it without the Captain's knowing of it, which would have undoubtedly made him put her Ransom at a high Rate. Besides, he was willing to delay 'till he brought his Affairs into such good Order, that he might offer his Wife and Daughter a Fortune the more acceptable, in that they could neither expect nor hope for any such Thing. Such were his Reasons, whether good or bad, I shall not determine, nor make any Remarks upon them, only acquaint the Reader that the Name and Adventures of Miss *Perry* in the Gazette discovered to him his Daughter, whose Lodgings he soon found out, and presenting himself to her, nothing could be more agreeable to this virtuous Lady than the Recovery of a Father, whom she long since thought among the Number of the Dead, and what added to this joyful Meeting, she was no longer an unfortunate Girl, but Heiress to an Estate in Money almost equal to the Baron's; so that she possessed every Thing that may render a Woman lovely in the Eyes of an honest Man. We kept a close Correspondence with this happy Pair while we remained at *London*.

The End of the Second Volume.